

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVII. — JANUARY, 1886. — No. CCCXXXIX.

IN THE CLOUDS.

I.

IN the semblance of the cumulus-cloud from which it takes its name, charged with the portent of the storm, the massive peak of Thunderhead towers preëminent among the summits of the Great Smoky Mountains, unique, impressive, most subtly significant.

What strange attraction of the earth laid hold on this vagrant cloud-form? What unexplained permanence of destiny solidified it and fixed it forever in the foundations of the range?

Kindred thunderheads of the air lift above the horizon, lure, loiter, lean on its shoulder with similitudes and contrasts. Then with all the buoyant liberties of cloudage they rise, — rise!

Alas! the earth clasps its knees; the mountains twine their arms about it; hoarded ores of specious values weigh it down. It cannot soar! Only the cumbrous image of an ethereal thing! Only the ineffective wish vainly fashioned like the winged aspiration!

It may have said naught of this to Ben Doaks, but it exerted strenuous fascinations on the sense alert to them. Always he turned his eyes toward Thunderhead, as he came and went among his cattle on the neighboring heights of Piomingo Bald, a few miles distant to the northeast. Often he left the herder's cabin in the woods below, and sat

for hours on a rock on the summit, smoking his pipe and idly watching the varying aspects of the great peak. Sometimes it was purple against the azure heavens; or gray and sharp of outline on faint green spaces of the sky; or misty, immaterial, beset with clouds, as if the clans had gathered to claim the changeling.

"'Pears-like ter me ez I couldn't herd cattle along of a mo' low-sperited, say-nuthin' critter 'n ye be, Ben," his partner said one day, sauntering up the slope and joining him on the summit. "Ye jes' set up hyar on the bald an' gape at Thunderhead like ez ef ye war bereft. Now, down in the cove ye always air toler'ble good company, — nimble-tongued ez ennybody."

He thrust his cob-pipe into his mouth and pulled away silently at it, gazing at the smoke as it curled up with delicate sinuosity and transparently blue.

Ben Doaks did not reply at once. There was no need of haste on Piomingo Bald.

"Waal, I dunno but it air a sorter lonesome place, an' a-body don't feel much like talkin' no-ways," he drawled at last. "But ye 'll git used ter it, Mink," he added, in leisurely encouragement. "Ye 'll git used ter it, arter a while."

Mink looked down disconsolately at the vast array of mountains below him on every side. The nearest were all

tinged with a dusky purple, except for the occasional bare, garnet-colored stretches of the "fire-scalds," relics of the desolation when the woods were burned in the autumn; the varying tints were sublimated to blue in the distance; then through every charmed gradation of ethereal azure the ranges faded into the invisible spaces that we wot not of. There was something strangely overwhelming in the stupendous expanse of the landscape. It abashed the widest liberties of fancy. Somehow it disconcerted all past experience, all previous prejudice, all credence in other conditions of life. The fact was visibly presented to the eye that the world is made of mountains.

That finite quality of the mind, aptly expressing itself in mensuration, might find a certain relief in taking note of the curious "bald" itself, — seeming some seventy or eighty bare acres on the summit. Wild grass grows upon its gradual slope; clumps of huckleberry bushes appear here and there; occasional ledges of rock crop out. A hardy flower will turn a smiling face responsive to the measured patronage of the chilly sunshine in this rare air. The solemnity of the silence is broken only by the tinkling of cow-bells, faint, far, from the herds of cattle among the woods lower down on the mountain side.

"I never kin git used ter it," said Mink, desperately. "I never kin git used ter hev'in' sech dumbness about me, an' seein' the time go so slow. 'Pears ter me some fower or five hunderd year sence we eat bre'kfus, — an' I ain't hongry, nuther."

He was a tall, singularly lithe man of twenty four or five, clad in a suit of brown jeans. He wore his coat closely buttoned over his blue-checked cotton shirt, for the August days are chilly on Piomingo Bald. His broad-brimmed white wool hat was thrust back on his head, showing his tousled auburn hair

that hung down upon his collar, curling like a cavalier's. He had a keen, clear profile, a quickly glancing, restless dark eye, and his complexion was tanned to a rich tint that comported well with the out-door suggestions of his powder-horn and belt and shot-pouch, which he wore, although his rifle was at the cabin. He maintained the stolid gravity characteristic of the mountaineer, but there was a covert alertness about him, a certain sharpness of attention almost inimical, and slow and dawdling as he was he gave the impression of being endowed with many an agile unclassified mental faculty.

His eyes followed the flight of a bird soaring in great circles high above the "bald," sometimes balanced motionless in mid-air, — a pose of ineffable strength and buoyancy, — then majestically circling as before.

"That thar buzzard 'pears ter be a-loungin' around in the sky, a-waitin' fur we-uns ter die," he said, lugubriously.

Doaks broke with an effort from his reverie, and turned his languid gaze on the malcontent herder.

"In the name o' heaven, Mink Lorey," he said solemnly, "what is it ye *do* like ter do?"

Despite the spark of irritation in his eye, he seemed colorless, especially as contrasted with his comrade. He had a shock of fair hair and a light brown beard; the complexion which is the complement of this type had freckled in its exposure to the sun instead of tanning, and added its original pallor to the negative effect. He had good features, inconsequent in their lack of any marked peculiarity except for the honest, candid look in the serious gray eye. He too wore a broad white wool hat and a suit of brown jeans.

Mink gazed at his companion with an expression of brightening interest. He found himself and his own idiosyncrasies, even when berated, more agreeable to contemplate than the mountains.

He did not reply, perhaps appreciating that no answer was expected.

"Ye don't like ter herd up hyar, an' the Lord knows I ain't keerin' ter hev ye. Ye hev gin me ez much trouble ez all the cattle an' thar owners besides. When ye wanted ter kem so bad, an' sorter go partners with me, I 'lowed ye'd be lively, an' a toler'ble good critter ter hev along. An' ye hev been ez lonesome an' ez onconsiderate an' ez ill-convenient ez a weanin' baby," he declared, rising to hyperbole. "What *do* ye like ter do?"

Once more Mink refrained from reply. He looked absently at an isolated drift of mist, gigantic of outline, reaching from the zenith to the depths of Piomingo Cove, and slowly passing down the valley between the Great Smoky and the sunflooded Chilhowee Mountain, obscuring for the moment the red clay banks of the Scolacutta River, whose current seems a mere silver thread twining in and out of the landscape.

"Look-a-hyar at the way ye go on," said Doaks, warning to the subject, for there are few exercises so entertaining as to preach with no sense of participation in sin. "Ye went ter work at that thar silver mine in North Car'lina, an' thar ye stayed sorter stiddy an' peaceful till ye seen yer chance. An' Pete Rood, he kem an' stayed too, an' he war sorter skeered o' the ways,—not bein' used ter minin'." An' then yer minkish tricks began. Fust, when that thar feller war let down inter the shaft an' ye hed a-holt o' the windlass, ye drapped a few clods o' dirt in on him, an' then a leetle gravel, an' then mo' dirt. Then he bellered that the shaft war cavin' in on him, an' plead an' prayed with ye ter wind him up quick. An' ye wouldn't pull. An' when the t'other fellers run thar an' drawed that man out he war weak enough ter drap."

"I 'member!" cried Mink, with a burst of unregenerate laughter. "He

said, 'Lemme git out'n this spindlin' hell o' a well!'"

He sprang up, grotesquely imitating the gesture of exhaustion with which the man had stepped out of the bucket to firm ground.

"Waal, it mought hev turned out a heap wus," said Doaks, "kase they 'lowed down yander 'bout Big Injun Mounting, whar Rood hails from, ez he hev got some sort'n heart disease. An' a suddint skeer mought hev killed him."

"Shucks!" said Mink, incredulously. He looked disconcerted, however, and then sat down on the rock as before. Ben Doaks went on:—

"An' that war n't enough fur ye. When they hed Rood thar a-pumpin' out water, all by himself all night, nuthin' would do ye but ye must hide up thar in the Lost-Time mine in the dark o' the midnight an' the rain, an' explode a lot o' gunpowder, an' kem a-bustin' out at him from the mouth o' the tunnel, wropped in a sheet an' howlin' like a catamount. He run mighty nigh a mile."

"Waal," said Mink, in sturdy argument, "I ain't 'sponsible kase Peter Rood air toler'ble easy skeered."

"They never hired ye ter work thar no mo', bein' ez that war 'bout all the use ye put yerself ter in the silver mine in North Car'liny."

Despite the reproof, Doaks was looking kindly at him, for the wayward Mink had evidently endeared himself in some sort to the elder herder, who was weakly conscious of not regarding his enormities with the aversion they merited.

The young man's countenance fell. His mischief differed from that of his namesake in all the sequelæ of an accusing conscience. But stay! What do we know of the mink's midday meditations, his sober, *ex post facto* regrets?

"An' what do ye do then,—kase they turned ye off? Ye go thar of a

night, when nobody's at the windlass, an' ye busts it down an' flings the bucket an' rope an' all down the shaft."

Mink was embarrassed. "How d'ye know?" he retorted, with acrid futility. "How d'ye know 't war me?"

"Kase it air fairly kin ter yer actions, — know it by the family favor," said Doaks. "Ax ennybody ennywhar round the Big Smoky who did sech an' sech, an' they 'd all say, Mink. Ye know the word they hev gin ye, 'Mink by name an' Mink by natur.'"

Lorey made no further feint of denial. He seemed a trifle out of countenance. He glanced over his shoulder at the rugged horizontal summit line of Chilhowee, rising high above the intervening mountains, and sharply imposed upon the mosaic of delicate tints known as the valley of East Tennessee, which stretches so far that, despite its sharp inequalities, it seems to have the level monotony of the sea till Walden's Ridge, the great outpost of the Cumberland Mountains, meets the concave sky.

Then, as his wandering attention returned to those sterner heights close at hand, the inexpressible gravity, the significant solemnity, which he could not apprehend, which baffled every instinct of his limited nature, smote upon him.

He broke out irritably: —

"What do ye jes' set thar a-jowin' at me fur, Ben, like a long-tongued woman, 'bout what I done an' what I hain't done, in this hyar lonesome place whar I hev been tolled ter by you-uns? I never begged ter be 'lowed ter herd along of ye, nohow. When I kem an' axed ye 'bout'n it, ye 'lowed ye 'd be powerful glad. An' ye tole me, ez so many o' the farmers in the flat woods hed promised ter bunch thar cattle an' send 'em up ter ye fur the summer season, that ye war plumb skeered 'bout thar bein' too many fur one man ter keer fur, an' ye did n't see how ye 'd git along 'thout a partner. An' ye 'lowed ye 'd already rented Piomingo Bald

right reasonable, an' the owners o' the cattle would pay from seventy-five cents to a dollar a head; an' ye 'd gin me a sheer ef I 'd kem along an' help ye, — an' all sech ez that. An' I kem up in the spring, an' I hev been on this hyar durned pinnacle o' perdition ever sence. It 'minds me all the time o' that thar high mounting in the Bible whar the Tempter showed off all the kingdoms o' the yearth. What ails ye ter git arter me? I hain't tried no minkish tricks on you-uns."

"Ye hev, Mink. Yes, ye hev."

Mink looked bewildered for a moment. Then a shade of consciousness settled on his face. He lifted one foot over his knee and affected to examine the sole of his boot. The light zephyr was tossing his long, tangled locks, the sun shone through their filaments. No vanity was expressed in wearing them thus, — only some vague preference, some prosaic prejudice against shears. Their fineness and lustre did nothing to commend them, and they had been contemptuously called a "sandy bresh-heap." His bright eyes had a fringe of the same unique tint that softened their expression. He dropped his boot presently, and fixed his gaze upon a flitting yellow butterfly, lured by some unexplained fascination of fragrance to these skyey heights.

"Ye can't make out ez I stand in *yer* way, enny," he said at last, enigmatically.

Doaks's face flushed suddenly. "No, I ain't claimin' ez I hev enny chance. Ef I hed, an' ye *war* in my way," he continued, abruptly, with a sudden flare of spirit, "I 'd choke the life out'n ye, an' fling yer wu'thless carcass ter the wolves. I 'd crush yer skull with the heel o' my boot!"

He stood up for a moment; then turned suddenly, and sat down again. Mink looked at him curiously, with narrowing lids.

Doaks's hands were trembling. His

eyes were alert, alight. The blood was pulsing fast through his veins. So revived was he by the bare contemplation of the contingency that he seemed hardly recognizable as the honest, patient, taciturn comrade of Piomingo Bald.

"Waal," Mink said presently, "that war one reason I wanted ter herd along o' you-uns this year. I 'lowed I'd make right smart money through the summer season, an' then me an' Lethe would git married nex' fall, mebbe. Lethe's folks air so pore an' shiftless, — an' I'd ez lief live along of a catamount as her mother, — an' so I 'lowed we'd try ter git a leetle ahead an' set up for ourselves."

Doaks trembled with half-repressed excitement.

"Ye tole me ez ye an' she hed quar'led," he said. "Ye never dreamt o' sech a thing ez savin' fur a house an' sech till this minit. Ye ain't been ter see her sence ye hev been on the Big Smoky till ye fund out ez I went down thar wunst in a while, an' the old folks favored me."

"Waal," said Mink, hardily, "I know she'd make it up with me enny minit I axed her."

Doaks said nothing for a time. Then suddenly, "Waal, then, ef ye air layin' off ter marry Lethe Sayles, why n't ye quit hangin' round Elviry Crosby, an' tarryfyin' Peter Rood out'n his boots? They'd hev been married afore now, ef ye hed lef' 'em be."

"Why n't she quit hangin' round me, ye'd better say!" exclaimed Mink, with the flattered laugh of the lady-killer. "Laws-a-massy, I don't want ter interfere with nobody. Let the gals go 'long an' marry who they please, — an' leave me alone!"

His manner implied, *if they can!* And he laughed once more.

Doaks glanced at him impatiently, and then turned his eyes away upon the landscape. Fascinations invisible to the

casual gaze revealed themselves to him day by day. He had made discoveries. In some seeming indefiniteness of the horizon he found the added beauty of distant heights, as if, while he looked, the softened outline of blue peaks, given to the sight of no other creature, were sketched into the picture. Once it was a sudden elusive silver glinting, imperceptible to eyes less trained to the minutiae of these long distances, that told him the secret source of some stream, unexplored to its head-waters in a dark and bosky ravine. Sometimes he distinguished a stump which he had never seen before in a collection of dead trees, girdled long ago, and standing among the corn upon so high and steep a slope that the slant justified the descriptive gibe of the region, "fields hung up to dry." The sky, too, was his familiar; he noted the vague, silent shapes of the mist that came and went their unimagined ways. He watched the Olympian games of the clouds and the wind. He marked the lithe lengths of a meteor glance across the August heavens, like the elastic springing of a shining sword from its sheath. The moon looked to meet him, waiting at his tryst on the bald.

He had become peculiarly sensitive to the electric conditions of the atmosphere, and was forewarned of the terrible storms that are wont to break on the crest of the great mountain.

Often Mink appealed to him as he did now, imputing a certain responsibility.

"Enny thunder in that thar cloud?" he demanded, with the surly distrust which accompanies the query, "Does yer dog bite?"

"Naw; no thunder, nor rain nuther."

"I'm powerful glad ter hear it, kase I don't 'sociate with this hyar bald when thar's enny lightning around."

He had heard the many legends of "lightning balls" that are represented as ploughing the ground on Piomingo, and he spoke his fears with the frank-

ness of one possessed of unimpeachable courage.

"That's what makes me *despise* this hyar spot," he said, irritably. "Things 'pear so cur'ous. I feel like I hev accidentally stepped off'n the face o' the yearth. An' I hev ter go mighty nigh spang down ter the foot o' the mounting 'fore I feel like folks agin."

He glanced downward toward the first trees that asserted the right to growth about this strange and barren place. "Ye can't git used ter nuthin', nuther. Them cur'ous leetle woods air enough ter make a man 'low he hev the jim-jams ez a coustancy. I dunno *what's* in 'em! My flesh creeps whenever I go through 'em. I always feel like ef I look *right quick* I'll see suthin' awful, — witches, or harnts, or — I dunno!"

He looked down again at them, quickly; but he was sure not quickly enough.

And the woods were of a strange aspect, chiefly of oaks with gnarled limbs, full-leaved, bulky of bole, but all uniformly stunted, not one reaching a height greater than fifteen feet. This characteristic gave a weird, unnatural effect to the long avenues beneath their low-spreading boughs. They encircled Piomingo Bald, and stretched along the summit of the range, unbroken save where other domes — Silar's Bald, Gregory's Bald, and Parsons' Bald — rose bare and gaunt against the sky.

"Ez ter witches an' harnts an' them, I ain't never seen none hyar on Piomingo Bald," said Doaks. "It ain't never hed the name o' sech, like 'Thunderhead.'"

Mink placed his elbows on his knees, and held his chin in his hand. His roving dark eyes were meditative now; some spell of the imagination lay bright in their depths.

"Hev *he* been viewed lately?" he asked.

"Who?" demanded Doaks, rousing himself.

"That thar Herder on Thunderhead," said Mink, lowering his voice. The fibrous mist, hovering about the summit of Thunderhead and stretching its long, fine lines almost over to Piomingo Bald, might in some mysterious telegraphy of the air transmit the matter.

"Not ez I knows on," said Doaks. "He ain't been viewed lately. But Joe Boyd, he's a-herdin' over thar now: I kem acrost him one day las' week, an' he 'lowed ez his cattle hed been actin' powerful strange. Joe 'lowed the cattle mus' hev viewed *him*, an' mebbe he war tryin' ter 'tice 'em off."

"Ef ye'll b'lieve me," said Mink ruminatively, after a pause, "I never hearn tell o' that thar harnt of a herder on Thunderhead whilst I war in Eskaquaa Cove, nor in Piomingo Cove nuther."

"Ye don't hear nuthin' in them out-o'-the-way places," said Doaks, with contempt. "But then, them other herders on Thunderhead don't hanker ter talk 'bout him, nowadays. It's powerful hard ter git a word out'n 'em 'bout it; they're mighty apt ter laff, an' 'low it mus' be somebody ridin' roun' from cross the line. But it'll make enny of 'em bleach ef ye ax 'em suddint ef all o' Joshua Nixon's bones war buried tergether."

The mists had spanned the abyss of the valley in a sheer, gossamer-like network, holding the sunbeams in a glittering entanglement. They elusively caressed the mountain summit, and hung about the two lounging figures of the herders, — a sort of ethereal eavesdropping of uncomfortable suggestions to Mink, — and slipped into the dwarfed woods, where they lurked spectrally.

"Waal, ef ye ax 'em ef Joshua Nixon's bones war all buried tergether they'll bleach," Doaks repeated. "See that thar sort'n gap yander?" he continued, pointing at a notch on the slope of Thunderhead. "They fund his bones thar under a tree streck by lightning.

They 'lowed that war the way he died. But the wolves an' the buzzards hed n't lef' enough ter make sure. They hed scattered his bones all up and down the slope. He hed herded over thar a good many year, an' some o' the t'other boys keered fur the cattle till the owners kem in the fall."

He recounted slowly. Time was no object on Pioningo Bald.

"Waal, nobody hearn nuthin' mo' 'bout'n it fur a right smart time, till one day the cattle war all fund, runned mighty nigh ter death, an' a-bellerin' an' a-cavortin' ez ef they war witched. An' one o' the herders, Ike Stern, kem in thar ter the cabin an' 'lowed he hed seen a lot o' strange cattle 'mongst theirn, an' a herder ridin' 'mongst 'em. 'T war misty, bein' a rainy spell, an' he lost the herder in the fog. Waal, they jes' 'lowed 't war some o' we-us from Pioningo Bald, huntin' fur strays, or somebody from 'cross the line. So they jes' went on fryin' thar meat, an' bakin' thar hoe-cake, an' settin' roun' the fire; but this hyar man kept on complainin' he could n't help seein' that thar herder. An' wunst in a while he 'd hold his hand afore his eyes. An' one o' the old herders, — Rob Carrick 't war, — he jes' axed him what that herder looked like. An' Ike jes' sot out ter tell. Au' the coffee war a-bilin', an' the meat a-sizzlin', an' Carrick war a-squattin' afore the fire a-listenin' an' a-turnin' the meat, till all of a sudden he lept up an' drapped his knife, yellin', 'My God! ye lyin' buzzard, don't ye set thar a-tellin' me ez Josh Nixon hev kem all the way from hell ter herd on Thunderhead! Don't ye do it! Don't ye do it!' An' Ike Stern, — he looked like he seen Death that minit; his eyes war like coals o' fire, an' he trembled all over, — he jes' said, 'I see I hev been visited by the devil, fur I hev been gin ter view a dead man, apin' the motions o' life.'"

Doaks pulled at his pipe for a few moments, his eyes still absently fixed

on the purple peak shimmering in the gauzy white mists and the yellow sunshine.

"I never shall furgit that night. Thar war fower men thar: two hed herded along o' Josh on 'Thunderhead, but Ike Stern had never seen him in life, an' me not at all. Waal, sir! the rain kem down on the roof, an' the wind war like the tromplin' o' a million o' herds o' wild cattle. We 'lowed we hed never hearn sech a plungin' o' the yellemints. The night war ez dark ez a wolf's mouth, 'cept when it lightened, an' then we could see we war wropped in the clouds. An' through all them crackin' peals them men talked 'bout that thar harnt o' a Herder on Thunderhead. Waal, nex' mornin' Stern jes' gin up his job, an' went down the mounting ter Pioningo Cove. An' he stayed thar, too. They 'lowed he done no work fur a year an' a day. His time war withered an' his mind seemed darkened."

"He 'pears ter hev toler'ble good sense now," said Mink, striving against credulity.

"Yes, he hev spryed up powerful."

"Waal," said Mink, constrained by the fascination of the supernatural, "I hev hearn ez Carrick seen the Herder, too."

"He did," replied Doaks. "Arter a while — a week, melbe — Rob kem up ter me an' axed, 'Whar's them cattle a-bellerin'?' I listened, but I never hearn nuthin'. We hed missed some steers arter Ike hed seen the Herder, an' Rob war sorter 'feard they 'd run down inter the cove. He jumped on a half-bruk clay-bank colt an' rid off, thinkin' the bellerin' mought be them. Waal, time passed. I hed nuthin' in partic'lar ter do: cattle war salted the day before. Time passed. I jes' sot thar. I 'lowed I 'd wait till Rob kem back, then I 'd go a-huntin'. Time passed. I 'lowed I 'd furgit how ter talk ef I war n't herdin' along o' sech a sociable critter ez Rob, an' I wondered ef I war

by myself up on Thunderhead ef I'd hev ter talk ter myse'f a little. An' ez I sot thar in the fog — 't war September then, an' we war clouded ez a constancy — I said, jes' like a fool, out loud, suddint, 'Howdy, sir!' Waal, I never *did* know what I seen ez I looked up; mought hev been the mist, mought hev been the devil. I 'lowed I seen a man on a horse gallopin' off in the fog. Then I hearn a power o' jouncin' hoofs, an' hyar kem Rob's colt a-rearin' an' a-pawin', skeered ter death mighty nigh, with all the hide scraped off'n his knees, an' his shins barked bad. I seen he hed hed a fall; so I jumped up an' run down a leetle piece along the trail, an' thar war Rob lyin' on the groun', flunged over the colt's head ez neat an' nip! I run up ter him. I 'lowed he war hurt. He never answered a word I axed him. His eyes war stretched open bigger 'n enny eye I ever seen, an' he said, 'Ye hev viewed him too, Ben, I know it, fur ye've got the "harnt bleach." I know the reason now,' says Rob, 'ez he herds on Thunderhead, — kase his bones war n't all buried tergether, though we sarched nigh an' we sarched fur.'

"Did the Herder tell him that?" asked Mink, with a sudden accession of credulity.

"Naw, ye durned fool!" exclaimed Doaks, scandalized at the idea of this breach of spectral etiquette. "The Herder jes' passed him like the wind, an' the colt jes' reared and flung Rob over his head."

"Waal," said Mink sturdily, "I b'lieve 't war nuthin' but somebody from the Car'lina side, ridin' roun' an' tollin' off cattle."

"Mebbe," said Doaks, non-committally. "Ye can't prove nuthin' by me. All I know is, Carrick seen his face, an' he jes' fell in a sorter stupor fur a year an' a day. I hev hearn o' sech sperits ez can't kill ye, but jes' wither yer time, an' mebbe this hyar Herder on Thunderhead be one o' them."

Neither spoke for some moments. Both sat gazing fixedly at the massive mountain in the likeness of a cloud lowering aggressively over the mean altitudes of the range. What wrath of elements did it hold enchained? What bolts of heaven unhurled? What strange phenomena of being might lurk in those mystic vapors metamorphosed into the solidities of earth — this apostate cloud that asserted itself a mountain? The sky was clear about it now; the mists had all drifted over to Piomingo Bald, veiling the dwarfed forests.

Suddenly there was a vague shiver among them. Into the silence was projected the report of a rifle. The two men sprang to their feet, and looked at each other.

"Somebody a-huntin', I reckon," said Mink. He was beginning to laugh, a little shamefacedly.

"Listen!" said Doaks. "What 's that?"

The cattle were bellowing with affright in the stunted woods. The earth shook under their hoofs. A young bull came plunging out of the mists. He paused as he reached the bare slope, lifted his head, and looked back over his shoulder with great dilated eyes.

"What ails the cattle?" exclaimed Doaks, running down the slope. Mink hesitated for a moment, then followed.

The boles of the dwarfed trees stood shadowy here and there, growing still more indistinct further, and fading into the white opaque blankness of the vapor. So low were their summits that one could see the topmost boughs, despite the encompassing mist.

All the cattle were in the wildest excitement, snorting and bellowing, and, with lowered horns and tails in the air, they were making at full speed for the upper regions of the bald. Each, bursting out of the densities of the fog, separated from the others, seemed to give some individual expression of bovine rage. There might be heard, but not

seen, an infuriated animal hard by, tearing up the ground.

"Waal, I never 'sperienced the like in my life off 'n Thunderhead!" exclaimed Doaks.

Mink said nothing; he sprang aside to avoid the headlong rush of a brute that shot out of the mist and into it again with the swift unreality of an apparition.

Then he spoke suddenly. "Ye never said he rid with a rifle."

"Who?" asked Doaks, bewildered. He was in advance. He looked back over his shoulder. "Who?" he repeated.

"That thar Herder from Thunderhead," said Mink.

"Ye dough-faced idjit, — what d'ye mean?"

Mink pointed silently.

A few yards distant there was a rude barricade of felled trees, laid together after the zigzag manner of a rail fence. It was intended to prevent the cattle from running down a precipitous ravine which it overlooked. Close to it in the mist a cow was lying. There was no mistaking the attitude. The animal was dead. A carefully aimed rifle-ball had penetrated the eye, and buried itself in the brain.

II.

Doaks did not reply.

There was blood upon the ground. An awkward attempt had been made to cut the brute's throat, and, this failing, the rifle had been called into use. He walked up to the animal, and turned her head to look for the brass tag about her horns which would bear her owner's mark. She wore no tag, and her hide had never known the branding iron. His eye fell on a peculiar perforation in her ear.

"Mink," he exclaimed, with a note of anguish, "this hyar critter's, *my cow!*"

Mink came up, his countenance adjusted to sympathy. He had little of the instinct of acquisition. He was almost incapable of any sentiment of that marvelous range of emotions which vibrate with such fineness of susceptibility to the alternations of gain and loss. He looked like an intelligent animal as he helped make sure of the herder's mark.

"Ye hed sech a few head o' stock o' yer own, emnyways," he observed, with a dolorous lack of tact.

"Oh, Lord A'mighty, none sca'cely," exclaimed Doaks, feeling very poor. "I dunno how in this worl' this hyar cow happened ter be singled out."

"Mebbe he hed a gredge agin ye, too, 'bout them bones, bein' ez ye herded on Thunderhead wunst," suggested Mink.

"What bones?" demanded Doaks, amazed.

"Why, his'n," said Mink, in a lowered voice.

"In the name o' reason, Mink, what air ye a-drivin' at?" cried Doaks, flustered and aghast.

"Why, the Herder, o' course. Him ez skeered the cattle on Thunderhead. I 'lowed mebbe he hed a gredge agin you-uns, too."

"How 'd he kem over hyar?" demanded Doaks, with scorn, as if the harnt of a Herder were limited to the locality of Thunderhead. "It's a deal mo' likely ter be some livin' man ez hev got a gredge agin ye fur yer minkish ways, an' seein' the critter hed no tag on, an' warn't branded nuther, killed her fur ye."

Mink drew a long breath. "Waal, I hope so, the Lord knows. I'd settle him." An essentially mundane courage was his, but a sturdy endowment as far as it went.

His imagination was of the pursuant order; it struck out no new trail, but, given a lead, it could follow with many an active expression of power. He accepted at once this suggestion, with a

confidence as complete as if he had never credited the grudge of a ghostly herder.

"An' I'll be bound I kin tell ye jes' who 't war," he said, stoutly, producing a corollary to the proposition he had adopted as his own. "'T war that thar pop-eyed fool Peter Rood. I reckon ye hev noticed, ef one o' them black-eyed, thick-set, big-headed men git made game of 'bout ennything, he'll pay ye back some mean way. Stiddier skeerin' me fur skeerin' him, he kems hyar an' shoots that cow."

He thrust one hand in his belt, and turned his bold bright glance on his partner. As he stood at his full height, lithe, vigorous, erect, a touch of freakishness in his eyes, decision expressed in his clear-cut features, a certain activity suggested even in his motionless pose, it might have seemed that the revenge of shooting the cow was the more hopeful project.

Doaks, a philosopher in some sort, and reflective, could discriminate as to motives.

"Rood never done it fur that by itself. I don't b'lieve he would hev done it jes' fur that. But the way ez ye hev been performin' sence 'bout Elviry Crosby air powerful aggervatin'. I hearn tell ez she hev turned Rood off, an' won't speak ter him, though the weddin' day hed been set! I reckon he felt like payin' ye back ennyhow it kem handy."

Doaks drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket, wrenched off a fragment with his strong teeth, and, talking indistinctly as he chewed, continued, the anxiety of forecast blunting the actual pain of experience.

"Ef he keeps this hyar up, Mink, — ef it's him, an' he kems roun' shootin' at cattle agin, — he mought git some o' the owners' stock nex' time, an' they mought hold me 'sponsible. I dunno whether they could or no. I'low he war 'quainted with this cow, an' knowed her ter be yourn, an' never drempt ez ye hed

swopped her off ter me. I wisht ter Gawd the critter knew ye hed no cattle on the mounting, an' ain't 'sponsible ter the owners, ez ye never traded with them, but arter my contract war made ye jes' went shares with me."

He seated himself on the rude fence in an awkward attitude, his long legs dangling, and drew out a red handana handkerchief with which he rubbed his corrugated brow as vigorously as if he could thus smooth out the pucker in his brain.

"Waal, waal! this mortal life!" he exclaimed, presently. "Satan won't leave ye in peace. Ye may go an' set yerse'f up on the bald o' a mounting, herdin' 'mongst the dumb ones, an' the worl' an' the things o' this life will kem a-cropin' up on ye with a rifle, an' ye be 'bleeged ter turn 'roun' an' cornsider how ye kin keep what ye hev got an' how ye kin git mo'. I useter 'low ef I war a perfessin' member, *this* worl' would n't stick so in my craw; so I tuk cornsider'ble pains ter git religion, an' mighty nigh wore out the mourners' bench settin' on it so constant, till I war actually feared the Lord would be per-voked ter see me in the front row o' them convicted o' sin at *every* revival, and visit wrath on me. An' I never got religion at last; though I feel nigher ter it on Piomingo Bald than ennywhar else, till Rood, or somebody, starts up like they had a contract with Satan to be-devil me."

Mink listened with a sort of affectionate ruefulness. Then he broke forth, suddenly, "Mebbe I mought see Rood ef I war ter go down ter Piomingo Cove, whar the boys be goin' ter shoot fur beef this evenin'. An' I kin let him know I don't own no cattle up hyar, an' hain't got no trade with the owners, an' ain't 'sponsible ter nobody."

There was a sudden expression of alarm in Doaks's face. "Don't ye let Rood know we suspicioned him, kase he *mought* hev hed nuthin' ter do with it."

"Naw," said Mink, with a diplomatic nod, "I'll jes' tell that whilst I'm a-spreadin' the tale 'bout the cow."

There was a short silence. Doaks still sat, with a pondering aspect, on the fence.

"Rood mought take his gredge out on you-uns some other way, Mink," he suggested presently. He felt bound in conscience to present the contingency.

"I'm ekal ter him," said Mink hardily. In fact, Mink bore the most light-some spirit down the mountain, scarcely to be expected in a man who goes to invite a more personal direction of the machinations of a feud. He would have dared far more to secure a respite from the loneliness of Piomingo Bald, to say nothing of the opportunity of mingling in the festivity of shooting for beef. He had not even a qualm of regret for the solitary herder whom he left standing at the fence, gazing down at him a trifle wistfully. He was out of sight presently, but Doaks heard the mare's hoofs after he had disappeared,—the more distinctly, because of the animal's habit of striking her hind feet together.

The mists had lifted. It was a positive happiness to Mink to watch the forests expand, as he went down and down the rugged ways of the herder's trail. There were taller trees on every hand; great beds of ferns, their fronds matted together, began to appear; impenetrable jungles of the laurel stretched all along the deep ravines. Now and then a flash of crimson rejoiced the sight; from far gleamed the red cones of the cucumber tree: the trumpet-flower blossomed in the darkling places; he marked the lustre of the partridge-berry by the way-side.

The mellow black earth was moist from the recent rains, as the narrow, slippery path, curving between a sheer declivity on one side and an almost perpendicular ascent on the other, might testify. His mare traveled it in a devil-may-care fashion, snatching as she went

at leaves on the slope above, regardless that a false step would precipitate both herself and her rider into eternity. Noticing this breach of manners, Mink now and then gave a reckless jerk at the bit.

"Dad-burn ye! ye greasy buzzard! A body would 'low ye hed never hearn tell o' nuthin' ter eat afore in this worl'!"

Here it was only, above these depths, that he might see the sky,—afar off, as was meet that it should be: he, the earthling, had no kinship with its austere infinities. The growths of the forest were now of incredible magnitude and magnificence. Up and up towered the massive boles, with a canopy of leaves so dense that all the firmament was effaced, and the sunshine trickling through had a white, tempered glister like the moonbeams. What infinite stretches of solitudes! What measureless mountain wilds! In these solemn spaces Silence herself walked unshod.

Yet stay! A crystalline vibration, a tinkling tremor, a voice smiting the air, so delicately attuned to all sylvan rhythms, with an accent so fine, so faint,—surely, some oread a-singing!

Nay—only the mountain torrent, dashing its fantastic cascades down its rocky channel, with a louder burst of minstrelsy and a flash of foam as its glittering swirl of translucent water revealed itself, with the laurel and ferns crowding upon its banks and a cardinal flower reflected multiform in a deep and shadowy pool. A mossy log spanned it as foot-bridge, and then it slipped away into the forest, to spring out suddenly and cross the road again and again before it reached the base of the mountain. Mink reckoned the distance by its reappearances, in default of other means.

"Ye be a-travelin' toler'ble smart this evenin'," he observed to the mare. "Ye be mighty nigh ez glad ter git off'n that thar buzzard's roost up yander ez I be, though I don't crack my heels tergether 'bout it like you-uns do yourn."

He did not follow the road into Eskaqua Cove when he reached the level ground. He struck off through one of the ridges that lie like a moulding about the base of the mountains, crossed another nameless barrier, then descended into Piomingo Cove. Sequestered, encompassed by the mountains, rugged of surface, veined with rock, its agricultural interest is hardly served by the conditions which enhance its picturesque aspect. The roofs of a few log cabins at long intervals peer out from among scanty orchards and fields. Tobacco flourishes down the sides of steep funnel-shaped depressions worked with the hoe instead of the plough, and suggesting acrobatic capacity as a co-requisite with industry to cultivate it. The woods make heavily into the cove, screening it from familiar knowledge of its hills and dales.

Mink, trotting along the red clay road, came suddenly upon the banks of the Scolacutta River, riotous with the late floods, fringed with the papaw and the ivy bush. Beyond its steely glint he could see the sun-flooded summit of Chilhowee, a bronze green, above the intermediate ranges: behind him was the Great Smoky, all unfamiliar viewed from an unaccustomed standpoint; massive, solemn, of dusky hue; white and amber clouds were slowly settling on the bald. There had been a shower among the mountains, and a great rainbow, showing now only green and rose and yellow, threw a splendid slant of translucent color on the purple slope. In such environment the little rickety wooden mill — with its dilapidated leaking race, with its motionless wheel moss-grown, with its tottering supports throbbing in the rush of the water which rose around them, with a loitering dozen or more mountaineers about the door — might seem a feeble expression of humanity. To Mink the scene was the acme of excitement and interest. His blood was quickening as he galloped up,

his hair tossing under the wide brim of his hat, his stirrup-leathers adjusted to the full length of his leg according to the custom of the country, his rifle laid across the pommel of his saddle.

"Enny chance lef' fur me?" he asked, as he reined in among the loungers.

This observation was received in some sort as a salutation.

"Hy're, Mink," said several voices at once. Other men merely glanced up, their eyes expressing languid interest.

"Ye don't want ter shoot, Mink," said one, with a jocose manner. "Ye knowed all the chances would be sold by now. Ye hev jes' kem 'kase ye hearn old Tobias Winkeye air out agin."

Mink's dark eyes seemed afire with some restless leaping light. His infectious laughter rang out. "Never s'picioned it, — so holp me, Jiminy! When?"

"Ter-night. Ye keep powerful low," with a cautionary wink.

"I reckon so," promised Mink cordially.

A sullen remonstrance broke into these amenities.

"Waal, Jer'miah Price, I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter let all that out ter Mink Lorey."

Pete Rood, who delivered this reproof, was not an ill-looking fellow naturally, but his black eyes wore a lowering, disaffected expression. His swarthy square-jawed face indicated a temperament which might be difficult to excite to any keen emotion, and was incapable of nice discrimination; but which promised, when once aroused, great tenacity of purpose. He wore a suit of gray jeans, loosely fitting, giving his heavy figure additional breadth. He carried his hands in his pockets, and lounged about, throwing an occasional word over his shoulder with a jerky incidental manner.

"Why not tell Mink?" exclaimed

Jerry Price, a long, lank fellow, far too tall and slim for symmetry, and whose knees had a sort of premonitory crook in them, as if he were about to shut up, after the manner of a clasp-knife, into comfortable and convenient portability. His head was frankly red. His freckles stood out plainly for all they were worth; and, regarded as freckles, they were of striking value. A ragged red beard hung down on his unbleached cotton shirt. Physically, he had not a trait to commend him; but a certain subtle magnetism, that inborn fitness as a leader of men, hung upon his gestures, vibrated in his words, constrained acquiescence in his rude logic.

"Ain't Mink always been along of we-uns?"

Mink dismounted slowly and hitched his mare to the limb of a dogwood tree hard by. Then, leaning upon his rifle, he drawled, "'Pears like everybody's gittin' sot agin me these days. I dunno who 't war, but this very mornin' somebody kem up on Pioningo Bald an' shot a cow ez used ter b'long ter me."

He raised his eyes suddenly. Rood had lounged off a few steps with an idle gait, swaying from side to side, his hands still in his pockets. But there was tenseness in the pose of his half-turned head. He was listening.

"Hed ye done traded her off?" asked Price, interested. "Gimme a chaw o' terbacco."

"Ain't got none. Pete, can't ye gin this hyar destitute cuss a chaw o' terbacco?"

Rood could not choose but turn his face, while he slouchingly held out his plug. The crafty Mink scanned it, as he leaned his own sun-burned cheek upon the muzzle of the long rifle on which he lazily supported his weight.

"Naw, Jerry, 't war n't my cow. I can't keep nuthin' long enough ter lose it; I hed traded her off ter Ben Doaks." There was no mistaking the patent disappointment on Rood's face. One with

far less sharp intelligence than Mink possessed might have descried that hot look in his eyes, as if they burned,—that vacillating indirection which could fix on naught about him. The surprise of the moment deterred him from observing Mink, whose air of unconsciousness afterward afforded no ground for suspicion or fear.

Rood pocketed his plug, and presently slouched off toward the tree where the marksmen were preparing for the shooting-match.

Now and then there flitted to the door of the mill the figure of a stripling, all dusted with flour and meal, and with a torn white hat on his head. He wore ragged jeans trowsers of an indeterminate hue, and an unbleached cotton shirt. When the men were strolling about, he slunk into the duskiness within. But when they were all intent upon the projected trial of skill, he crept shyly to the door, and looked out with a singularly blank, inexpressive gaze.

"Hy're ye, Tad!" called out Mink gayly.

The young fellow stood for an instant staring; then, with a wide, foolish grin of recognition, disappeared among the shadows within.

"Let the idjit be, Mink," said the miller, querulously,—"let him be."

He was a man of sixty years, perhaps, and bending beneath their weight. His white beard was like a patriarch's, and his long hair hung down to meet it. He had a parchment-like skin, corrugated, and seeming darker for the contrast with his hair and beard. Beneath his bushy white eyebrows, restless, irritable eyes peered out. He was barefooted, as was the boy, and his poverty showed further in the patches on his brown jeans clothes.

"Naw, I won't," said Mink irreverently. "I want ter see what Tad does when he skeets off an' hides that-a-way."

He pressed into the mill, and the old

man looked after him and cursed him in his beard. He swore with every breath he drew.

"Go on, ye dad-burned fool — go on ter damnation! Ever sence that thar sneakin' Mink hev been roun' hyar," he continued, addressing Price, "Tad 'pears weaker 'n ever. I can't 'bide ter keep Tad in the house. He gits inter one o' his r-uproarious takin's, an' it looks like hell could n't hold him, — skeers the chill'n mighty nigh ter death. Yes, sir! my gran'chil'n. Daddy war shot by the revenueers, mammy died o' the lung complaint, an' the old man 's got 'em all ter take keer of — ten o' 'em. An' my nevy Tad, too, ez war born lackin'. An' ev'y one of 'em 's got a stommick like a rat-hole — ye can't fill it up. Yes, sir! The Lord somehow he's got his hand out in takin' keer o' me an' mine, an' he can't git it in agin."

"Waal, they helps ye mightily, plowin' an' sech, don't they, — the biggest ones; an' one o' the gals kin cook, that thar spry one, 'bout fifteen year old; I'm a-goin' ter wait fur her, — beats all the grown ones in the cove fur looks," said the specious Jerry Price. "An' they air all mighty good chill'n, ain't they? Oughter be. Good stock."

"Naw, sir; naw, sir!" the old man replied, so precipitately that his iterative mutter had the effect of interruption. "Durnes' meanes' chill'n I ever see. Ripenin' fur hell! Scandalous mean chill'n."

"I reckon so," said Rood suddenly. "Thar goes one o' 'em now." He pointed to a scapegrace three feet high, clad in a suit of cotton check of light blue. His trousers reached to his shoulder blades, and were sustained by a single suspender. A ragged old black hat was perched on the back of his tow head. He had the clothes-line tied to the hind leg of a pig which he was driving. He seemed to be in high feather, and apparently felt scant lack of a more spirited steed. In fact, the pig gave

ample occupation to his skill, coming to a halt sometimes and rooting about in an insouciant manner, reckless of control. When he was pushed and thumped and forced to take up the line of march, he would squeal dolorously and set out at a rate of speed hardly predicable of the porcine tribe. "Look how he's a-actin' ter that thar pore peeg," added Rood.

Old Gus Griff fixed his dark eye upon him.

"Eunny friend o' yourn?" he asked.

"Who?" demanded Rood, amazed.

"That thar peeg."

"Naw, o' course not."

"Then keep yer jaw off'n him. Who set ye up ter jedge o' the actions o' my gran'chile? That thar boy's name air 'Gustus Thomas Griff — fur me! An' I got nine mo' gran'chil'n jes' like him. An' ye lay yer rough tongue ter a word agin one o' 'em, an' old ez I be I'll stretch ye out flat on that thar groun' they air a-medjurin' ter shoot on. Ye greasy scandal-bit scamp yerse'f!"

Rood was fain to step back hastily, for the miller came blustering up with an evident bellicose intention. "Lord A'mighty, old man!" he exclaimed, "I never said nuthin' agin 'em, 'cept what ye say yerse'f. I would n't revile the orphan!"

"Jes' stop a-pityin' 'em, then, durn ye!" exclaimed the exacting old man. "They ain't no orphans sca'cely no-hows, with thar grandad an' sech alive."

"That's what I knowed, Mr. Griff," said the bland Price, standing between them. "Pete's jes' 'bidin' the time o' the fool-killer. Must be a powerful rank crap fur him somewhar, bein' ez Pete's spared this long. That's what I knowed an' always say 'bout them chill'n."

The old man, mollified for the instant, paused, his gnarled knotted hands shaking nervously, the tremor in his unseen lips sending a vague shiver down all the length of his silver beard. The excitement, painful to witness, was dying out

of his eager eyes, when a mad peal of laughter rang out from the recesses of the old mill.

"What be that thar blamed idjit a-doin' of now! him an' that thar minkish Mink!"

He turned and went hastily into the shadowy place. Bags of grain were scattered about. The hopper took up much room in the limited space; behind it the miller's nephew and Mink were sitting on the step of a rude platform. They had a half bushel measure inverted between them, and on it was drawn a geometric figure upon which were ranged grains of corn.

There was a pondering intentness on the idiot's wide face very nearly approaching a gleam of intelligence. Mink, incongruously patient and silent, awaited Tad's play; both were unaware of the old man, among the dusky shadows, peering at them from over the hopper. At last, Tad, with an appealing glance at Mink, and an uncertain hand, adjusted a grain of corn. He leaned forward eagerly, as Mink promptly played in turn. Then, fixing all the faculties of his beclouded mind upon the board, he finally perceived that the game had ended, and that his opponent was victor. Once more his harsh laughter echoed from the rafters. "Ye won it, Mink. Ye won the coon."

"I don't want yer coon," said Mink, good-naturedly. "Ye kin keep yer coon ter bet nex' time."

"Naw, ye kin hev the coon, Mink!" He caught at a string dangling from a beam. "Kem down hyar, ye idjit!" he cried, with a strange, thick-tongued enunciation. "Kem down hyar, ye fool!"

The old man suddenly made his way around the hopper and stood before them. Tad rose, with a startled face. Mink looked up composedly.

"Do you know what ye air a-doin' of, Mink Lorey?" asked the old man, sternly.

"L'arnin' Tad ter play 'five corn,'" said Mink, innocently. "He kin play right sorter peart fur a lackin' one. I dunno ez I b'lieve Tad's so powerful fursaken noways, ef ennybody would take the pains ter l'arn him. I b'lieves he'd show a right mind arter a while."

"An' thar ye sit, ez complacent ez a bull-frog — ye that the Lord hev favored with senses," cried the old man, "sech ez they be," he stipulated, making not too much of Mink's endowments, "a-usin' of 'em ter ruin a pore idjit boy," — Mink's eyes flashed surprise, — "a-l'arnin' him ter play a gamblin' game."

"Shucks! *five corn!*" cried Mink, accustomed to the iniquity of "playin' kyerds," and scorning to rate the puerile beguilements of "five corn" among the "gambling games" which he had mastered, — "what's *five corn!* Enny child kin play it — that thar coon could l'arn it ef he hed a mind ter it. I don't want the critter, Tad; I don't want it."

The old man's tongue had found its ready oaths. "A-fixin' on the idjit boy fur the prey o' Satan. A-l'arnin' him ter play a gamblin' game ter damn his soul. An' a-trickin' him out'n his coon."

"I never!" cried Mink, in hasty extenuation. "I jes' put up my rifle agin his coon ter make him think he war playin' sure enough! But I ain't a-goin' ter keep his coon, an' I don't want it, nuther!"

"I kin read the future," cried out the old man, suddenly, flinging up his hand and shading his peering eyes with it. "I kin view the scenes o' hell. I see ye, Mink Lorey, a-writhin' in the pits o' torment, with the flames a-wroppin' 'round ye, an' a-swallerin' melted iron an' a-smellin' sulphur an' brimstone. I see ye! Bless the Lord, — I see ye thar!"

"Naw, *ye don't!*" interpolated Mink, angrily.

The idiot had slunk to one side, and

was gazing at the two with a white, startled face, still mechanically jerking the string, at the end of which the reluctant coon tugged among the beams above.

"I see ye thar, — damned yerse'f fur tryin' ter damn the idjit's soul!"

"Ye'd better look arter yer own soul!" cried Mink, "an' quit l'arnin' the idjit ter cuss. He do it percisely like he git the word from ye, an' ye air a perfessin' member, what shouts at the camp-meetin', an' prays with 'the Power,' an' laffs with the 'holy laff'! Shucks! I hev hearn ye exhortin' them on the mourners' bench."

Once more the old man broke out angrily.

Mink interrupted. "Quit cussin' me! Quit it!" he cried. He wore a more badgered look than one would have believed possible, as the miller, with his hoary head and tremulous beard, pressed close upon him in the dark, narrow apartment, the idiot's white face — a sort of affrighted glare upon it — dimly visible beside him. "Quit it! I ain't a-goin' ter take nare nuther word off'n ye!"

"How ye goin' ter help it? Goin' ter hit a old man, — old enough ter be yer grandad, eh?" suggested the wary old creature, making capital of his infirmities.

"I'll bust yer mill down, ef ye don't lemme out'n it. Lemme out!" cried Mink, tumultuously, striving to push past.

Jerry Price's long, lank figure appeared in the doorway. It was not policy which animated him, for he had nothing at stake. With an inherent knowledge of human nature, some untutored instinctive capacity for manipulating its idiosyncrasies, he half consciously found a certain satisfaction in exercising his keen acumen on the men about him. It might have been employed more profitably in the fields of local politics, had the gift been adequate-

ly realized and valued. He was of an amiable, even of an admirable, temperament, and he devised the adjustment of many complications, in which open interference would avail naught, by subtly appealing to some predominant motive or sentiment with the accuracy with which a surgeon can touch a nerve.

"Look-a-hyar, Mink," he said, apparently unconscious of any signs of a quarrel, "ain't you-uns a-goin' ter shoot?"

Mink's angry aspect dropped like a husk.

"Waal, I can't, ye know," he said, in a voice eager with interest. "They 'lowed ter me ez they hed done made up the money an' bought the beef, an' all the chances are gone, — six fur a dollar, shilliu' apiece."

"Waal, I bought eight chances. I'll let ye hev two on 'em, ef two 'll do ye."

"Jiminy Crack-corn an' I don't keer!" exclaimed Mink, doubling himself partly in a gesture of ecstasy, and partly to reach a silver coin that led a lonesome life in the depths of his long pocket. He handed it over, and slapped his leg with a sounding thwack. "I could shoot ye all off 'n the ground, an' I kin git the fust an' second ch'ice in two cracks."

Rood, in the doorway behind Price, regarded the transaction with disapproval.

"I don't b'lieve it's 'cordin' ter rules, Jerry," he expostulated, "ter go roun' an' swap off yer chances arter ye paid fur 'em. I never seen it done afore, noways."

"Ye hold yer jaw!" said Price, imperious, though good-natured. "I hev shot fur beef 'fore ye war born!" — a diminutive marksman, were this statement to receive full credit, since he was but a year or two older than Rood.

Irregular though it may have been, there was no appeal from the self-arrogated authority of Price, and his oft-

reiterated formula as to his experience before his interlocutor's birth had all the enlightened functions of precedent.

Rood said no more, appreciating the futility of remonstrance. He stood, surly enough, in the doorway, listening absently to the garrulous clamor of the old miller, who was telling again and again of Mink's iniquity in teaching Tad "five corn," and his threats against the mill.

"I dare ye ter lay a finger on the mill!" he cried. "I'll put ye in that thar hopper an' grind every ounce o' yer carcass ter minch meat."

Mink gave him no heed. He had joined the group of marksmen near the tree on which the targets were to be fixed. He was loading his gun, holding the ball in the palm of his hand, and pouring enough powder over it to barely cover it in a conical heap. He dextrously adjusted the "patching," and as he rammed down the charge he paused suddenly. From a little log cabin on a rise hard by, a delicate spiral wreath of smoke curled up over the orchard, and airily defined itself against the mountain. At the rail fence a girl of fifteen was standing; sunny-haired, blue-eyed, barefooted, and slatternly. The peaches were ripe in the weighted trees above her head; he heard the chanting bees among them. The pig was grunting luxuriously among their roots and the fallen over-ripe fruit; for his driver, 'Gustus Tom, and the elder boy Joseph had gone down to the mill for a closer view of the match; the children who had mounted the fence being deterred from accompanying them by feminine decorum. The dogs appertaining to the place had also gone down to the mill, and were conferring with the followers of the contestants in the match. One, however, a gaunt and gray old hound, who had half climbed the fence, hesitated, resting in transit on the topmost rail, a lean, eager curiosity on his grave, serious countenance, his neck stretched,

his head close to the pretty head of the little maiden.

"Howdy, sis!" called out the bold Mink, the ramrod arrested half-way in the barrel, his face shadowed by his broad-brimmed hat, his hair flaunting in the wind.

She gave a flattered smile, full of precocious coquetry.

"Sick him, Bose!" she exclaimed to the faithful dog. "Sick him!"

Bose fastened his glare on Mink, raised his bristles, and growled obediently.

The young man with a gay laugh drove the charge home, and rattled the ramrod sharply into its place.

Already the first report of the rifle had pealed into the quietude of the cove; the rocks clamored as with the musketry of a battle. Far, far and faint the sound clanged back from the ranges between Chilhowee and the river, from all the spurs and ravines of the Big Smoky. The sunshine had the burnished fullness of post-meridian lustre, mellow, and all unlike the keen matutinal glitter of earlier day; but purple shadows encircled the cove, and ever and anon a shining curve was described on the mountain side as the wings of a homeward-bound bird caught the light. Sometimes the low of cattle rose upon the air. The beef, as the young ox was prematurely called, lifted his head, listening. He stood, the rope about his neck, secured to a hitching-post near the mill, looking calmly upon the ceremonies that sealed his destiny. It is to be hoped, in view of the pangs of prescience, that the animal's deductive capacities and prophetic instincts are not underrated, or the poor beef's presence at the shooting-match might express the acme of anguished despair. He was an amiable brute, and lent himself passively to the curiosity of 'Gustus Tom, who came up more than once, gazed fixedly at him, and examined his horns and hoofs, his eyes and nozzle, doubtless verifying some

preconceptions as to facts in natural history.

The young mountaineers seemed to shoot with startling rapidity. Only one green hand labored under the delusion that a long aim can do aught but "wobble the eyes." As each flung himself prostrate, with a grave intentness of expression and a certain precipitancy of gesture, it might have seemed some strange act of worship, but for the gun resting upon a log placed for the purpose, sixty yards from the mark, — the customary distance in shooting-matches with the old-fashioned rifle, — and the sudden sharp crack of the report. They were shooting with a marksmanship so nearly equal that it was readily apparent that the office of the anxious-eyed judges was not an enviable honor. Occasionally disputes arose, and the antagonists gathered around the tree, examining the targets with vociferous gesticulation which often promised to end in cuffs. Once the two judges disagreed, when it became necessary to call in an impartial "thirdsman" and submit the question. The old miller, placid once more, accepted the trust, decided judiciously, and the match proceeded.

Mink's turn came presently.

As he ran deftly in and out among the heavy young mountaineers, he seemed more than ever like some graceful wild animal, with such elastic lightness, such reserve of strength, such keen endowment of instinct. He arranged in its place his board, previously blackened with moistened powder, and marked with a cross drawn on it with a knife blade; each contestant had brought a precisely similar target. Then, to distinguish the centre at sixty yards he carefully affixed a triangular bit of white paper, so that it touched the cross at the intersection of the lines. As he ran lightly back to the log and flung himself upon the ground, his swift movement and his lithe posture struck the attention of one of the men.

"Now, ain't ye the livin' image o' a mink! Ye've got nuthin' ter do but ter crope under that thar log, like thar war a hen hidin' thar, an' ye war tryin' ter git it by the throat."

Mink cast his bright eyes upward. "Ye shet up!" he exclaimed. Then he placed his rifle on the log and aimed in a twinkling, — his finger was on the trigger.

At this moment 'Gustus Tom, in his overwhelming curiosity, contrived to get his small anatomy between the marksman and the tree. The jet of red light leaped out, the funnel-shaped smoke diffused itself in a formless cloud, and the ball whizzed close by the boy's head.

There ensued a chorus of exclamation. The old man quavered out piteously. Mink, dropping the rifle to the ground, leaped up, seized the small boy by the nape of the neck, and deposited him with a shake in the bosom of his aged relative.

"Ye limb o' Satan, 'Gustus Tom!" cried out the old man. "Ain't ye' got no better sense 'n ter go out fur a evenin' walk 'twixt that thar tree an' these hyar boys, ez could n't begin ter shoot agin me an' my mates when I shot for beef whenst I war young? A-many-a-time I hev fired the five bes' shots myself, an' won all the five ch'ices o' the beef, an' jes' druv the critter home, — won it all! But these hyar fool boys jes' ez soon bang yer head off ez hit the mark. Ye g' long 'fore I skeer the life out'n ye!"

And 'Gustus Tom, in the unbridled pride of favoritism and with the fear of no man before his eyes, went along as far as the front rank of the crowd, continuing a fervid spectator of the sport.

The agitation of the moment had impaired to a slight degree Mink's aim. The shot was, however, one of the best yet made, and there was a clamor of negation when he insisted that he ought to have it over. The judges ruled against him, and the sport proceeded.

As Rood made his last shot, his strongly marked dark face was lighted with a keen sense of triumph. Although, according to strictest construction, the ball had not penetrated the centre, it was within a hair's breadth of it, and it was so unlikely that it would be surpassed that he tasted all the assured triumphs of victory before the battle was won.

With Mink's second shot arose the great dispute of the day. Like Rood's, it was not fairly in the bull's-eye, if the point of intersection might be so called, but it too lacked only a hair's breadth. Mink was willing enough for a new trial, but Rood, protesting, stood upon his rights. The judges consulted together apart, reëxamined the boards, finally announced their incapacity to decide, and called in the "thirdsman."

Mink made no objection when the miller, as referee, came to look at the board. He, too, examined it closely, holding his big hat in his hand that it might cast no shadow. There was no perceptible difference in the value of the two shots. Mink hardly believed he had heard aright when the "thirdsman," with scarcely a moment's hesitation, declared there was no doubt about the matter. Rood's shot was the fairer. "I could draw a line twixt Mink's and the centre."

There was a yell of derision from the young fellows. Rood wore a provoking sneer. Mink stood staring.

"Look-a-hyar," he said roughly, "ye haffen-blind old owl! Ye can't tell the differ 'twixt them shots. It's a tie."

"Rood's air the closest, an' he gits the fust ch'ice o' beef!" said the old man, his white beard and mustache yawning with his toothless laugh. "Ai-yi! Mink, ye ain't so powerful minkish yit ez ter git the fust ch'ice o' beef."

"Ye'll hev the second ch'ice, Mink," said Price consolingly. He himself, the fourth best shot, had the fourth choice.

"I won't hev the second ch'ice!" exclaimed Mink. "It's nobody but

that thar weezened old critter ez 'lows I oughter. Fust he sent his gran'son, that thar slack-twisted 'Gustus 'Tom, ter git in my aim, — wisht I hed shot him! An' then, when I lets him be thurdsman, he air jes' so durned m'licious he don't even stop an' take a minit ter decide." Mink's heart was hot. He had been wounded in his most vulnerable susceptibility, his pride in his marksmanship.

"Look-a-hyar, Mink!" remonstrated Price, "ye ain't a-goin' off 'fore the beef's been butchered an' ye git the second ch'ice. Stop! Hold on!"

For Mink was about to mount.

"I don't want no beef," he said. "I hev been cheated 'mongst ye. I won the fust ch'ice, an' I won't put up with the second."

Price was nonplused for a moment; then he evolved a solution. "I'll sell it, Mink," he cried, "an' bring ye the money! An' don't ye furgit old Tobias Winkeye," he added beguilingly.

"Who's old Tobias Winkeye?" asked the old man, tartly.

Price laughed, sticking his hands in the pockets of his jeans trousers, and looked around, winking at the others with a jocosity enfeebled somewhat by his light sparse lashes. "Jes' a man ez hev got a job fur Mink," he said, enigmatically.

The old miller, baffled, and apprehending the mockery, laughed loud and aggressively, his white beard shaking, his bushy eyebrows overhanging his twinkling eyes.

"Hed n't ye better bust the mill down, Mink?" he said floutingly.

"I will, — see ef I don't!" Mink retorted, as he wheeled his horse.

Only idle wrath, an idle threat, void of even the vaguest intention. They all knew that at the time. But the significance of the scene was altered in the light of after events.

Mink's fate had mounted with him, and the mare carried double as he rode out of Piomingo Cove.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE FREE NEGROES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ACCORDING to the census of 1860, there were in the United States, in round numbers, 487,000 free negroes, of which the fifteen slave-holding States contained 251,000. Virginia stood first, with 58,000; North Carolina second, with 30,000; and in the seven States south of these, in which the most rigorous free-negro laws prevailed, there were a total of less than 40,000. In Virginia they formed 10.60 per cent. of the negro population, in North Carolina 8.42 per cent., and in the other seven States alluded to considerably less than two per cent.

There is hardly another instance in the range of history in which a class as comparatively insignificant in numbers and as timid and unaggressive in spirit has been the occasion of so much alarm and disquietude. The nearest parallel, though by no means a close one, is perhaps that of the Romanist of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. However, to a candid mind there can be little doubt as to whether the panic of the English Whigs or that of the Southern slave-holders had the better foundation in reason and probability.

The laws of almost all the slave-holding States, not even excepting many that were early to abolish and oppose slavery, attest plainly enough what an ever-recurring, ever-deepening problem the free-negro question was from very early colonial times. In the frequent spasmodic reiteration of such laws we see the futile attempts either to lay or to largely control this spectre, which, springing into being at a word, waxed or waned as it was viewed through the medium of alarm or security. Still, the apprehension of which the free negroes were doubtless in nearly every case the innocent cause was natural, if not rea-

sonable. Not that they were formidable within themselves. Among a homogeneous people with solidarity of interest their very existence would have been ignored. But the slave-owners, like the upholders of all abnormal, arbitrary institutions, could not but be excessively suspicious and susceptible to panic. They dreaded the example and influence of free blacks dwelling among their enslaved brethren. They saw in the free negro an instigator and disseminator of insurrectionary doctrine which he perhaps never thought of, and gave him credit for a philanthropy and temerity which I am sure he never possessed.

The negro legislation of the South — indeed, of all the slave-holding States in proportion to the number of slaves and the consequent danger of insurrection — was harsh and grim enough, and it is not my desire to condone it. For the sake of fairness, I would only say, in passing, that a man whose house is stored with deadly explosives can hardly be blamed for placing very severe restrictions on fire. The crime and folly in placing and keeping them there over-shadows, if it does not excuse, the rest. Then slavery grew into an institution amid, and took the indelible impress of, an era of rigorous laws and cruel, unnatural punishments the world over. Scourgings and brandings, maimings and hangings, were as a rule inflicted for offenses now deemed trifling. Not only were criminals treated with incredible barbarity, but in the army, the navy, the school, the shop, the farm, the rod was seldom out of the hand of authority. Whitefield himself held it laudable to bring the negro under christianizing influences, even if the only road lay through slavery; to save heathen African souls at the expense of heathen African bodies. I would also

add that it was the curse of the South to be chained by self-interest, — self-preservation they considered it, — that despotic controller of conduct, in an attitude towards slavery which the more disinterested world had outgrown and come to execrate.

To North Carolina belongs the sorry honor of being more lenient in the execution, if not in the spirit, of her laws governing this unhappy class than either Virginia or any of the other Southern States. Not only did she contain the largest proportion of whites, Texas alone excepted, and have therefore less to fear from a servile insurrection, but the negroes, instead of being collected on large plantations to themselves, were more generally divided up among smaller owners, in much closer contact with the whites, better understood, better treated, and consequently less disposed and less able to inflict harm. The number of slave-holders in North Carolina must have been comparatively very much larger than in the other States, as well as the number of slaves who were yearly hired out, usually passing into the families of small non-slave-holding farmers. This feeling of comparative safety had its influence in according both the slaves and free negroes more privileges on sufferance than was common in the large slave-holding States, though cruel statutes were not wanting, which were enforced and even exceeded in time of panic. Thus the free negroes possessed and exercised the elective franchise down to the constitutional convention of 1835, one hundred and twelve years after they had been formally disfranchised in Virginia. The same assembly also abolished their schools, although no penalty was ever imposed for the teaching by a white person of a negro, slave or free, to read or write. On this question, the attitude of the State was similar to that of the South in general. They also held real estate, which was prohibited in many other

States, and in some instances even became slave-owners themselves.

Although North Carolina modeled her free-negro legislation largely upon that of Virginia, she never entirely removed every restriction from manumission, as Virginia did from 1782 to 1805. Her attitude towards the foreign slave-trade about the same period was midway between that of Virginia and the States to the south. She neither prohibited it, like Virginia, nor encouraged it, like South Carolina and Georgia; but contented herself with imposing a tax on slave importation, and declaring it to be "of evil consequence and highly impolitic." Neither did the great movement for gradual emancipation in Virginia, about 1785, which under the leadership of Jefferson promised so much for a time, ever find much favor in this State.

Of the proprietary period in North Carolina, which came to an end in 1729, the colony being then barely seventy years old, there is only one statute extant restricting the manumission of slaves, or in any way relating to free negroes. This act marks the adoption of a policy subsequently modified and never rigidly enforced except in periods of alarm, but still to the last never wholly abandoned. This policy had its root in the generally accepted theory of the incompatibility of slaves and free blacks in the same community, and its end was the expulsion and exclusion of the latter. The act permitted the manumission of "good and orderly slaves" for "honest and faithful service," but the freedman must forthwith depart the province forever, under penalty of being sold to any one who would transport him out of the country. Had this law been strictly carried out, the tender of freedom to a creature as ignorant and as helpless as the slave perforce was would have been only mockery. For philanthropy at large had not yet taken note of him, if indeed it had of anything, with practical

effect. But the presence of nearly 5000 slaves in the State at the census of 1790 proves either that the act had fallen into disuse, or that their immigration from Virginia was tolerated, as it was later on in quiet times. Indeed, a considerable sprinkling of free negroes from this State served in the white regiments through the whole war of the Revolution. Several distinguished themselves. Local tradition preserves the memory of one by the name of Dibby, of noted bravery. He lived to a great age, and I have heard old men tell of his indignant protest at the polls when his ballot was refused at the next election after the disfranchising convention of 1835. Several large tracts of land in this vicinity were, during the latter part of the last century, the property of free negroes. One was a school-teacher and the neighborhood scribe. Several deeds in his handwriting are still preserved. The children of some of the best families in the neighborhood were numbered among his pupils. In fact, negroes, slave and free, were to some extent employed as teachers in several States, about that date. It is clear that either the bitter race prejudice of later times was then much less strong, or that the calling of teacher was less regarded. Doubtless both conditions were true. It is well known that the former was largely a thing of more recent growth; while neither the Old World nor some portions of the New seem then to have been very particular as to who had either mind or soul in charge.

After the Revolution, public opinion, and consequent legislation to the detriment of this class and the race in general, had received marked impulse from two different, though collateral, sources. The first of these was the aggressive emancipatory spirit of the North, which found national expression in the famous Quaker memorial to Congress in 1790; the other, the periodic alarms of anticipated insurrection of the slaves,—above

all, the Nat Turner insurrection, just over the Virginia border, in 1831.

Largely to resentment against the abolitionism of the North, and perhaps partly to a dread lest the newly liberated blacks of the North should gravitate towards the great mass of their race at the South, importing the dangerous doctrines of discontent and insurrection as they came, may be ascribed the first series of those laws passed in 1795. The first act, passed in 1795, compelled all free negroes entering the State to give bond in the sum of £200 for their good behavior, which was virtual exclusion, as it was doubtless intended to be. Manumitted slaves were permitted to remain on the same condition, which, with the aid of their emancipators, they sometimes succeeded in complying with. Failing to give the bond, and persisting in remaining in the State, both classes forfeited their freedom. An act passed in 1796 was still more stringent. According to this, no slave could be manumitted except for meritorious services, to be adjudged by the county court, the bond as to future behavior being still required. It will be noticed that, while the Northern States required a bond to guard against a manumitted slave falling on the public for support, the large slave-holding States took that means to prevent his tampering with the slaves; each section guarding against what it had most to fear. Closely following the above act came another, requiring six weeks' notice to be given preceding the term of the court which would be prayed to confirm the deed of manumission. With increased severity, it compelled the freedman to give bond in the sum of \$1000 to quit the State in ninety days after manumission. It further enacted that no deed of manumission should work to the detriment of an emancipator's creditors.

At this time North Carolina was less merciful to the free negro than Virginia. The former leaned, in theory at least,

rather to the policy of South Carolina and Georgia. But the period from 1799 to 1801 was a time of great excitement and apprehension of insurrection in Virginia. The result was that the act of 1782, facilitating the manumission of slaves, and taking all restrictions from their residence in that State, was repealed, and measures of unwonted severity were adopted. This alarm also extended to North Carolina, and actuated the only legislation of consequence on the subject for many years after that of 1795. The inference from the fact that no supplemental legislation of this nature followed for nearly thirty years is that either the working of the laws was satisfactory, — a quality never characteristic of such acts, — or that they were but the expression of a passing mood of the public mind, and that they lost their vitality when the mood changed. If the concurrent tradition of the country is to be believed, the latter was the case. Numbers of free negroes, especially in the northern tier of counties, agree in the statement that their forefathers came over from Virginia about sixty or eighty years ago, and that they were unhindered. Here they found cheaper lands, and laws, in their execution at least, more lenient, as well as a social attitude less hostile than in aristocratic Virginia. That this immigration was considerable is to be gathered from the fact that quite a third of the free-negro population of the State was to be found in the counties contiguous to Virginia. The presence of large numbers in some of the southern counties leads to the belief that there was also some immigration of this class from South Carolina, though in a much less degree. However, free negroes were to be found in every county in the State, ranging from less than a dozen in some of the western to more than two thousand in some of the eastern counties.

Bordering on Virginia, and occurring at various intervals from the sea-coast to

the mountains, there were considerable areas then considered too poor for profitable cultivation. A meagre, whitish soil, thirsty and unrecuperative, afforded grudging sustenance to a puny, grotesque growth of blackjack and chincapin, even the renovating pine — the badge of the State — being in many places a rarity. They were dreary, poverty-stricken regions, inhabited almost exclusively by poor non-slave-holding whites, and selling up to the war often as low as one dollar an acre. The slave-holders and more substantial immigrants settled farther inward, along the streams, or on the stiffer lands, then alone regarded fit for producing tobacco. However, I will add that the development of the bright tobacco industry — for which this soil, aided by commercial fertilizers, is wonderfully adapted — has very recently made this the most prosperous part of the State.

To this section the free negroes had been straggling over from Virginia from a very early period. And although their immigration into the State was prohibited, under heavy penalty, by the acts of 1795, — supplemented by still more stringent ones, none of which were ever repealed, — they continued to come, almost up to the war of secession. In some cases their coming was doubtless surreptitious, but usually, by selecting a quiet period, and settling in a favorable neighborhood, they ran little or no risk of having the law enforced against them. They rarely, at any rate towards the last, penetrated very deep into the State: partly because they feared opposition; partly because they attached a vague idea of safety to the border; mainly because there lands were cheap, and the poor white population not averse to their settlement. For the land-owners, being in need of labor, found it much cheaper to employ them than to hire slaves. It was only in such neighborhoods that the free negro could ever hope to become a freeholder. The lands farther inward were

not only more valuable, but also in the hands of large owners, who rarely sold unless constrained by debt, or desirous of moving West. Land at the South was, in a stronger sense than elsewhere, considered the final investment of money. Least of all would the nervous slave-owner have been disposed to sell to this half-feared, half-despised class. But the poor whites of the border, with no slaves to be corrupted, owned more or less poor land, for which they were glad to find purchasers, tenants, or laborers. Yet notwithstanding the merely nominal price of land, a large majority of these immigrants always remained too poor to become freeholders, squatting instead on barren, worn-out corners, or along rocky, untillable ridges; the convenience of having this docile, uncomplaining help within call being deemed a fair compensation for the equally superfluous wood and water they consumed. In some instances they were tenants at will by a tenure not unlike the milder types of feudalism.

A very few prospered, bought larger and better farms, and even owned slaves, — one as many as thirty, — which they held up to general emancipation. But generally, when they bought land at all, the purchase was ludicrously small, and, in the country phrase, “so po’ it could n’t sprout er pea dout grunt’n.” On these infinitesimal bits they built flimsy log huts, travesties in every respect of the rude dwellings of the earliest white settlers. The timber growth being often too scant to afford fence rails, their little patches of phantom corn mixed with pea-vines — or, rather, stubs, their little quota of hulls akimbo on top — were encircled by brush fences, which even by dint of annual renewals were scarcely to be regarded by a beast of average hunger and enterprise.

The subsidence of the alarm of 1802 was followed by nearly thirty years of comparative quiet. So far these alarms had, with scarcely an exception, ended

in smoke, leaving little permanent impress on the popular mind. The unfathomable race prejudice of later years had not yet developed into a mania. Negrophobia was then a hardly known malady. The resentment against the antislavery spirit of the North had not yet been poured out on the head of the negro. The attitude of the races towards each other was widely different from what it afterwards became. But about 1830, a growing mistrust on the part of the whites manifested itself. Abolitionism, hitherto the hobby of visionaries and isolated philanthropists, had now grown to be the watchword of a militant, uncompromising party. Its subtle leaven permeated the whole country, encouraging the slave, exasperating the master. It would be curious to know what were the real grounds of these panics. But in all history there are fewer mysteries more insolvable. Secretiveness is the chief characteristic of the negro, and on this subject, above all others, he is immovably silent. It seems most probable that there was general disquiet among the slaves at these periods, but no far-reaching conspiracy. That the scare was out of all proportion to the danger is not to be doubted. The mystery and uncertainty that shrouded the whole matter left the imagination full play. Still, all the white survivors of that time that I have questioned agree in maintaining that a great change came over the negroes. They are said to have suddenly become less joyous, more reticent and thoughtful. Large meetings of a quasi-religious character were held in secret. Prayer meetings found their scores swell into hundreds. By incredible journeys between sun and sun representatives from many counties frequently attended the same meeting. Then the memorable sun spots of 1831 undoubtedly wrought on the superstition of both races. Apprehension took hold of the whites; it grew into alarm, and burst into panic when Nat Turner

and his followers began their midnight butcheries just over the Virginia border.

In general it might be said that the fears of the people spoke in framing the negro laws, their hearts in executing them. But on occasions like this, it was the reverse. All the dead laws were hunted up, put into execution, and exceeded. Patrolling, the greatest of all hardships to the sociable, restless negro, not hitherto common in this State, now became a system, strict and unsparing.

This highly wrought state of the public mind naturally found expression in legislation. Minor acts of this nature were passed in 1830, and in the following year legislation began in earnest. From then till 1837 the statute book abounds in stringent laws against slaves and free negroes.

Whenever servile insurrection arose or was apprehended, the free negro seems to have fallen under even greater suspicion than the slave. He was half believed to value his freedom solely as a means to sow discontent among the slaves. The fact that he was out of all sympathy with them, that really a strong dislike existed between the two, did not exonerate him. It was doubtless regarded as but another proof of his astute dissimulation. It was made unlawful to free any slave under fifty years of age, and then it could be effected only as a reward for meritorious services. Such persons were allowed to remain in the State on giving bond in five hundred dollars for their "good behavior." A fine of five hundred dollars was imposed for bringing a free negro into the State, and he must leave in twenty days or be sold, for ten years. If a native free negro left the State for ninety days, he could never return.

The state convention called in 1835, to amend the constitution, among other important changes, such as the disfranchisement of the boroughs and the removal of the gubernatorial election from the legislature to the people, also dis-

franchised the free negroes. Hitherto there had existed in this State the strange anomaly of a class incompetent to testify in court, and otherwise almost as destitute of rights as brutes, exercising a function everywhere deemed the first of privileges, and which the vast mass of freemen in the most enlightened countries of the world are yet striving to attain. But even prior to their disfranchisement the free negroes were too timid and lethargic ever to possess even the modicum of political influence to which their numbers would seem to have entitled them. In a few of the northern counties only do they ever seem to have become an object to demagogues. There is still a tradition among them in Granville County that they lost the franchise on account of their persistent support of the notorious Potter. Potter, though a man of parts and a natural orator, was a consummate demagogue and a violent, unscrupulous man, whose new departure in iniquity evoked special legislation. Toward the last, the free negroes falling more and more into disrepute, their support carried such a stigma with it as to be an element of weakness rather than of strength to a candidate. More than one candidate of those days, twitted by his opponent on the stump about this element of his constituency, retorted by declaring his willingness to throw out every free-negro ballot, if his assailant would do likewise.

After this period, the life of the free negro grew unspeakably harder. Not so much that the laws were harsher, but because the attitude of the whites became and continued more hostile. Neither the harshness nor the leniency of the laws was of great moment to him, who could in no wise put them in operation even for his own protection. His lot added the disability of the slave to the responsibility of the freeman. Dependent on his own industry and enterprise, as the slave was not, he found the field of his labor contracted, till subsis-

tence became a formidable problem indeed. Except among the non-slave-holding farmers, who were often too poor to pay him sufficient hire to sustain life, he could find little employment that did not bring him in contact with the slave, while the main end of public policy was to keep them as far apart as possible. Intermarriage and social intercourse were of course strictly forbidden by law. With him, all depended on the temper of the whites among whom he lived. If they were kind and well disposed, he had little to complain of. But if they were cruel or alarmist, his condition was pitiable beyond words. Then all his movements were closely watched, and his actions ingeniously tortured to sinister ends. If, in quest of employment, he ventured out of his immediate neighborhood and neglected to take his free papers, he got into serious trouble. Even carrying them in his pocket, if his actions aroused suspicion and his explanation was not at once prompt, lucid, and consistent, he also got into trouble. Dumb as a witness against the dominant race, he not infrequently became the object of the spite of malicious white men, or the wanton cruelty of heartless, unthinking striplings.

It is not to be wondered that the free negroes, unelastic and prone to unthrift, underwent still further deterioration. Cowed, perplexed, and dispirited, they huddled together on any scant, sterile bit of land that they were fortunate enough to be possessed of, erected clusters of their frail little huts, and like oppressed, hopeless classes the world over sunk into profound listlessness and sloth. The women grew unchaste, the men dishonest, until in many minds the term "free negro" became a synonym for all that was worthless and despicable. Their settlements were commonly contiguous to some town; the counties in which were located Raleigh, Wilmington, New Berne, and Fayetteville containing nearly a fourth of all the free

negroes in the State, in which the apter males became barbers, fiddlers, or Jacks-of-all-trades. Some followed ditching, well-digging, and such work as was considered too perilous or too unhealthy to risk slaves in its performance. I never knew a neighborhood without a free-negro shoemaker. In fact, they were largely, perforce, a class of piddlers; and like piddlers everywhere more indispensable than any other element of the community. The majority kept soul and body together with the product of their sterile little patches, eked out with a petty traffic in the rude articles of their own make, such as chairs, splint baskets, horse-collars and door-mats made from shucks and bark, "dug" troughs, bread-trays, etc. Many derived almost their whole living from the sale of ginger cakes, and watermelons, wild nuts, and fruits when in season, at the neighboring towns, or on Saturdays and "big" days at the cross-road stores and country post-offices.

In some of the county seats, during court week, an aged specimen of this latter type is still occasionally to be seen selling ginger cakes. Generally tall, meagre, stooping, slouching, for all the world the color of his own wares, he lounges half listlessly, half dejectedly, on the shafts of the little steer-cart bearing his antiquated confections, silently awaiting the customers that never seem to come nowadays. He and his cakes are almost the sole survivors of ante-bellum days. But in all his silent musings it seems not to have occurred to him that he is an anachronism. That he is still catering to the obsolete gastronomy of a long-gone generation, and that his goodies are caviare to their grandchildren, has never entered his mind. At least, if it has, he is too staunch a quietist or pessimist, no one knows which, to care much. He has seen the primitive wooden court-house supplanted by a pretentious brick one; the once boundless court-house green contracted and con-

tracted, till the pitiless march of brick and mortar has left him no stopping place save an unsafe and ignoble one in the gutter. He has seen man and nature change, but it has never suggested new methods, any more than the fact that people quit eating home-made ginger cakes a generation ago has suggested the advisability of discontinuing their manufacture. Like the persistent sibyl of old, his serene confidence in his wares is not a jot abated because they are ignored of men and have diminished in quantity. And there he will be every court week, more punctual than judge or jury, till some hard-hearted board of town commissioners pronounce him a nuisance, when he will uncomplainingly take a remoter stand, unless perchance before then death the gleaner should follow in the swath of death the reaper.

To one acquainted with the stringent laws against the manumission of slaves and against the immigration of free negroes, and not with the impunity with which those laws were disregarded, the number of free negroes in the State might well be a matter of wonder. From the infancy of the colony in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the laws placed every bar in the way of manumission short of total and absolute prohibition. First, only the "good and orderly" slaves could be set free for "honest and faithful" service. Later on, when it became the custom to construe these qualifications too liberally, the power of determining these was removed from the master to the county court, which was essentially the same as the method in the other Southern States. Still later, a slave must be over fifty years of age before he could be set free at all. Excepting for a very short period, the latter class of freedmen were the only ones permitted to remain in the State, although under bond for their behavior. For even the law of 1795, which permitted free negroes to enter and reside within the State on giving a

bond of £200, tantamount to prohibition, was soon repealed. True, occasionally the legislature did, by special enactment, sanction the manumission of slaves, and also suspend the banishing clause. But the number manumitted in this way must have been comparatively small.

But as the laws were often exceeded or disregarded to the negro's harm, so also were they sometimes exceeded or disregarded in his favor. Many industrious, thrifty slaves, especially mechanics, not only hired themselves in the face of a law forbidding it, but with money thus earned bought their own freedom, and sometimes that of their families, and remained in the State unmolested. Of course the whole transaction was informal and illegal, and in the eyes of the law they were the property of their former master. But they were practically free men, and I never heard of a case in which a master proved treacherous. Nor would the community have countenanced such an act.

I knew of a very touching instance in which a free negro became the purchaser, though not the owner, of his family. He was a blacksmith, and had married a slave woman, by whom he had several children. His shop was on her master's farm, where he was liked and kindly treated. But finally the master got involved in debt, and all of his slaves, among them the blacksmith's family, were seized by the creditors and sold to a speculator, who resold them in Mississippi. The husband, who was then forehanded, went desperately to work, and in a few years scraped together sufficient money, placed it in their first owner's hand, and got him to repurchase and bring back from the terrible South the loved ones; content that they should remain slaves—for the temper of the neighborhood was hostile to manumission—so that he need not be separated from them.

Several large slave-holders in the eastern part of the State not only set their

slaves free by will, with legislative sanction, but also gave them an outfit and paid their passage to Liberia. But bills of manumission were not always sure of passage. All depended on the mood of the legislature. A noted politician, since the war conspicuous for his eccentricities as well as for his services to the State, is said to have opposed one of these bills, by which a very old man sought power to free his slaves at his death, in the following speech: "Mr. Speaker, this old man is a slave-holder, the son of a slave-holder, the grandson of a slave-holder. He inherited slaves without compunction, and has held and enjoyed them far beyond the span of most human lives without a qualm. He never seems to have realized the sinfulness of slavery as long as it was useful to himself. Now that he totters on the brink of the grave he would fain propitiate an offended God by an offering that costs him nothing. Like a mediæval reprobate bequeathing his all to the church, he would buy heaven, but his heir must pay for it. I can see no justice in that. He has waited too late. And now, sir, if that is his only chance of heaven, and my vote avails anything, I shall keep him out. I vote nay." I think the bill was lost.

In the excitement preceding the war, as well as in the disorder attending it, these mud-sills of society, of course, had the hardest lot of all. They fared badly, not because they were the objects of any special ill-will, — all fears of servile trouble being eclipsed and forgotten in the pressing exigencies of the hour, — but simply because they were unprotected in a period of general confusion and irresponsibility. Some few were seized and sold as slaves, their feeble protest being drowned in the tumult. All males within the drafting age of from eighteen to forty-five were compelled to serve the Confederacy as laborers on the fortifications, unless already acting as servants for officers in the field. Most of

the free negroes served in the latter capacity, but few officers being willing to risk their slaves so near the Federal lines. As laborers on the fortifications they received the same pay as white privates, while those that served the officers were still better paid by the individuals employing them. About the beginning of the war the question was mooted of compelling all free negroes to choose masters and become slaves, or be forthwith expelled the State; but it was soon lost sight of in the stress of affairs, if indeed it was ever seriously entertained.

At the close of the war the appellations "Old Issue" and "New Issue," to distinguish the free from the freed negroes, were invented by the latter. The blacks are quick at appropriating new words, and sometimes very original in applying them; and this instance came about as follows: Early in 1864, when Confederate money had greatly depreciated in value, it was rumored that the government was about to make a new issue of notes, whose purchasing value would be fixed by law, and that they would bring back the good old time prices. While those competent to judge must have known better, popular expectation was on tiptoe. Wonders were fondly hoped for from this magic "New Issue." It came. Almost the only effect was at once to still farther depreciate the "Old Issue," while prices went steadily upward. The war ended while these terms were still fresh in the popular mind, and the only result of this great financial scheme was to add two words — "Ol' Isshy" and "New Isshy" — to the negro's scant vocabulary. The terms were expressive and appropriate, and no one now thinks of using any other.

The war ended, a radically new era began. Life and thought, with a sharp wrench, assumed new lines. The social kaleidoscope, shaken by the rude hand of war, shivered, and was recast into

strangely new forms. The slave, suddenly metamorphosed into a free man, struck out for himself with more or less energy and judgment, but nevertheless under a new impulse. His quondam master, though stunned for a while, finally dropped into a new rut, and began life anew. But the effect on this neutral class was comparatively slight. His sloth was too profound, his isolation too complete, he was too far out of sympathy with his surroundings, to feel with effect the impulse of the new order of things. He saw the war end, and oppression and disability cease, with his inherent listlessness. Almost wholly destitute of the vigor and elasticity of the freedman and of the industrious habits which the latter had perforce acquired as a slave, the "Ol' Isshy" remains to-day largely an alien to the strivings and aspirations of his contemporaries. Some, well to do at the end of the war, failing to catch the new drift, have become impoverished. The line of demarkation between the Old and New "Isshy" is not only still plainly visible, but bids fair long to continue so. Associating but little with each other, intermarriage is not common. A free negro who marries a freed one almost invariably loses caste, and is disowned by his people. The freedmen make no secret of their dislike and contempt for the other class, which is reciprocated by feelings more covert, but perhaps still deeper. In their habits, manner, and dress the free negroes still resemble, as they always did, the poorest class of whites much closer than they do the freedmen.

Of course the cause of the comparative retrogradation of this class is to be found in the innate indolence and shiftlessness of the race, superinduced by their exceptionally unfavorable conditions of life under the old *régime*, the influence of which will doubtless not be entirely spent for many generations. Both instinct and environment have

been against them. But there are two factors that have worked together to form or intensify the former that I have not yet seen duly noticed. The first of these lies in the fact that they are almost wholly a hybrid race, and therefore deficient in stamina, as hybrid races are in general and the mulatto in particular. According to the census of 1860, fifty-five per cent. of all the free-negro population consisted of mulattoes, a proportion eight times greater than existed among the slaves. Of course the proportion of those with blood more or less mixed was very much larger. Indeed, of all the hundreds of free negroes that I have known from childhood, I cannot now recall a dozen black or very dark ones. Hardly a neighborhood was free from low white women who married or cohabited with free negroes. Well can I recollect the many times when, with the inconsiderate curiosity of a child, I hurriedly climbed the front gate-post to get a good look at a shriveled old white woman trudging down the lane, who, when young, I was told, had had her free-negro lover bled, and drank some of his blood, so that she might swear she had negro blood in her, and thus marry him without penalty. Since I became a man I have heard it corroborated by those who knew, and I still occasionally see the children of this tragic marriage, now grown old men.

The other factor in their decadence — or perhaps more correctly, another cause of their torpor and inelasticity — is the considerable infusion of Indian blood generally diffused by exclusive intermarriage in their own class, and which has unduly asserted itself owing to their irregular mode of life for many generations. From the nature of the case, the extent of this infusion is of course hard to approximate. If the account of the free negro himself is to be received, it is large, though his anxiety to disown all negro affinity causes one to receive his

statement with caution and allowance. But, tradition aside, many, if not the larger part, of the free negroes whose freedom dates back further than this century show traits of mind and body that are unmistakably Indian. In many instances, long, coarse, straight black hair and high cheek-bones are joined with complexions whose duskiness disclaims white blood and with features clearly un-African. True, these extreme types are the exception; but the majority shade up to it more or less closely. These traits are more noticeable among women, forming no exception to the usual accentuation of racial characteristics in the female. The mental qualities of unrecuperativeness and transcendent indolence of a drowsy, listless type, coupled with lurking vindictiveness, all point the same way.

My neighborhood contains an "Ol' Isshy" town, a petrified remnant of the past, hardly an exaggeration of the general type, in which the above race marks are to be seen in their full development. It stands about five miles from the railroad station, and consists of some half a dozen families, scantily provided with fathers, crowded into as many little huts scattered here and there on a "slipe" of very poor, rocky ridge. Here they have vegetated for several generations since their ancestors immigrated from Virginia, early in the century. They are intensely clannish and loyal to each other, timid and suspicious of the outside world, of which they are incredibly ignorant. Many of the women have grown old without ever seeing the cars or having been in a town, although almost within sight of both. They still cherish boundless respect for the class that are to them, and to them

alone, "rich folks," coupled with an abiding dislike of the "New Isshy," especially if he is black. A marriage, even a *liaison*, with one would be instantly fatal to the reputation of any female among them, though, excepting the African, the children of many, in point of variety of color at least, might serve to illustrate the five races of mankind. After their own immediate class, they associate almost wholly with the poorest whites, though not quite as equals.

Till the reduction of the revenue tax, a few years ago, rendered "blockading" no longer profitable, the whole settlement was engaged, in connection with several white men, nearly as poor as themselves, in a petty traffic in illicit tobacco. The tobacco, after being stemmed and prepared in the lofts of their little huts and pressed in the woods, was smuggled off at night for sale in the eastern part of the State. The quality of the product was necessarily of the sorriest, and the annual profit must have been paltry in the extreme. But it fended the wolf after a fashion; the labor required was trifling and intermittent, while the spice of danger was doubtless grateful as giving some zest to the monotonous languor of their lives. For years they did literally nothing else, save perhaps a still pettier traffic in unlicensed whiskey, which I suspect they have not yet abandoned. Cold, hunger, even fatigue, they seem indifferent to, but labor when it assumes the form of a task appalls them. Even the children, instead of proclaiming their wants with the unthinking clamor characteristic of childhood, pine and dwindle in silence, seeming to regard hunger as the normal condition of life.

David Dodge.

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY.

I.

As they both were Americans, and typical Americans, it ought to have happened in their own country. But destiny has no nationality, and consequently no patriotism; so it happened in Naples.

When Marcus Whitelaw strolled out of his hotel that May morning, and let himself drift with the crowd along the Strada del Duomo until he reached the portals of the ancient cathedral, nothing was more remote from his meditation than Mrs. Rose Mason. He had not seen her for fifteen years, and he had not thought of her, except in an intermittent fashion, for seven or eight. There had, however, been a period, covering possibly four years, when he had thought of little else. During that heavy interim he had gone about with a pang in his bosom,—a pang that had been very keen at the beginning, and then had gradually lost its edge. Later on, that unmaterialized hand which obliterates even the deep-carved grief on headstones effectually smoothed out the dent in Whitelaw's heart.

Rose Jenness at nineteen had been singularly adapted to making dents in certain kinds of hearts. Her candor and unselfishness, her disdain of insincerity in others, and her unconsciousness of the spells she cast had proved more fatal to Whitelaw than the most studied coquetry would have done. In the deepest stress of his trouble he was denied the consolation of being able to reproach her with duplicity. He had built up his leaning tower of hopes without any aid from her. She had been nothing but frank and unmisleading from first to last. Her beauty she could not help. She came of a line of stately men and handsome women. Sir Peter Lely painted them in Charles the Sec-

ond's time, and Copley found them ready for his canvas in the colonial period. Through some remote cross of Saxon and Latin blood the women of this family had always been fair and the men dark. In Rose Jenness the two characteristics flowered. When New England produces a blonde with the eyes of a brunette, the world cannot easily match her, especially if she have that rounded slenderness of figure which is one of our very best Americanisms.

Without this blended beauty, which came to perfection in her suddenly, like the blossoms on a fruit-tree, Whitelaw would have loved Rose all the same. Indeed, her physical loveliness had counted for little in his passion, though it had afterwards haunted him almost maliciously. That she was fair of person who had so many gracious traits of mind and disposition was a matter of course. He had been slower than others in detecting the charm that wrapt her as she slipped into womanhood. They had grown up together as children, and had known no separation, except during the three years Whitelaw was with the Army of the Potomac,—an absence broken by several returns to the North on recruiting service, and one long sojourn after a dangerous hurt received at Antietam. He never knew when he began to love Rose, and he never knew the exact moment when he ceased to love her. But between these two indefinable points he had experienced an unhappiness that was anything but indefinite. It had been something tangible and measurable; and it had changed the course of his career.

Next to time, there is no surer medicine than hard work for the kind of disappointment we have indicated. Unfortunately for Whitelaw, he was moderately rich by inheritance, and when

he discovered that Rose's candid affection was not love, he could afford to indulge his wretchedness. He had been anxious for distinction, for her sake; but now his ambition was gone. Of what value to him were worldly prizes, if she refused to share them? He presently withdrew from the legal profession, in which he had given promise of becoming a brilliant pleader, who had pleaded so unsuccessfully for himself, and went abroad. This was of course after the war.

It was not her fault that all communication between them ceased then and there. He would have it so. The affair had not been without its bitterness for Rose. Whitelaw was linked in some way with every agreeable reminiscence of her life; she could not remember the time when she was not fond of him. There had been a poignancy in the regret with which Rose had seen the friend who was dear to her transforming himself into a lover for whom she did not care in the least. It had pained her to give him pain, and she had done it with tears in her eyes.

Eighteen months later Rose was Mrs. Mason, tears and all. Richard Mason was a Pacific Railroad king *en herbe*, with a palace in San Francisco, whither he immediately transported his bride. The news reached Whitelaw in Seville, and gave him a twinge. His love, according to his own diagnosis, was already dead; it was presumably, then, a muscular contraction that caused it to turn a little in its coffin. The following year some question of investment brought him back to the United States, where he traveled extensively, carefully avoiding California. He visited Salt Lake City, however, and took cynical satisfaction in observing what a large amount of connubial misery there was to the square foot. Yet when a rumor came to him, some time subsequently, that Rose herself was not very happy in her marriage, he had the grace

to be sincerely sorry. "The poor transplanted Rose!" he murmured. "She was too good for him; she was too good for anybody."

This was four years after she had refused to be his wife; time had brought the philosophic mind, and he could look back upon the episode with tender calmness, and the desire to do justice to every one. Meanwhile, Rose had had a boy. Whitelaw's feelings in respect to him were complicated.

Seven or eight years went by, the greater part of which Whitelaw passed in England. There he heard nothing of Mrs. Mason, and when in America he heard very little. The marriage had not been fortunate, the Masons were enormously wealthy, and she was a beauty still. The Delaneys had met her, one winter, at Santa Barbara. Her letters home had grown more and more infrequent, and finally ceased. Her father had died, and the family was broken up and scattered. People whom nobody knew occupied the old mansion on the slope of Beacon Hill. One of the last spells of the past was lifted for Whitelaw when he saw strange faces looking out of those sun-purpled window-panes.

If Whitelaw thought of Mrs. Mason at intervals, it was with less distinctness on each occasion; the old love-passage, when he recalled it of an evening over his cigar, or in the course of some solitary walk, had a sort of phantasmal quality about it. The sharp grief that was to have lasted forever had resolved itself into a painless memory. He was now on that chilly side of forty where one begins to take ceremonious leave of one's illusions, and prefers Burgundy to Champagne.

When the announcement of Richard Mason's death was telegraphed East, Whitelaw read the telegram in his morning paper with scarcely more emotion than was shown by the man who sat opposite him reading the stock quotations.

This was in a carriage on the Sixth Avenue elevated railway; for Whitelaw chanced to be in New York at the moment, making preparations for an extended tour in Russia and its dependencies. The Russian journey proved richer in novelty than he had anticipated, and he remained nearly three years in the land of the Tsars. On returning to western Europe he was seized with the humor to revisit certain of the Italian cities, — Ravenna, Rome, Venice, and Naples. It was in Naples that he found himself on that particular May morning to which reference has been made.

Whitelaw had never before happened to be in the city during the *fiesta* of San Gennaro. There are three of these festivals annually, — in May, September, and December. He had fallen upon the most picturesque of the series. The miracle of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius was to take place at nine o'clock that forenoon in the cathedral, and it was a spectacle which Whitelaw had often desired to witness.

So it was that he followed the crowd along the sunny *strada*, and shouldered his way into the church, where the great candles were already lighted. The cool atmosphere of the interior, pleasantly touched with that snuffy, musky odor which haunts Italian churches, was refreshing after the incandescent heat outside. He did not mind being ten or twelve minutes too early.

Whitelaw had managed to secure a position not far from the altar-rail, and was settling himself comfortably to enjoy the ceremony, with his back braced against a marble column, when his eyes fell upon the profile of a lady who was standing about five yards in advance of him in an oblique line.

II.

For an instant that face seemed to Whitelaw a part of the theatric unreal-
VOL. LVII. — NO. 339.

ity which always impresses one in Roman Catholic churches abroad. The sudden transition from the white glare of the street into the semi-twilight of the spacious nave; the soft bloom of the stained windows; the carving and gilding of choir and reredos; the draperies and frescoes; and the ghostly forms of incense slowly stretching upward, like some of Blake's weird shapes, to blend themselves with the shadows among the Gothic arches, — all these instantly conspire to lift one from the commonplace level of life. With such accessories, and in certain moods, the mind pliantly lends itself to the incredible.

During possibly thirty seconds Whitelaw might have been mistaken for the mate of one of those half-length figures in alto-relievo set against the neighboring pilasters, so grotesque and wooden was his expression. Then he gave a perceptible start. That gold hair, in waves of its own on the low brows, the sombre eyelashes, — he could not see her eyes from where he stood, — the poise of the head, the modeling of the throat, — whom could that be but Rose Jeuness? He had involuntarily eliminated the Mason element, for the sight of her had taken him straight back to the days when there were no Pacific Railroad despots.

Fifteen years (good heavens! was it fifteen years?) had not touched a curve of the tall, slight figure. He was struck by that, as she stood there, with her satin basque buttoned up to the lace neckerchief knotted under her chin, for an insidious chill lurked in the air. The garment fitted closely, accentuating every line of the slender waist and flower-like full bust. At the left of the corsage was a bunch of violets, held by a small silver clasp, — the self-same violets, he was tempted to believe, that she had worn the evening he parted with her tragically in the back drawing-room of the house on Beacon Hill. Neither she

nor they had faded. All the details of that parting flashed upon him with strange vividness: the figure-piece by Hunt above the funereal fireplace; the crimson India shawl hurriedly thrown over the back of a chair and trailing on the floor; Rose standing in the middle of the dimly-lighted room and holding out to him an appealing hand, which he refused to take. He remembered noticing, as he went home, dazed, through the moonlight, that the crisp crocuses were in bloom in the little front yards of the houses on Mount Vernon Street. It was May then, and it was May now, and there stood Rose. As he gazed at her a queer sense of old comradeship — the old friendship that had gone to sleep when love awakened — began softly to stir in his bosom.

Rose in Italy! Then he recollected one of the past rumors that had floated to him touching her desire for foreign travel, and Mason's sordid absorption in his railway schemes. Now that she was untrammelled, she had come abroad. She had probably left home with her son soon after Mason's death, and had been flitting from one Continental city to another ever since, in the tiresome American fashion. That might well have befallen without Whitelaw hearing of it in Russia. The lists of new arrivals were the things he avoided in reading *Galignani*, just as he habitually avoided the newly arrived themselves.

There was no hesitation in his mind as to the course he should pursue. The moment he could move he would go to Rose, and greet her without embarrassment or any *arrière pensée*. It was impracticable to move at present, for the people were packed about him as solidly as dates in a crate. Meanwhile, he had the freedom of his eyes. He amused himself with recognizing and classifying one by one certain evidences of individuality in Rose's taste in the matter of dress. The hat, so subdued in color

and sparing of ornament as to make it a mystery where the rich effect came from, — there was a great deal of her in that. He would have identified it at once as Rose's hat if he had picked it up in the Desert of Sahara. Noting this, and the long mouse-colored gloves which reached to the elbow, and would have reached to the shoulder if they had been drawn out smooth, Whitelaw murmured to himself, "*Rue de la Paix!*" He had a sensation of contiguity to a pair of high-heeled kid boots with rosettes at the instep, such as are worn in all weathers by aristocratic shepherdesses in Watteau's pink landscapes. That, however, was an unprovoked incursion into the territory of conjecture, for Whitelaw could see only the upper portion of Rose.

He was glad, since accident had thrown them together, that accident had not done it in the first twelvemonth of Rose's widowhood. Any mortuary display on her part would, he felt, have jarred the wrong note in him, and spoiled the pleasure of meeting her. But she was out of mourning now; the man was dead, had been dead three years, and ought to have lived and died in the pterodactyl period, to which he properly belonged. Here Whitelaw paused in his musing, and smiled at his own heat, with a transient humorous perception of it. *Let the man go; what was the use of thinking about him?*

Dismissing the late Richard Mason, who really had not been a prehistoric monster, and had left Mrs. Mason a large fortune to do what she liked with, Whitelaw fell to thinking about Rose's son. He must be quite thirteen years old, our friend reflected. What an absurdly young-looking woman Rose was to be the mother of a thirteen-year-old boy! — doubtless a sad scapegrace, answering to the definition which Whitelaw remembered that one of his strong-minded countrywomen had given of the typical bad boy, — a boy who looks like

his mother and behaves like his father. Did Rose's son look like his mother?

Just then Rose slightly turned her head, and Whitelaw fancied that he detected an inquiring, vaguely anxious expression in her features, as if she were searching for some one in the assemblage. "She is looking for young Mason," he soliloquized; which was precisely the fact. She glanced over the church, stared for an instant straight past Whitelaw, and then resumed her former position. He had prepared himself to meet her gaze; but she had not seen him. And now a tall Englishman, with an eyeglass that gleamed like a head-light, came and planted himself, as if with malice prepense, between the two Americans.

"The idiot!" muttered Whitelaw, between his teeth.

Up to the present point he had paid no attention whatever to St. Januarius. The apparition of his early love, in what might be called the bloom of youth, was as much miracle as he could take in at once. Moreover, the whole of her was here, and only a fragment of the saint. Whitelaw was now made aware, by an expectant surging of the crowd in front and the craning of innumerable necks behind him, that something important was on the tapis.

A priest, in ordinary non-sacramental costume, had placed on the altar, from which all but the permanent decorations had been removed, a life-size bust of St. Januarius in gold and silver, inclosing the remains of the martyr's skull. Having performed this act, the priest, who for the occasion represented the archbishop, took his stand at the left of the dais. Immediately afterwards a procession of holy fathers, headed by acolytes bearing lighted candelabra, issued from behind the high altar, where the saints' relics are kept in a tabernacle on off days and nights. An imposing personage half-way down the file carried a tall brass monstrance, in which was sus-

pended by a ring an oblong flat crystal flask, or case, set in an antique reliquary of silver, with handles at each end. This contained the phenomenal blood.

Having deposited the monstrance on the altar, the custodian reverently detached the relic, and faced the audience. As he held up the flask by the handles and slowly turned it round, those nearest could distinguish through the blurred surface a dark yellowish opaque substance, occupying about two thirds of the vessel. It was apparently a solid mass, which in a liquid form might have filled a couple of sherry glasses. The legend runs that the thoughtful Roman lady who gathered the blood from the ground with a sponge inadvertently let drop a bit of straw into the original phial. This identical straw, which appears when the lump is in a state of solution, is considered a strong piece of circumstantial evidence. It is a remarkable fact, and one that by itself establishes the authenticity of San Gennaro, that several of his female descendants always assist at the liquefaction, — a row of very aged and very untidy Neapolitan ladies, to whom places of honor are given on these occasions.

Shut out from Rose, — for the obnoxious Englishman completely blockaded her, — Whitelaw lent himself with faintly stimulated interest to the ceremony, which was now well under way. He was doubtful of many things, and especially skeptical as to matters supernatural. Accepting the miracle at its own valuation, — at par value, as he put it, — what conceivable profit could accrue to mankind from the smelting of that poor old gentleman's coagulated blood? How had all this mediæval mummery survived the darkness in which it was born!

With half-listless eye, Whitelaw watched the priest as he stood at the rail, facing the spectators and solemnly reversing the reliquary. From time to time he paused, and held a lighted can-

dle behind the flask in order to ascertain if any change had taken place, and then resumed operations amid the breathless silence. An atmosphere charged with suspense seemed to have settled upon the vast throng.

Six — eight — ten minutes passed. The priest had several times repeated his investigation; but the burnt-sienna-like mass held to its consistency. In life St. Januarius must have been a person of considerable firmness, a quality which his blood appeared still to retain, even after the lapse of more than fourteen centuries.

A thrill of disappointment and dismay ran through the multitude. The miracle was not working; in fact, had refused to work! The attendants behind the chancel rail wore perturbed faces. Two of the brothers turned to the altar and began saying the Athanasian Creed, while here and there a half-inarticulate prayer or a deep muttering of protest took flight from the congregation; for the Neapolitans insist on a certain degree of punctuality in St. Januarius. Any unreasonable delay on his part is portentous of dire calamity to the city, — earthquake or pestilence. The least that can be predicted is an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Even so late as the eighteenth century a failure of the miracle usually led to panic and violence. To-day such a result is hardly possible, though in the rare instances when the martyr procrastinates a little the populace fall to upbraiding their patron saint with a vehemence that is quite as illogical in its way.

Whitelaw himself was nearly ripe to join in some such demonstration. Transfixed to the marble column, — like a second St. Sebastian, — and pierced with innumerable elbows, he had grown very impatient of the whole business. There was Rose within twenty feet of him, and he could neither approach her nor see her! He heartily wished that when Proconsul Dracontius threw St. Janua-

rius to the lions, in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, the lions had not left a shred of him, instead of tamely lapping his hand. Then Dracontius would not have been obliged to behead the man; then that Roman lady would not have come along with her sponge; then he, Marcus Whitelaw, a free-born American citizen, would not have been kept standing there a lifetime, waiting for an opportunity to say a word to his old love!

He felt that he had much to say to Rose. The barrier which had separated him from her all these years had been swept away. The whole situation was changed. If she were willing to accept the friendship which she once stipulated as the only tie possible between them, he was ready to extend it to her now. If she had not altered, if she remained her old candid, cordial self, what a pleasure it would be to him to act as her cicerone in Naples! — for Naples was probably *terra incognita* to Rose. There were delightful drives along the Riviere di Chiaia; excursions to Pompeii, Baia, and Solfatara; trips by steamer to Capri, Sorrento, and Amalfi. He pictured the two of them drifting in a boat into the sapphirine enchantment of the Blue Grotto at Capri, — the three of them, rather; for “By Jove!” he reflected, “we should have to take the boy with us.” This reflection somewhat dashed his spirits. The juvenile Mason would be a little bore; and if he didn’t look like his mother, and *did* look like his father, the youth would be a great bore. Now as Whitelaw had never seen the late Mr. Mason, or even a counterfeit presentment of him, any resemblance that might chance to exist between the father and the son was not likely to prove aggressive. This reflection also occurred to Whitelaw, and caused him to smile. He had a touch of that national gift of humorous self-introspection which enables Americans, almost alone among human bipeds, to smile at their own expense.

While these matters were passing through his mind, and he had given up all hope of extricating himself from his predicament until the end of the ceremony, a sudden eddy swirled round the column, the crowd wavered and broke, and Whitelaw was free. The disintegration of the living mass was only momentary, but before it could close together again he had contrived to get three yards away from the site of his martyrdom. Further advance then became difficult. By dint of pushing and diplomatic elbowing he presently gained another yard. The goal was almost won.

A moment later he stood at Rose's side.

III.

Rose had her head turned three quarters to the right, and was unaware that any one had supplanted the tall English gentleman recently looming on her left. Whitelaw drew a long breath, and did not speak at once, but stood biting his under lip with an air of comic irresolution. He was painfully conscious that it was comic. He had, in fact, fallen into an absurd perplexity. How should he address her? He did not quite dare to call her "Rose," and every fibre of his being revolted against calling her "Mrs. Mason." Yet he must address her in some fashion, and instantly. There was one alternative, — not to address her. He bent down a little, and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

The lady wheeled sharply, with a movement that must have been characteristic of her, and faced him. There was no hesitation or reservation in voice or manner as she exclaimed, "Marc!" and gave one of the mouse-colored gloves into his keeping for twenty seconds or so. She had spoken rather loud, forgetting circumstance and place in her surprise, and several of the masculine bystanders smiled sympathetically on *la bella Americana*. There was the old

ring to her voice, and it vibrated musically on Whitelaw's ear.

"Rose," he said, in an undertone, "I can't tell you how glad I am of this. I begin to believe that things are planned for me better than I can plan them."

"This was planned charmingly, — but it was odd to make us meet in Naples, when we have so much room at home to meet in."

"The odd feature of it to me is that it does n't appear odd. I don't see how anything else could have happened without breaking all the laws of probability."

"It seems much too good to be true," said Rose gayly.

She was unaffectedly happy over the encounter, and the manner of it. She had caused Whitelaw a deep mortification in days passed, and though it had been the consequence of no fault of her own — had, indeed, been entirely Whitelaw's — she had always wanted the assurance of his forgiveness. That he had withheld through long years; and now he forgave her. She read the pardon in his voice and eyes. Rose scanned him a little curiously, though with no overt act of curiosity. He had grown stouter, but the added fullness was not unbecoming: he used to be too spare for his stature. His sharp New England face belonged to a type that seldom loses its angles. The scar, in the shape of a cross, on his left cheek was decorative. The handsomely moulded upper lip was better without the mustache. There were silvery glints here and there where the chestnut hair was brushed back from the temples. These first few scattering snowflakes of time went well with his bronzed complexion; for he was as brown as an Indian, from travel. On the whole, fifteen years had decidedly adorned him.

"How long have you been here? — in Naples, I mean," questioned Whitelaw, again under his breath.

"A week; and you?"

"Since yesterday. I came chiefly for this *festa*."

"I didn't dream you were so devout."

"The conversion is recent; but henceforth I swear by St. Januarius through thick and thin, though as a general thing I prefer him thin, — when it does n't take too long."

"If any one should hear you!" whispered Rose, glancing round furtively.

"Why, the Church itself does n't cling very strongly to the miracle nowadays, and would gladly be rid of it; but the simple folk of the Santa Lucia quarter and the outlying volcanoes insist on having their St. Januarius. I imagine it would cost a revolution to banish him. Rose, when did you leave home?"

"Last March. Hush!" she added, laying a finger to her lip. "Something is happening in the chancel."

The martyr's blood had finally given signs of taking the proper sanguine hue, to the intense relief of the populace, from which arose a dull multitudinous murmur, like that of a distant swarm of bees. The priest, with a gleam of beatific triumph in his cavernous eyes, was holding the reliquary high aloft. The vast congregation swayed to and fro, and some tumult was created by devotees in the background endeavoring to obtain coignes of vantage nearer the altar.

"Surely, you have not trusted yourself alone in this place," said Whitelaw.

"No, I'm with you," Rose answered, smiling.

"But you did n't come unattended?"

"Richard came with me: we got separated immediately on entering the cathedral, and lost each other."

"Richard, — that's the name of your son," remarked Whitelaw, after a pause. The father's name!

"Yes, and I want you to see him. He's a fine fellow."

"I should like to see him," said Whitelaw, perfunctorily.

"He is very clever, — not like me."

"I hope he's as unaware of his cleverness as you are of yours, Rose."

"I'm quite aware of mine. I only said that his was different. That spoils your compliment. He's to remain over here at school, — in Germany, — if I can make up my mind in the autumn to leave him. When do you return to America, Marc?"

"In the autumn," said Whitelaw, promptly, a little to his own surprise, for until then he really had had no plan.

"Perhaps we can arrange to go back on the same steamer," suggested Rose. "We crossed in the Cuba, and liked her. She's advertised to sail on the 17th of September: how would that suit you, for example?"

The suggestion smiled upon Whitelaw, and he was about to reply, when a peal from the great organ, announcing the consummation of the miracle, reverberated through the church and cut him short. As the thunders died away, the voices of chanting priests ascended from the chancel, where some choir-boys were strewing rose leaves over the marble steps leading to the altar. At the same moment the boom of a heavy gun, fired from the ramparts of the Castel dell'Ovo, shook the windows. The city ordinance was saluting St. Januarius, — a custom that has since fallen into desuetude.

"Look!" exclaimed Rose, laying her hand impulsively on Whitelaw's arm. "See the birds! That's an exquisite fancy!"

A flock of sparrows had been let loose, and were beating the misty air with uncertain wings, darting hither and thither through the nave and under the arches, in search of resting-places on frieze and cornice and jutting stonework. Meanwhile the priest had stepped down from the dais, and was passing among the people, who crowded round

him to press their lips and foreheads to the flask inclosed in the reliquary. The less devotional, and those who had already performed the rite, were slowly wending their way to the various outlets on the strada.

"I am glad it's over," declared Whitelaw.

"To think," observed Rose, reflectively, "that he has got to go all through it again to-morrow!"

"Who?"

"That poor dear saint."

"Oh," laughed Whitelaw, "I thought you meant me. He does n't mind it; it's his profession. There are objects more deserving of your pity: I, for instance, who have no sort of talent for martyrdom. You should have seen me, — pinned to that column, like an entomological specimen, for forty mortal minutes! I would n't go through it again for a great deal."

"Not for the sake of meeting an old friend?"

"It was the old friend that made it particularly intolerable. To be so near her, and not able to speak to her; and part of the time not to have even the consolation of seeing the sweep of the ring-dove's wing on the left side of her new Paris hat!"

Rose looked up into his face, and smiled in a half-absent way. She was far from averse to having a detail of her toilet noticed by those she liked. In former days Whitelaw had had a quick eye in such trifles, and his remark seemed to her a veritable little piece of the pleasant past, with an odd, suggestive flavor about it. She had slipped her hand through his arm, and the pair were moving leisurely with the stream towards one of the leather-screened doors opening upon the vestibule. The manner in which Rose lent herself to his step, and a certain subtle something he recognized in the light pressure of her weight, carried him, in his turn, very far back into the olden time. The fif-

teen years, like the two and thirty years in Tennyson's lyric, were as a mist that rolls away. It appeared to Whitelaw as if they had never been separated, or had parted only yesterday. How naturally and sweetly she had picked up the dropped thread of the old friendship! The novelty of her presence had evaporated at the first words she had spoken; only the pleasure of it remained. To him there was nothing strange or unexpected in their wholly unexpected and entirely strange meeting. As he had told her, he did not see how anything else could have happened. Already he had acquired the habit of being with her!

"Good heavens!" he said to himself, "it can't be that I am falling in love with Rose over again!"

The idea brought a flickering smile to Whitelaw's lips, — the idea of falling in love at first sight, after a decade and a half!

"What are you smiling at?" she demanded, looking up alertly.

"I did n't know I was smiling."

"But you were; and an unexplained smile, when two persons are alone together, with two thousand others, is as inadmissible as whispering in company."

Whitelaw glanced at her with an amused, partly embarrassed expression, and made no response. They were passing at the instant through a narrow strip of daylight slanted from one of the great blazoned windows, and he was enabled to see Rose's face with more distinctness than he hitherto had done. If it had lost something of its spring-tide bloom and outline, — and he saw that that was so, — it had gained a beauty of a rarer and richer sort. There was a deeper lustre to the dark-fringed eyes, as if they had learned to think, and a greater tenderness in the curves of the mouth, as if it had learned to be less imperious. How handsome she was, — handsomer than she had been at nineteen!

In his rapid survey Whitelaw's eye had lighted on the small clasp holding the violets to her corsage, — and rested there. The faint flush that came to his cheek gradually deepened.

"Is that the clasp I gave you when you were a girl?" he finally asked.

"You recognize it? — yes."

"And you've kept the trifle all these centuries!"

"That's not polite, — when I was a girl! I kept it because it was a birthday gift, because it *was* a trifle; then from habit, and now the centuries have turned it into a bit of priceless bric-à-brac."

Somehow Rose's explanation did not seem to him quite so exquisite as the fact itself.

Whitelaw was now conscious of a very perceptible acceleration in the flow of the current that was bearing them towards the cathedral entrance. It was not his purpose that they should reach it just yet. Their brief dialogue, carried on in undertone, and the early part of it with ecclesiastical interruptions, had been desultory and unsatisfying. He should of course see much of Rose during her stay in Naples, for he had no intention of leaving it while she remained; but the opportunity of having her to himself might not re-occur, and he had certain things to say to her which could not be said under any other condition. So many opportunities of various kinds had escaped him in the course of life that he resolved not to let this one slip. On the right of the eastern transept, he remembered, was a heavenly little chapel, — the chapel of the Seripandis, — where they might converse without restraint, if once they could get there.

Watching his chance, Whitelaw began a skillful oblique movement, and in a few minutes the two found themselves free of the crowd and in front of a gilded iron fencing, the gate of which stood open.

"But this is n't the way out!" exclaimed Rose.

"I'm aware of it," said Whitelaw. "You've never visited the church before, have you?"

"No."

"Then you ought to see some of the chapels. They contain things by Spagnoletto, Domenichino, and others. In this one, for instance, is an Assumption by Perugino. It would be a pity to miss that, now you are on the spot."

"I'm afraid I have n't time for sight-seeing, Marc," she answered, drawing out a diminutive watch and pressing a spring in the stem. "I've an engagement at ten" —

"Well, that leaves you more than half an hour," he interrupted, glancing over Rose's shoulder at the timepiece.

"But meanwhile, Richard will be searching for me everywhere."

"Then he can't fail to find you here," said Whitelaw adroitly. "He has probably given you up, however, and gone back to the hotel."

"Perhaps he has," assented Rose, irresolutely.

"In which case, I'll take you home, or wherever you wish to be taken, when it's necessary for you to go."

"Oh, I'll not trouble you. The carriage was ordered to wait at the corner just below the church, — the driver was n't able to get nearer. That was to be our point of rendezvous. I don't know — perhaps I ought to go now."

Rose stood a second or two in an attitude of pretty hesitation, with her hand resting on one of the spear-heads of the gate; then she stepped into the chapel.

IV.

"It is n't Perugino at his best," said Whitelaw, after a silence; "it has been restored in places, and not well done. I like some of his smaller canvases; but I don't greatly care for Perugino."

"Then why on earth have you dragged me in here to see it?" cried Rose.

"Because I care for you," he answered, smiling at the justice of her sudden wrath. As he turned away from the painting his countenance became grave.

"You've an original way of showing it. If I cared for any one, I would n't pick out objects of no interest for her to look at."

"Frankly, Rose, I was n't willing to let you go so soon. I wanted a quiet half hour's talk with you. I had two or three serious things to say, — things that have long been on my mind, — and a chapel seemed the only fitting place to say them in."

This rather solemn exordium caused Rose to lift her eyelashes curiously.

"I want to speak of the past," said Whitelaw.

"No, don't let us speak of that," she protested hurriedly.

"After all this time, Rose, I think I have a kind of right" —

"No, Marc, you have no right whatever" —

— "to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness — for what?"

"For my long silence, and sullenness, and brutality generally. It was n't a crime in you not to love me in the old days, and I acted as if I regarded it as one. I was without any justification in going away from you in the mood I did that night."

"I was very, very sorry," said Rose gently.

"I should at once have accepted the situation, and remained your friend. That was a man's part, and I failed to play it. After a while, when I had recovered my reason, it was too late. It appears to be one of the conditions, if not the sole condition, of my existence that I should be too late. The occasion always slips away from me. When your — when I heard of Mr. Mason's death, if I had been another man, I'd have written to you, — sent you some sort of

kindly message, for the old time's sake. The impulse to do so came to me three months afterwards. I sat down one day and began to write; then the futility and untimeliness of the whole thing struck me, and I tore up the letter."

"I wish you had not," said Rose. "A word from you then, or before Mr. Mason's death, would have been welcome to me. I was never willing to lose your friendship. After your first return from Europe, and you were seeing something of your own country, as every American ought to do, I hoped that you would visit San Francisco. I greatly desired that you should come and tell me, of your free will, that I was not to blame. If I had been, perhaps I would n't have cared."

"You were blameless from beginning to end. I don't believe you ever said or did an insincere thing in your life, Rose. I simply misunderstood. The whole story lies in that. You were magnanimous to waste any thought whatever upon me. When I reflect on my own ungenerous attitude I am ashamed to beg your pardon."

"I've not anything to forgive," Rose replied; and then she added, looking at him with a half-rueful smile, "I suppose it was unavoidable, under the circumstances, that we should touch on this matter. Perhaps it was the only way to exorcise the ghost of the past. At all events, I am glad that you've said what you have; and now let it go. Tell me about yourself, Marc."

"I wish I could. There's no more biography to me than if I were Shakespeare."

"What have you done all this while?"

"Nothing."

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere."

"No pursuit, no study, no profession?"

"Oh, yes; I'm a professional nomad, — an alien wherever I go. I'm an

Englishman in America, and an American in England. They don't let up on me in either country."

"Is n't there a kind of vanity in self-disparagement, Marc? Seriously, if you are not doing your own case injustice, has n't this been a rather empty career? A colonel at twenty-four, and nothing ever after!"

"Precisely,—just as if I had been killed at Antietam." He wanted to say, "on Beacon Hill."

"With your equipment, every path was open to you. Most men have to earn their daily bread with one hand, while they are working for higher things with the other. You had only the honors to struggle for. To give up one's native land, and spend years in aimless wandering from place to place,—it seems positively wicked."

"I've had some conscience in the matter," pleaded Whitelaw: "I might have written books of travel, and made a stock-company of my *ennui*."

"You ought to have married, Marc," said Rose sententiously.

"I?" Whitelaw stared at her. How could Rose say a thing like that!

"Every man ought to marry," she supplemented.

"I admit the general proposition," he returned, slowly, "but I object to the personal application. To the mass of mankind,—meaning also womankind,—marriage may be the only possible thing; but to the individual, it may be the one thing impossible. I would put the formula this way: Every one ought to wish to marry; some ought to be allowed to marry; and others ought to marry twice,—to make the average good."

"That sounds Shakespearean,—like your biography; but I don't think I've quite caught the idea."

"I'm positive that *I* have n't," said Whitelaw, with a short laugh. "It was my purpose to pay a handsome tribute to matrimony, and to beg to be excused."

Rose remained silent a moment, with

one finger pressed against her cheek, making a little round white dent in it, and her eyes fixed upon the kneeling figure of Cardinal Carafa at the left of Perugino's picture. Then she turned, and fixed her eyes upon Whitelaw's figure.

"Have you never," she asked,— "have you never, in all your journeyings, met a woman whom you liked?"

"I cannot answer you," he responded gravely, "without treading on forbidden ground. May I do that? When I first came abroad, I fancy I rather hated women,—that was one of the mild manifestations of my general insanity. Later, my hatred changed to morbid fastidiousness. My early education had spoiled me. I have, of course, met many admirable women, and admired them—at a safe distance."

"And thrown away your opportunities."

"But if I loved no one?"

"Admiration would have served."

"I don't agree with you, Rose."

"A man may do worse than make what the world calls a not wholly happy marriage."

Whitelaw glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. Was that an allusion to the late Richard Mason? The directness was characteristic of Rose; but the remark was a trifle too direct for *convenience*. If there were any esoteric intent in the words, her face did not betray it. But women can look less conscious than men.

"It seems to me," she went on, "that even an unromantic, commonplace union would have been better than the lonely, irresponsible life you have led, accepting your own statement of it,—which I don't, wholly. A man should have duties outside of himself; without them he is a mere balloon, inflated with thin egotism, and drifting nowhere."

"I don't accept the balloon," protested Whitelaw, not taking kindly to Rose's metaphor. "That presupposes a

certain internal specific buoyancy which I have n't, if I ever had it. My type in the inanimate kingdom would be a diving-machine continually going down into wrecks in which there is n't anything to bring up. I would have it ultimately find the one precious ingot in the world."

"Oh, Marc," cried Rose, earnestly, with just a diverting little touch of maternal solicitude in the gesture she made, — "oh, Marc, I hope some day to see you happily married."

"You don't think it too late, then?"

"Too late? Why, you are only forty-three; and what if you were seventy-three? *On a l'âge de son cœur.*"

"Mine throws no light on the subject," said Whitelaw, with a thrill which he instantly repressed. "I suspect that my heart must be largely feminine, for it refuses to tell me its real age. At any rate, I don't trust it. Just now it is trying to pass itself off for twenty-five or thirty."

From time to time, in the course of this conversation, a shadow, not attributable to any of the overhanging sculpture of the little Gothic chapel, had rested on Whitelaw's countenance. He had been assailed by strange surprises and conflicting doubts. Five or ten minutes before, the idea of again falling in love with Rose had made him smile. But was he not doing it, had he not done it, or, rather, had he not always loved her, more or less unconsciously? And Rose? Her very candor perplexed and baffled him, as of old. She had always been a stout little Puritan, with her sense of duty; but that did not adequately explain the warmth with which she had reproved him for his aimless way of life. Why should his way of life so deeply concern her, unless . . . unless . . . In certain things she had said there had been a significance that seemed perfectly clear to him, though it had not lain upon the surface of the spoken words. Why had she questioned him so inquisitorially? Why had she desired to

know if he had formed any new lines of attachment? That indirect reference to her own unfortunate marriage? And then — though she explained it lightly — had she not worn his boyish gift on her bosom through all those years? The suggestion that they should return home on the same steamer contained in itself a whole little drama. What if destiny had brought him and Rose together at last! He did not dare think of it; he did not dare acknowledge to himself that he wished it.

Whitelaw was now standing in the centre of the contracted apartment, a few feet from his companion, and regarding her meditatively. The cloud was gone from his brow, and a soft light had come into the clear gray eyes. Her phrase curled itself cunningly about his heart, — *on a l'âge de son cœur!* He was afraid to speak again, lest an uncontrollable impulse should hurry him into speaking of his love; and that, he felt, would indeed be precipitate. But the silence which had followed his last remark was growing awkwardly long. He must break it with some platitude, if he could summon one.

"Now that my anatomization is ended," he said, tentatively, "is n't it your turn, Rose? I have made a poor showing, as I warned you I should."

"My life has been fuller than yours," she returned, bending her eyes upon him seriously, "and richer. I have had such duties and pleasures as fall to most women, and such sorrow as falls to many. . . . I have lost a child."

The pathos of the simple words smote Whitelaw to the heart. "I — I had not heard," he faltered; and a feeling of infinite tenderness for her came over him. If he had dared, he would have gone to Rose and put his arm around her; but he did not dare. He stood riveted to the marble floor, gazing at her mutely.

"I did not mean to refer to that," she said, looking up, with a lingering

dimness in the purple lashes. "No, don't let us talk any more of the past. Speak to me of something else, please."

"The future," said Whitelaw: "that can give us no pain—until it comes, and is gone. What are your plans for the summer?"

"We shall travel. I want Richard to see as much as he can before he's tied down to his studies, poor fellow!"

"Where do you intend to leave him at school?" inquired Whitelaw, with a quite recent interest in Richard.

"At Heidelberg or Leipsic: it is not decided."

"And meanwhile what's to be your route of travel?"

"We shall go to Sweden and Norway, and perhaps to Russia. I don't know why, but it has been one of the dreams of my life to see the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod."

"It is worth seeing," said Whitelaw.

"It will be at its height in August,—a convenient time for us. We could scarcely expect to reach St. Petersburg before August."

"I have just returned from Russia," he said, "after three years of it."

"Then you can give me some suggestions."

"Traveling there has numerous drawbacks, unless one knows the language. French, which serves everywhere in western Europe, is nearly useless in the majority of places. All educated Russians, of course, speak French or German; but railway-guards and drosky-drivers, and the persons with whom the mere tourist is brought most in contact, know only Russian."

"But we've an excellent courier," rejoined Rose, "who speaks all the tongues of Babel. His English is something superb."

"When do you start northward?" asked Whitelaw, turning on her quickly, with a sudden subtle prescience of defeated plans.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he echoed, in consternation. "Then I am to see nothing of you!"

"If you've no engagement for to-night, come to the hotel. I should be very glad to"—

"Where are you staying?"

"At the United States, on the Chiatamone, like true patriots."

"I've no engagement," said Whitelaw, bewilderedly.

Rose to leave Naples to-morrow! That killed all his projects,—the excursions in the environs, and all! She was slipping through his fingers . . . he was losing her forever! There was no time for temporizing or hesitation. He must never speak, or speak now. Perhaps it would not seem abrupt or even strange to her. If so, Rose should remember that his position as a lover was exceptional,—he had done his wooing fifteen years before! He confessed to himself—and he had often confessed it to that same severe critic of manners—that possibly his wooing had been somewhat lacking in dash and persistence then. But to-day he would win her, as he might perhaps have won her years ago, if he had not been infirm of purpose, or pigeon-livered, or too proud,—which was it? He had let a single word repulse him, when the chances were he might have carried her by storm, or taken her by siege. How young he must have seemed, even in her young eyes! Now he had experience and knowledge of the world, and would not be denied. The doubts and misgivings that had clouded his mind for the last quarter of an hour were blown away like meadow-mists at sunrise. At last he saw clearly. He loved Rose; he had never really loved her until this moment! For other men there were other methods; there was but one course for him. No; he would not go to the hotel that night—as a suitor. His fate should be sealed then and there, in the chapel of the Seripandis.

Whitelaw straightened himself, wavering for an instant, like a jib-sheet when it loses the wind; then he crossed the narrow strip of tessellated pavement that lay between him and Rose, and stood directly in front of her.

"Rose," he said, and there was a strange pallor creeping into his cheeks, "there have been two miracles wrought in this church to-day. It is not only St. Januarius who has, in a manner, come to life again. I, too, have come to life. I've returned once more to the world of living men and women. Do not send me back! Let *me* take you and your boy to Russia, Rose!"

Rose gave a start, and cast a swift, horrified look at Whitelaw's face.

"Marc!" she cried, convulsively

grasping the wrist of the hand which he had held out to her, "is it possible you have n't heard — has no one told you — don't you *know* that I have married again?" —

She stopped abruptly, and released his wrist.

A man in a frayed, well-brushed coat, with a courier's satchel depending from a strap over his shoulder, was standing outside the iron grille which separated the chapel from the main church.

"Madama," said the courier, as he respectfully approached through the gate, "it is ten o'clock. The Signor Schuyler and Master Richard are waiting with the carriage at the corner of the Strada dell' Anticaglia. They bade me inform Madama."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GLAUCUS.

HEARKEN the voices of the ancient deep,
How, evermore and evermore, arise
From its unsolaced bosom moans and sighs,
That with the heart of man communion keep!
Oft dwellers by the strand awake from sleep,
Perplexed by importuning wave-borne cries;
And oft to thoughts unvoiced receive replies,
At which they weep, yet know not why they weep.

To Glaucus they have listened unaware:
He now is mighty in the mighty seas, —
Breather of rushing gale or gentle breeze,
Propitious to the toiling sailor's prayer;
And yet he once, with studious, trembling care,
Gave gifts the jealous Ocean to appease,
And from the murmuring, sea-loved, sacred trees
Wrought mast and beam, upon the deep to fare.

That hour when he from mortal frailty passed,
And all its wonder, he remembers yet:
The wine-dark water when the sun was set,
The netted fish upon the herbage cast,
The tasted plant; the leap, the billows vast,
Above his head in vaulted ceiling met;

The trident and the foam-flower coronet,
Wherewith the God of Waves endowed him last.

He now is subtle in all subtle lore,
The heritage of gray Poseidon's race;
But still, half human-hearted, would retrace
His fated way, and still he haunts the shore.
Hence lives his voice through winds' and waves' uproar,
And often, for a fleeting moment's space,
Far up the beach he lays a fondling face,
And murmurs in a tongue beloved from yore.

Or now he bids the streams that hither flow
Take flowery tribute from the meadows wide,
And branch and shaft from leaning forest-side;
He gathers all, and rocks them to and fro!
But what shall he upon the shore bestow?
Pale-tressed seaweeds, parted from the tide,
And shells within whose rosy crypts abide
Faint echoes of the strains the tritons blow.

Oh, yet, perchance, along the border green
That waves above the fruitless silver sands,
Its crafty leaves the magic plant expands:
But taste not, finding it, thou searcher keen!
Since grows no herb within the Sea's demesne
That could restore thee to these pleasant lands;
Else had lamenting Glaucus broke his bands,
And slept amid the grassy hills serene.

Edith M. Thomas.

POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES IN ENGLAND OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

THE 20th of March, 1782, the day which witnessed the fall of Lord North's ministry, was a day of good omen for men of English race on both sides of the Atlantic. Within two years from this time, the treaty which established the independence of the United States was successfully negotiated at Paris; and at the same time, as part of the series of events which resulted in the treaty, there went on in England a rapid dissolution and reorganization of parties which ended in the overwhelming de-

feat of the king's attempt to make the forms of the constitution subservient to his selfish purposes, and established the liberty of the people upon a broader and sounder basis than it had ever occupied before. Great indignation was expressed at the time, and has sometimes been echoed by British historians, over the conduct of those Whigs who never lost an opportunity of expressing their approval of the American revolt. The Duke of Richmond, at the beginning of the contest, expressed a hope

that the Americans might succeed, because they were in the right. Fox spoke of General Howe's first great victory as "the terrible news from Long Island." Wraxall says that the celebrated buff and blue colors of the Whig party were adopted by Fox in imitation of the Continental uniform; but his unsupported statement is open to question. It is certain, however, that in the House of Commons the Whigs habitually alluded to Washington's army as "our army," and to the American cause as "the cause of liberty;" and Burke, with characteristic vehemence, declared that he would rather be a prisoner in the Tower with Mr. Laurens than enjoy the blessings of freedom in company with the men who were seeking to enslave America. Still more, the Whigs did all in their power to discourage enlistments, and in various ways so thwarted and vexed the government that the success of the Americans was by many people ascribed to their assistance. A few days before Lord North's resignation, George Onslow, in an able defense of the prime minister, exclaimed, "Why have we failed so miserably in this war against America, if not from the support and countenance given to rebellion in this very House?"

Now the violence of party leaders like Burke and Fox owed much of its strength, no doubt, to mere rancorousness of party spirit. But, after making due allowance for this, we must admit that it was essentially based upon the intensity of their conviction that the cause of English liberty was inseparably bound up with the defeat of the king's attempt upon the liberties of America. Looking beyond the quarrels of the moment, they preferred to have freedom guaranteed, even at the cost of temporary defeat and partial loss of empire. Time has shown that they were right in this, but the majority of the people could hardly be expected to comprehend their attitude. It seemed

to many that the great Whig leaders were forgetting their true character as English statesmen, and there is no doubt that for many years this was the chief source of the weakness of the Whig party. Sir Gilbert Elliot said, with truth, that if the Whigs had not thus to a considerable extent arrayed the national feeling against themselves, Lord North's ministry would have fallen some years sooner than it did. The king thoroughly understood the advantage which accrued to him from this state of things; and with that short-sighted shrewdness of the mere practical wire-puller, in which few modern politicians have excelled him, he had from the outset preferred to fight his battle on constitutional questions in America rather than in England, in order that the national feeling of Englishmen might be arrayed on his side. He was at length thoroughly beaten on his own ground, and as the fatal day approached he raved and stormed as he had not stormed since the spring of 1778, when he had been asked to entrust the government to Lord Chatham. Like the child who refuses to play when he sees the game going against him, George threatened to abdicate the throne and go over to Hanover, leaving his son to get along with the Whig statesmen. But presently he took heart again, and began to resort to the same kind of political management which had served him so well in the earlier years of his reign. Among the Whig statesmen, the Marquis of Rockingham had the largest political following. He represented the old Whig aristocracy, his section of the party had been first to urge the recognition of American independence, and his principal followers were Fox and Burke. For all these reasons he was especially obnoxious to the king. On the other hand, the Earl of Shelburne was, in a certain sense, the political heir of Lord Chatham, and represented principles far more liberal than those of the old Whigs.

Shelburne was one of the most enlightened statesmen of his time. He was an earnest advocate of parliamentary reform and of free trade. He had paid especial attention to political economy, and looked with disgust upon the whole barbaric system of discriminative duties and commercial monopolies which had been so largely instrumental in bringing about the American Revolution. But being in these respects in advance of his age, Lord Shelburne had but few followers. Moreover, although a man of undoubted integrity, quite exempt from sordid or selfish ambition, there was a cynical harshness about him which made him generally disliked and distrusted. He was so suspicious of other men that other men were suspicious of him; so that, in spite of many admirable qualities, he was extremely ill adapted for the work of a party manager.

It was doubtless for these reasons that the king, when it became clear that a new government must be formed, made up his mind that Lord Shelburne would be the safest man to conduct it. In his hands the Whig power would not be likely to grow too strong, and dissensions would be sure to arise, from which the king might hope to profit. The first place in the treasury was accordingly offered to Shelburne; and when he refused it, and the king found himself forced to appeal to Lord Rockingham, the manner in which the bitter pill was taken was quite characteristic of George III. He refused to meet Rockingham in person, but sent all his communications to him through Shelburne, who, thus conspicuously singled out as the object of royal preference, was certain to incur the distrust of his fellow ministers.

The structure of the new cabinet was unstable enough, however, to have satisfied even such an enemy as the king. Beside Rockingham himself, Lord John Cavendish, Charles Fox, Lord Keppel, and the Duke of Richmond were all

old Whigs. To offset these five there were five new Whigs, the Duke of Grafton, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and Ashburton, and General Conway; while the eleventh member was none other than the Tory chancellor, Lord Thurlow, who was kept over from Lord North's ministry. Burke was made paymaster of the forces, but had no seat in the cabinet. In this curiously constructed cabinet, the prime minister, Lord Rockingham, counted for little. Though a good party leader, he was below mediocrity as a statesman, and his health was failing, so that he could not attend to business. The master spirits were the two secretaries of state, Fox and Shelburne, and they wrangled perpetually, while Thurlow carried the news of all their quarrels to the king, and in cabinet meetings usually voted with Shelburne. The ministry had not lasted five weeks when Fox began to predict its downfall. On the great question of parliamentary reform, which was brought up in May by the young William Pitt, the government was hopelessly divided. Shelburne's party was in favor of reform, and this time Fox was found upon the same side, as well as the Duke of Richmond, who went so far as to advocate universal suffrage. On the other hand, the Whig aristocracy, led by Rockingham, were as bitterly opposed as the king himself to any change in the method of electing parliaments; and, incredible as it may seem, even such a man as Burke maintained that the old system, rotten boroughs and all, was a sacred part of the British Constitution, which none could handle rudely without endangering the country! But in this moment of reaction against the evil influences which had brought about the loss of the American colonies, there was a strong feeling in favor of reform, and Pitt's motion was only lost by a minority of twenty in a total vote of three hundred. Half a century was to elapse before the re-

formers were again to come so near to victory.

But Lord Rockingham's weak and short-lived ministry was nevertheless remarkable for the amount of good work it did in spite of the king's dogged opposition. It contained great administrative talent, which made itself felt in the most adverse circumstances. To add to the difficulty, the ministry came into office at the critical moment of a great agitation in Ireland. In less than three months, not only was the trouble successfully removed, but the important bills for disfranchising revenue officers and excluding contractors from the House of Commons were carried, and a tremendous blow was thus struck at the corrupt influence of the crown upon elections. Burke's great scheme of economical reform was also put into operation, cutting down the pension list and diminishing the secret service fund, and thus destroying many sources of corruption. At no time, perhaps, since the expulsion of the Stuarts, had so much been done toward purifying English political life as during the spring of 1782. But during the progress of these important measures, the jealousies and bickerings in the cabinet became more and more painfully apparent, and as the question of peace with America came into the foreground these difficulties hastened to a crisis.

From the policy which George III. pursued with regard to Lord Shelburne at this time, one would suppose that in his secret heart the king wished, by foul means since all others had failed, to defeat the negotiations for peace and to prolong the war. Seldom has there been a more oddly complicated situation. Peace was to be made with America, France, Spain, and Holland. Of these powers, America and France were leagued together by one treaty of alliance, and France and Spain by another, and these treaties in some respects conflicted with one another in the duties

which they entailed upon the combatants. Spain, though at war with England for purposes of her own, was bitterly hostile to the United States; and France, thus leagued with two allies which pulled in opposite directions, felt bound to satisfy both, while pursuing her own ends against England. To deal with such a chaotic state of things, an orderly and harmonious government in England should have seemed indispensably necessary. Yet on the part of England the negotiation of a treaty of peace was to be the work of two secretaries of state who were both politically and personally hostile to each other. Fox, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, had to superintend the negotiations with France, Spain, and Holland. Shelburne was secretary of state for home and colonial affairs; and as the United States were still officially regarded as colonies, the American negotiations belonged to his department. With such a complication of conflicting interests, George III. might well hope that no treaty could be made.

The views of Fox and Shelburne as to the best method of conceding American independence were very different. Fox understood that France was really in need of peace, and he believed that she would not make further demands upon England if American independence should once be recognized. Accordingly, Fox would have made this concession at once as a preliminary to the negotiation. On the other hand, Shelburne felt sure that France would insist upon further concessions, and he thought it best to hold in reserve the recognition of independence as a consideration to be bargained for. Informal negotiations began between Shelburne and Franklin, who for many years had been warm friends. In view of the impending change of government, Franklin had in March sent a letter to Shelburne, expressing a hope that peace might soon be restored. When the letter reached

London the new ministry had already been formed, and Shelburne, with the consent of the cabinet, answered it by sending over to Paris an agent, to talk with Franklin informally, and ascertain the terms upon which the Americans would make peace. The person chosen for this purpose was Richard Oswald, a Scotch merchant, who owned large estates in America, — a man of very frank disposition and liberal views, and a friend of Adam Smith. In April, Oswald had several conversations with Franklin. In one of these conversations Franklin suggested that, in order to make a durable peace, it was desirable to remove all occasion for future quarrel; that the line of frontier between New York and Canada was inhabited by a lawless set of men, who in time of peace would be likely to breed trouble between their respective governments; and that therefore it would be well for England to cede Canada to the United States. A similar reasoning would apply to Nova Scotia. By ceding these countries to the United States it would be possible, from the sale of unappropriated lands, to indemnify the Americans for all losses of private property during the war, and also to make reparation to the Tories, whose estates had been confiscated. By pursuing such a policy, England, which had made war on America unjustly, and had wantonly done it great injuries, would achieve not merely peace, but reconciliation, with America; and reconciliation, said Franklin, is “a sweet word.” No doubt this was a bold tone for Franklin to take, and perhaps it was rather cool in him to ask for Canada and Nova Scotia; but he knew that almost every member of the Whig ministry had publicly expressed the opinion that the war against America was an unjust and wanton war; and being, moreover, a shrewd hand at a bargain, he began by setting his terms high. Oswald doubtless looked at the matter very much from Franklin’s point of

view, for on the suggestion of the cession of Canada he expressed neither surprise nor reluctance. Franklin had written on a sheet of paper the main points of his conversation, and, at Oswald’s request, he allowed him to take the paper to London to show to Lord Shelburne, first writing upon it a note expressly declaring its informal character. Franklin also sent a letter to Shelburne, describing Oswald as a gentleman with whom he found it very pleasant to deal. On Oswald’s arrival in London, Shelburne did not show the notes of the conversation to any of his colleagues, except Lord Ashburton. He kept the paper over one night, and then returned it to Franklin without any formal answer. But the letter he showed to the cabinet, and on the 23d of April it was decided to send Oswald back to Paris, to represent to Franklin that, on being restored to the same situation in which she was left by the treaty of 1763, Great Britain would be willing to recognize the independence of the United States. Fox was authorized to make a similar representation to the French government, and the person whom he sent to Paris for this purpose was Thomas Grenville, son of the author of the Stamp Act.

As all British subjects were prohibited from entering into negotiations with the revolted colonies, it was impossible for Oswald to take any decisive step until an enabling act should be carried through Parliament. But while waiting for this he might still talk informally with Franklin. Fox thought that Oswald’s presence in Paris indicated a desire on Shelburne’s part to interfere with the negotiations with the French government; and indeed, the king, out of his hatred of Fox and his inborn love of intrigue, suggested to Shelburne that Oswald “might be a useful check on that part of the negotiation which was in other hands.” But Shelburne paid no heed to this crooked

advice, and there is nothing to show that he had the least desire to intrigue against Fox. If he had, he would certainly have selected some other agent than Oswald, who was the most straightforward of men, and scarcely close-mouthed enough for a diplomatist. He told Oswald to impress it upon Franklin that if America was to be independent at all she must be independent of the whole world, and must not enter into any secret arrangement with France which might limit her entire freedom of action in the future. To the private memorandum which desired the cession of Canada for three reasons, his answers were as follows: "1. *By way of reparation.* — Answer. No reparation can be heard of. 2. *To prevent future wars.* — Answer. It is to be hoped that some more friendly method will be found. 3. *As a fund of indemnification to loyalists.* — Answer. No independence to be acknowledged without their being taken care of." Besides, added Shelburne, the Americans would be expected to make some compensation for the surrender of Charleston, Savannah, and the city of New York, still held by British troops. From this it appears that Shelburne, as well as Franklin, knew how to begin by asking more than he was likely to get.

While Oswald submitted these answers to Franklin, Grenville had his interview with Vergennes, and told him that, if England recognized the independence of the United States, she should expect France to restore the islands of the West Indies which she had taken from England. Why not, since the independence of the United States was the sole avowed object for which France had gone to war? Now this was on the 18th of May, and the news of the destruction of the French fleet in the West Indies, nearly four months ago, had not yet reached Europe. Flushed with the victories of De Grasse, and exulting in the prowess of the most

formidable naval force that France had ever sent out, Vergennes not only expected to keep the islands which he had got, but was waiting eagerly for the news that he had acquired Jamaica into the bargain. In this mood he returned a haughty answer to Grenville. He reminded him that nations often went to war for a specified object, and yet seized twice as much if favored by fortune; and recurring to the instance which rankled most deeply in the memories of Frenchmen, he cited the events of the last war. In 1756 England went to war with France over the disputed right to some lands on the Ohio River and the Maine frontier. After seven years of fighting she not only kept these lands, but all of Canada, Louisiana, and Florida, and ousted the French from India into the bargain. No, said Vergennes, he would not rest content with the independence of America. He would not even regard such an offer as a concession to France in any way, or as a price in return for which France was to make a treaty favorable to England. As regards the recognition of independence, England must treat directly with America.

Grenville was disappointed and chagrined by this answer, and the ministry made up their minds that there would be no use in trying to get an honorable peace with France for the present. Accordingly, it seemed better to take Vergennes at his word, though not in the sense in which he meant it, and, by granting all that the Americans could reasonably desire, to detach them from the French alliance as soon as possible. On the 18th of May there came the news of the stupendous victory of Rodney over De Grasse, and all England rang with jubilee. Again it had been shown that "Britannia rules the wave;" and it seemed that if America could be separately pacified the House of Bourbon might be successfully defied. Accordingly, on the 23d, five days after the

news of victory, the ministry decided "to propose the independence of America in the first instance, instead of making it the condition of a general treaty." Upon this Fox rather hastily maintained that the United States were put at once into the position of an independent and foreign power, so that the business of negotiating with them passed from Shelburne's department into his own. Shelburne, on the other hand, argued that, as the recognition of independence could not take effect until a treaty of peace should be concluded, the negotiation with America still belonged to him, as secretary for the colonies. Following Fox's instructions, Grenville now claimed the right of negotiating with Franklin as well as with Vergennes; but as his written credentials only authorized him to treat with France, the French minister suspected foul play, and turned a cold shoulder to Grenville. For the same reason, Grenville found Franklin very reserved and indisposed to talk on the subject of the treaty. While Grenville was thus rebuffed and irritated he had a talk with Oswald, in the course of which he got from that simple and high-minded gentleman the story of the private paper relating to the cession of Canada, which Franklin had permitted Lord Shelburne to see. Grenville immediately took offense; he made up his mind that something underhanded was going on, and that this was the reason for the coldness of Franklin and Vergennes; and he wrote an indignant letter about it to Fox. From the wording of this letter, Fox got the impression that Franklin's proposal was much more serious than it really was. It naturally puzzled him and made him angry, for the attitude of America implied in the request for a cession of Canada was far different from the attitude presumed by the theory that the mere offer of independence would be enough to detach her from her alliance with France. The plan of the ministry seemed imperiled.

Fox showed Grenville's letter to Rockingham, Richmond, and Cavendish; and they all inferred that Shelburne was playing a secret part, for purposes of his own. This was doubtless unjust to Shelburne. Perhaps his keeping the matter to himself was simply one more illustration of his want of confidence in Fox; or, perhaps he did not think it worth while to stir up the cabinet over a question which seemed too preposterous ever to come to anything. Fox, however, cried out against Shelburne's alleged duplicity, and made up his mind at all events to get the American negotiations transferred to his own department. To this end he moved in the cabinet, on the last day of June, that the independence of the United States should be unconditionally acknowledged, so that England might treat as with a foreign power. The motion was lost, and Fox announced that he should resign his office. His resignation would probably of itself have broken up the ministry, but, by a curious coincidence, on the next day Lord Rockingham died; and so the first British government begotten of Washington's victory at Yorktown came prematurely to an end.

The old Whigs now found some difficulty in choosing a leader. Burke was the greatest statesman in the party, but he had not the qualities of a party leader, and his connections were not sufficiently aristocratic. Fox was distrusted by many people for his gross vices, and because of his waywardness in politics. In the dissipated gambler, who cast in his lot first with one party and then with the other, and who had shamefully used his matchless eloquence in defending some of the worst abuses of the time, there seemed as yet but little promise of the great reformer of later years, the Charles Fox who came to be loved and idolized by all enlightened Englishmen. Next to Fox, the ablest leader in the party was the Duke of Richmond, but his advanced views on parliamentary re-

form put him out of sympathy with the majority of the party. In this embarrassment, the choice fell upon the Duke of Portland, a man of great wealth and small talent, concerning whom Horace Walpole observed, "It is very entertaining that two or three great families should persuade themselves that they have a hereditary and exclusive right of giving us a head without a tongue!" The choice was a weak one, and played directly into the hands of the king. When urged to make the Duke of Portland his prime minister, the king replied that he had already offered that position to Lord Shelburne. Hereupon Fox and Cavendish resigned, but Richmond remained in office, thus virtually breaking his connection with the old Whigs. Lord Keppel also remained. Many members of the party followed Richmond and went over to Shelburne. William Pitt, now twenty-three years old, succeeded Cavendish as chancellor of the exchequer; Thomas Townshend became secretary of state for home and colonies, and Lord Grantham became foreign secretary. The closing days of Parliament were marked by altercations which showed how wide the breach had grown between the two sections of the Whig party. Fox and Burke believed that Shelburne was not only playing a false part, but was really as subservient to the king as Lord North had been. In a speech ridiculous for its furious invective, Burke compared the new prime minister with Borgia and Catiline. And so Parliament was adjourned on the 11th of July, and did not meet again until December.

The task of making a treaty of peace was simplified both by this change of ministry and by the total defeat of the Spaniards and French at Gibraltar in September. Six months before, England had seemed worsted in every quarter. Now England, though defeated in America, was victorious as regarded France and Spain. The avowed object

for which France had entered into alliance with the Americans was to secure the independence of the United States, and this point was now substantially gained. The chief object for which Spain had entered into alliance with France was to drive the English from Gibraltar, and this point was now decidedly lost. France had bound herself not to desist from the war until Spain should recover Gibraltar; but now there was little hope of accomplishing this, except by some fortunate bargain in the treaty, and Vergennes tried to persuade England to cede the great stronghold in exchange for West Florida, which Spain had lately conquered, or for Oran or Guadaloupe. Failing in this, he adopted a plan for satisfying Spain at the expense of the United States; and he did this the more willingly as he had no love for the Americans, and did not wish to see them become too powerful. France had strictly kept her pledges; she had given us valuable and timely aid in gaining our independence; and the sympathies of the French people were entirely with the American cause. But the object of the French government had been simply to humiliate England, and this end was sufficiently accomplished by depriving her of her thirteen colonies. The immense territory extending from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River, and from the border of West Florida to the Great Lakes, had passed from the hands of France into those of England at the peace of 1763; and by the Quebec Act of 1774 England had declared the southern boundary of Canada to be the Ohio River. At present the whole territory, from Lake Superior down to the southern boundary of what is now in Kentucky, belonged to the State of Virginia, whose backwoodsmen had conquered it from England in 1779. In December, 1780, Virginia had provisionally ceded the portion north of the Ohio to the United States, but the cession was not

yet completed. The region which is now Tennessee belonged to North Carolina, which had begun to make settlements there as long ago as 1758. The trackless forests included between Tennessee and West Florida were still in the hands of wild tribes of Cherokees and Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks. Several thousand pioneers from North Carolina and Virginia had already settled beyond the mountains, and the white population was rapidly increasing. This territory the French government was very unwilling to leave in American hands. The possibility of enormous expansion which it would afford to the new nation was distinctly foreseen by sagacious men. Count Aranda, the representative of Spain in these negotiations, wrote a letter to his king just after the treaty was concluded, in which he uttered this notable prophecy: "This federal republic is born a pygmy. A day will come when it will be a giant, even a colossus, formidable in these countries. Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of the new government, will draw thither farmers and artisans from all the nations. In a few years we shall watch with grief the tyrannical existence of this same colossus." The letter went on to predict that the Americans would presently get possession of Florida and attack Mexico. Similar arguments were doubtless used by Aranda in his interviews with Vergennes, and France, as well as Spain, sought to prevent the growth of the dreaded colossus. To this end Vergennes maintained that the Americans ought to recognize the Quebec Act, and give up to England all the territory north of the Ohio River. The region south of this limit should, he thought, be made an Indian territory, and placed under the protection of Spain and the United States. A line was to be drawn from the mouth of the Cumberland River, following that

stream about as far as the site of Nashville, thence running southward to the Tennessee, thence curving eastward nearly to the Alleghanies, and descending through what is now eastern Alabama to the Florida line. The territory to the east of this irregular line was to be under the protection of the United States; the territory to the west of it was to be under the protection of Spain. In this division, the settlers beyond the mountains would retain their connection with the United States, which would not touch the Mississippi River at any point. Vergennes held that this was all the Americans could reasonably demand, and he agreed with Aranda that they had as yet gained no foothold upon the eastern bank of the great river, unmindful of the fact that at that very moment the fortresses at Cahokia and Kaskaskia were occupied by American garrisons.

Upon another important point the views of the French government were directly opposed to American interests. The right to catch fish on the banks of Newfoundland had been shared by treaty between France and England; and the New England fishermen, as subjects of the king of Great Britain, had participated in this privilege. The matter was of very great importance, not only to New England, but to the United States in general. Not only were the fisheries a source of lucrative trade to the New England people, but they were the training-school of a splendid race of seamen, the nursery of naval heroes whose exploits were by and by to astonish the world. To deprive the Americans of their share in these fisheries was to strike a serious blow at the strength and resources of the new nation. The British government was not inclined to grant the privilege, and on this point Vergennes took sides with England, in order to establish a claim upon her for concessions advantageous to France in some other quarter. With these views, Vergennes secretly aimed

at delaying the negotiations ; for as long as hostilities were kept up, he might hope to extort from his American allies a recognition of the Spanish claims and a renoucement of the fisheries, simply by threatening to send them no further assistance in men or money. In order to retard the proceedings, he refused to take any steps whatever until the independence of the United States should first be irrevocably acknowledged by Great Britain, without reference to the final settlement of the rest of the treaty. In this Vergennes was supported by Franklin, as well as by Jay, who had lately arrived in Paris to take part in the negotiations. But the reasons of the American commissioners were very different from those of Vergennes. They feared that, if they began to treat before independence was acknowledged, they would be unfairly dealt with by France and Spain, and unable to gain from England the concessions upon which they were determined.

Jay soon began to suspect the designs of the French minister. He found that he was sending a secret emissary to Lord Shelburne under an assumed name ; he ascertained that the right of the United States to the Mississippi valley was to be denied ; and he got hold of a dispatch from Marbois, the French secretary of legation at Philadelphia, to Vergennes, opposing the American claim to the Newfoundland fisheries. As soon as Jay learned these facts, he sent a messenger to Lord Shelburne to put him on his guard, and while reminding him that it was greatly for the interest of England to dissolve the alliance between America and France, he declared himself ready to begin the negotiations without waiting for the recognition of independence, provided that Oswald's commission should speak of the thirteen United States of America, instead of calling them colonies and naming them separately. This decisive step was taken

by Jay on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge of Franklin, who had been averse to anything like a separate negotiation with England. It served to set the ball rolling at once. After meeting the messengers from Jay and Vergennes, Lord Shelburne at once perceived the antagonism that had arisen between the allies, and promptly took advantage of it. A new commission was made out for Oswald, in which the British government first described our country as the United States ; and early in October negotiations were begun and proceeded rapidly. On the part of England, the affair was conducted by Oswald, assisted by Strachey and Fitzherbert, who had succeeded Grenville. In the course of the month John Adams arrived in Paris, and a few weeks later Henry Laurens, who had been exchanged for Lord Cornwallis and released from the Tower, was added to the company. Adams had a holy horror of Frenchmen in general, and of Count Vergennes in particular. He shared that common but mistaken view of Frenchmen which regards them as shallow, frivolous, and insincere ; and he was indignant at the position taken by Vergennes on the question of the fisheries. In this, John Adams felt as all New Englanders felt, and he realized the importance of the question from a national point of view, as became the man who in later years was to earn lasting renown as one of the chief founders of the American navy. His behavior on reaching Paris was characteristic. It is said that he left Count Vergennes to learn of his arrival through the newspapers. It was certainly some time before he called upon him, and he took occasion, besides, to express his opinions about republics and monarchies in terms which courtly Frenchmen thought very rude.

The arrival of Adams fully decided the matter as to a separate negotiation with England. He agreed with Jay

that Vergennes should be kept as far as possible in the dark until everything was cut and dried, and Franklin was reluctantly obliged to yield. The treaty of alliance between France and the United States had expressly stipulated that neither power should ever make peace without the consent of the other, and in view of this Franklin was loath to do anything which might seem like abandoning the ally whose timely interposition had alone enabled Washington to achieve the crowning triumph of Yorktown. In justice to Vergennes, it should be borne in mind that he had kept strict faith with us in regard to every point that had been expressly stipulated; and Franklin, who, moreover, understood Frenchmen much better than his colleagues, was naturally unwilling to seem behindhand in this respect. At the same time, in regard to matters not expressly stipulated, Vergennes was clearly playing a sharp game against us; and it is undeniable that, without departing technically from the obligations of the alliance, Jay and Adams — two men as honorable as ever lived — played a very sharp defensive game against him. The traditional French subtlety was no match for Yankee shrewdness. The treaty with England was not concluded until the consent of France had been obtained, and thus the express stipulation was respected; but a thorough and detailed agreement was reached as to what the purport of the treaty should be, while our not too friendly ally was kept in the dark. The annals of modern diplomacy have afforded few stranger spectacles. With the indispensable aid of France we had just got the better of England in fight, and now we proceeded amicably to divide territory and commercial privileges with the enemy, and to make arrangements in which the ally was virtually ignored. It ceases to be a paradox, however, when we remember that with the change of government in Eng-

land all the conditions of the case were changed. The England against which we had fought was the hostile England of Lord North; the England with which we were now dealing was the friendly England of Shelburne and Pitt. For the moment, the English race, on both sides of the Atlantic, was united in its main purpose and divided only by questions of detail, while the rival colonizing power, which sought to work in a direction contrary to the general interests of English-speaking people, was in great measure disregarded.

As soon as the problem was thus virtually reduced to a negotiation between the American commissioners and Lord Shelburne's ministry, the air was cleared in a moment. The principal questions had already been discussed between Franklin and Oswald. Independence being first acknowledged, the question of boundaries came up for settlement. England had little interest in regaining the territories between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, the forts in which were already held by American soldiers, and she relinquished all claim upon it. The Mississippi River thus became the dividing line between the United States and the Spanish possessions, and its navigation was made free alike to British and American ships. Franklin's suggestion of a cession of Canada and Nova Scotia was abandoned without discussion. It was agreed that the boundary line should start at the mouth of the river St. Croix, and, running to a point near Lake Madawaska in the highlands separating the Atlantic watershed from that of the St. Lawrence, should follow these highlands to the head of the Connecticut River, and then descend the middle of the river to the forty-fifth parallel, thence running westward and through the centre of the water communications of the Great Lakes to the Lake of the Woods, thence to the source of the Mississippi, which was supposed to be west of this lake. This line was

marked in red ink by Oswald on one of Mitchell's maps of North America, to serve as a memorandum establishing the precise meaning of the words used in the description. It ought to have been accurately fixed in its details by surveys made upon the spot; but no commissioners were appointed for this purpose. The language relating to the northeastern portion of the boundary contained some inaccuracies which were revealed by later surveys, and the map used by Oswald was lost. Hence a further question arose between Great Britain and the United States, which was finally settled by the Ashburton treaty in 1842.

The Americans retained the right of catching fish on the banks of Newfoundland and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but lost the right of drying their fish on the Newfoundland coast. On the other hand, no permission was given to British subjects to fish on the coasts of the United States. As regarded commercial intercourse, Jay sought to establish complete reciprocal freedom between the two countries, and a clause was proposed to the effect that "all British merchants and merchant ships, on the one hand, shall enjoy in the United States, and in all places belonging to them, the same protection and commercial privileges, and be liable only to the same charges and duties as their own merchants and merchant ships; and on the other hand, the merchants and merchant ships of the United States shall enjoy in all places belonging to his Britannic Majesty the same protection and commercial privileges, and be liable only to the same charges and duties as British merchants and merchant ships, saving always to the chartered trading companies of Great Britain such exclusive use and trade, and the respective ports and establishments, as neither the other subjects of Great Britain nor any the most favored nation participate in." Unfortunately for both countries, this liberal provision was rejected on the

ground that the ministry had no authority to interfere with the Navigation Act.

Only two questions were now left to be disposed of, — the question of paying private debts, and that of compensating the American loyalists for the loss of property and general rough treatment which they had suffered. There were many old debts outstanding from American to British merchants. These had been for the most part incurred before 1775, and while many honest debtors, impoverished during the war, felt unable to pay, there were doubtless many others who were ready to take advantage of circumstances and refuse the payment which they were perfectly able to make. It was scarcely creditable to us that any such question should have arisen. Franklin, indeed, argued that these debts were more than fully offset by damages done to private property by British soldiers: as, for example, in the wanton raids on the coasts of Connecticut and Virginia in 1779, or in Prevost's buccaneering march against Charleston. To cite these atrocities, however, as a reason for the non-payment of debts legitimately owed to innocent merchants in London and Glasgow was to argue as if two wrongs could make a right. The strong sense of John Adams struck at once to the root of the matter. He declared "he had no notion of cheating anybody. The question of paying debts and compensating Tories were two." This terse statement carried the day, and it was finally decided that all private debts on either side, whether incurred before or after 1775, remained still binding, and must be discharged at their full value in sterling money.

The last question of all was the one most difficult to settle. There were many loyalists in the United States who had sacrificed everything in the support of the British cause, and it was unquestionably the duty of the British government to make every possible effort to insure them against further in-

jury, and, if practicable, to make good their losses already incurred. From Virginia and the New England States, where they were few in number, they had mostly fled, and their estates had been confiscated. In New York and South Carolina, where they remained in great numbers, they were still waging a desultory war with the patriots, which far exceeded in cruelty and bitterness the struggle between the regular armies. In many cases they had, at the solicitation of the British government, joined the invading army, and been organized into companies and regiments. The regular troops defeated at King's Mountain, and those whom Arnold took with him to Virginia, were nearly all American loyalists. Lord Shelburne felt that it would be wrong to abandon these unfortunate men to the vengeance of their fellow countrymen, and he insisted that the treaty should contain an amnesty clause providing for the restoration of the Tories to their civil rights, with compensation for their confiscated property. However disagreeable such a course might seem to the victorious Americans, there were many precedents for it in European history. It had indeed come to be customary at the close of civil wars, and the effect of such a policy had invariably been good. Cromwell, in his hour of triumph, inflicted no disabilities upon his political enemies; and when Charles II. was restored to the throne the healing effect of the amnesty act then passed was so great that historians sometimes ask what in the world had become of that Puritan party which a moment before had seemed supreme in the land. At the close of the war of the Spanish Succession, the rebellious people of Catalonia were indemnified for their losses, at the request of England, and with a similar good effect. In view of such European precedents, Vergennes agreed with Shelburne as to the propriety of securing compensation and further im-

munity for the Tories in America. John Adams insinuated that the French minister took this course because he foresaw that the presence of the Tories in the United States would keep the people perpetually divided into a French party and an English party; but such a suspicion was quite uncalled for. There is no reason to suppose that in this instance Vergennes had anything at heart but the interests of humanity and justice.

On the other hand, the Americans brought forward very strong reasons why the Tories should not be indemnified by Congress. First, as Franklin urged, many of them had, by their misrepresentations to the British government, helped to stir up the disputes which led to the war; and as they had made their bed, so they must lie in it. Secondly, such of them as had been concerned in burning and plundering defenseless villages, and wielding the tomahawk in concert with bloodthirsty Indians, deserved no compassion. It was rather for them to make compensation for the misery they had wrought. Thirdly, the confiscated Tory property had passed into the hands of purchasers who had bought it in good faith and could not now be dispossessed, and in many cases it had been distributed here and there and lost sight of. An estimate of the gross amount might be made, and a corresponding sum appropriated for indemnification. But, fourthly, the country was so impoverished by the war that its own soldiers, the brave men whose heroic exertions had won the independence of the United States, were at this moment in sore distress for the want of the pay which Congress could not give them, but to which its honor was sacredly pledged. The American government was clearly bound to pay its just debts to the friends who had suffered so much in its behalf before it should proceed to entertain a chimerical scheme for satisfying its enemies. For,

fifthly, any such scheme was in the present instance clearly chimerical. The acts under which Tory property had been confiscated were acts of state legislatures, and Congress had no jurisdiction over such a matter. If restitution was to be made, it must be made by the separate States. The question could not for a moment be entertained by the general government or its agents.

Upon these points the American commissioners were united and inexorable. Various suggestions were offered in vain by the British. Their troops still held the city of New York, and it was doubtful whether the Americans could hope to capture it in another campaign. It was urged that England might fairly claim in exchange for New York a round sum of money wherewith the Tories might be indemnified. It was further urged that certain unappropriated lands in the Mississippi valley might be sold for the same purpose. But the Americans would not hear of buying one of their own cities, whose independence was already acknowledged by the first article of the treaty which recognized the independence of the United States; and as for the western lands, they were wanted as a means of paying our own war debts and providing for our veteran soldiers. Several times Shelburne sent word to Paris that he would break off the negotiation unless the loyalist claims were in some way recognized. But the Americans were obdurate. They had one advantage, and knew it. Parliament was soon to meet, and it was doubtful whether Lord Shelburne could command a sufficient majority to remain long in office. He was, accordingly, very anxious to complete the treaty of peace, or at least to detach America from the French alliance, as soon as possible. The American commissioners were also eager to conclude the treaty. They had secured very favorable terms, and were loath to run any risk of spoiling what had been done.

Accordingly, they made a proposal in the form of a compromise, which nevertheless settled the point in their favor. The matter, they said, was beyond the jurisdiction of Congress, but they agreed that Congress should *recommend* to the several States to desist from further proceeding against the Tories, and to reconsider their laws on this subject; it should further recommend that persons with claims upon confiscated lands might be authorized to use legal means of recovering them, and to this end might be allowed to pass to and fro without personal risk for the term of one year. The British commissioners accepted this compromise, unsatisfactory as it was, because it was really impossible to obtain anything better without throwing the whole negotiation overboard. The constitutional difficulty was a real one indeed. As Adams told Oswald, if the point were further insisted upon, Congress would be obliged to refer it to the several States, and no one could tell how long it might be before any decisive result could be reached in this way. Meanwhile, the state of war would continue, and it would be cheaper for England to indemnify the loyalists herself than to pay the war bills for a single month. Franklin added that, if the loyalists were to be indemnified, it would be necessary also to reckon up the damage they had done in burning houses and kidnapping slaves, and then strike a balance between the two accounts; and he gravely suggested that a special commission might be appointed for this purpose. At the prospect of endless discussion which this suggestion involved, the British commissioners gave way and accepted the American terms, although they were frankly told that too much must not be expected from the recommendation of Congress. The articles were signed on the 30th of November, six days before the meeting of Parliament. Hostilities in America were to cease at once, and upon the completion of

the treaty the British fleets and armies were to be immediately withdrawn from every place which they held within the limits of the United States. A supplementary and secret article provided that if England, on making peace with Spain, should recover West Florida, the northern boundary of that province should be a line running due east from the mouth of the Yazoo River to the Chattahoochee.

Thus by skillful diplomacy the Americans had gained all that could reasonably be asked, while the work of making a general peace was greatly simplified. It was declared in the preamble that the articles here signed were provisional, and that the treaty was not to take effect until terms of peace should be agreed on between England and France. Without delay, Franklin laid the whole matter, except the secret article, before Vergennes, who forthwith accused the Americans of ingratitude and bad faith. Franklin's reply, that at the worst they could only be charged with want of diplomatic courtesy, has sometimes been condemned as insincere, but on inadequate grounds. He had consented with reluctance to the separate negotiation, because he did not wish to give France any possible ground for complaint, whether real or ostensible. There does not seem, however, to have been sufficient justification for so grave a charge as was made by Vergennes. If the French negotiations had failed until after the overthrow of the Shelburne ministry; if Fox, on coming into power, had taken advantage of the American treaty to continue the war against France; and if under such circumstances the Americans had abandoned their ally, then undoubtedly they would have become guilty of ingratitude and treachery. There is no reason for supposing that they would ever have done so, had the circumstances arisen. Their preamble made it impossible for them honorably to abandon France until a full

peace should be made, and more than this France could not reasonably demand. They had unquestionably played a sharp game, but a sharp game is not necessarily a dishonest one. They had kept to the strict letter of their contract, as Vergennes had kept to the strict letter of his, and beyond this they meted out exactly the same measure of frankness which they received. To say that our debt of gratitude to France was such as to require us to acquiesce in her scheme for enriching our enemy Spain at our expense is simply childish. Franklin was undoubtedly right. The commissioners were guilty of a gross breach of diplomatic courtesy, but nothing more. Vergennes was sarcastic about it, but the cordial relations between France and America remained undisturbed.

The course of the Americans produced no effect upon the terms obtained by France, but it seriously modified the case with Spain. Unable to obtain Gibraltar by arms, that power hoped to get it by diplomacy; and with the support of France she seemed disposed to make the cession of the great fortress an ultimatum, without which the war must go on. Shelburne, on his part, was willing to exchange Gibraltar for an island in the West Indies; but it was difficult to get the cabinet to agree on the matter, and the scheme was violently opposed by the people, for the heroic defense of the stronghold had invested it with a halo of romance and endeared it to every one. Nevertheless, so persistent was Spain, and so great the desire for peace on the part of the ministry, that they had resolved to exchange Gibraltar for Guadaloupe, when the news arrived of the treaty with America. The ministers now took a bold stand, and refused to hear another word about giving up Gibraltar. Spain stormed, and threatened a renewal of hostilities, but France was unwilling to give further assistance, and the matter was settled by England's sur-

rendering East Florida, and allowing the Spaniards to keep West Florida and Minorca, which were already in their hands.

By the treaty with France, the West India islands of Granada, St. Vincent, St. Christopher, Dominica, Nevis, and Montserrat were restored to England, which in turn restored St. Lucie and ceded Tobago to France. The French were allowed to fortify Dunkirk, and received some slight concessions in India and Africa; they retained their share in the Newfoundland fisheries, and recovered the little neighboring islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. For the fourteen hundred million francs which France had expended in the war, she had the satisfaction of detaching the American colonies from England, thus inflicting a blow which it was confidently hoped would prove fatal to the maritime power of her ancient rival; but beyond this short-lived satisfaction, the fallaciousness of which events were soon to show, she obtained very little. On the 20th of January, 1783, the preliminaries of peace were signed between England, on the one hand, and France and Spain, on the other. A truce was at the same time concluded with Holland, which was soon followed by a peace, in which most of the conquests on either side were restored.

A second English ministry was now about to be wrecked on the rock of this group of treaties. Lord Shelburne's government had at no time been a strong one. He had made many enemies by his liberal and reforming measures, and he had alienated most of his colleagues by his reserved demeanor and seeming want of confidence in them. In December several of the ministers resigned. The strength of parties in the House of Commons was thus quaintly reckoned by Gibbon: "Minister 140; Reynard 90; Boreas 120; the rest unknown or uncertain." But "Reynard" and "Boreas" were now about to join forces

in one of the strangest coalitions ever known in the history of politics. No statesman ever attacked another more ferociously than Fox had attacked North during the past ten years. He had showered abuse upon him; accused him of "treachery and falsehood," of "public perfidy," and "breach of a solemn specific promise;" and had even gone so far as to declare to his face a hope that he would be called upon to expiate his abominable crimes upon the scaffold. Within a twelvemonth he had thus spoken of Lord North and his colleagues: "From the moment when I shall make any terms with one of them, I will rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind. I would not for an instant think of a coalition with men who, in every public and private transaction as ministers, have shown themselves void of every principle of honor and honesty. In the hands of such men I would not trust my honor even for a moment." Still more recently, when at a loss for words strong enough to express his belief in the wickedness of Shelburne, he declared that he had no better opinion of that man than to deem him capable of forming an alliance with North. We may judge, then, of the general amazement when, in the middle of February, it turned out that Fox had himself done this very thing. An "ill-omened marriage," William Pitt called it in the House of Commons. "If this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public safety I here forbid the banns." Throughout the country the indignation was great. Many people had blamed Fox for not following up his charges by actually bringing articles of impeachment against Lord North. That the two enemies should thus suddenly become leagued in friendship seemed utterly monstrous. It injured Fox extremely in the opinion of the country, and it injured North still more, for it seemed like a betrayal of

the king on his part, and his forgiveness of so many insults looked mean-spirited. It does not appear, however, that there was really any strong personal animosity between North and Fox. They were both men of very amiable character, and almost incapable of cherishing resentment. The language of parliamentary orators was habitually violent, and the huge quantities of wine which gentlemen in those days used to drink may have helped to make it extravagant. The excessive vehemence of political invective often deprived it of half its effect. One day, after Fox had exhausted his vocabulary of abuse upon Lord George Germaine, Lord North said to him, "You were in very high feather to-day, Charles, and I am glad you did not fall upon me." On another occasion, it is said that while Fox was thundering against North's unexampled turpitude, the object of his furious tirade cosily dropped off to sleep. Gibbon, who was the friend of both statesmen, expressly declares that they bore each other no ill will. But while thus alike indisposed to harbor bitter thoughts, there was one man for whom both Fox and North felt an abiding distrust and dislike; and that man was Lord Shelburne, the prime minister.

As a political pupil of Burke, Fox shared that statesman's distrust of the whole school of Lord Chatham, to which Shelburne belonged. In many respects these statesmen were far more advanced than Burke, but they did not sufficiently realize the importance of checking the crown by means of a united and powerful ministry. Fox thoroughly understood that much of the mischief of the past twenty years, including the loss of America, had come from the system of weak and divided ministries, which gave the king such great opportunity for wreaking his evil will. He had himself been a member of such a ministry, which had fallen seven months ago. When the king singled out Shelburne for his

confidence, Fox naturally concluded that Shelburne was to be made to play the royal game, as North had been made to play it for so many years. This was very unjust to Shelburne, but there is no doubt that Fox was perfectly honest in his belief. It seemed to him that the present state of things must be brought to an end, at whatever cost. A ministry strong enough to curb the king could be formed only by a coalescence of two out of the three existing parties. A coalescence of old and new Whigs had been tried last spring, and failed. It only remained now to try the effect of a coalescence of old Whigs and Tories.

Such was doubtless the chief motive of Fox in this extraordinary move. The conduct of North seems harder to explain, but it was probably due to a reaction of feeling on his part. He had done violence to his own convictions out of weak compassion for George III., and had carried on the American war for four years after he had been thoroughly convinced that peace ought to be made. Remorse for this is said to have haunted him to the end of his life. When in his old age he became blind, he bore this misfortune with his customary lightness of heart; and one day, meeting the veteran Barre, who had also lost his eyesight, he exclaimed, with his unfailing wit, "Well, colonel, in spite of all our differences, I suppose there are no two men in England who would be gladder to *see* each other than you and I." But while Lord North could jest about his blindness, the memory of his ill-judged subservience to the king was something that he could not laugh away, and among his nearest friends he was sometimes heard to reproach himself bitterly. When, therefore, in 1783, he told Fox that he fully agreed with him in thinking that the royal power ought to be curbed, he was doubtless speaking the truth. No man had a better right to such an opinion than he had gained through sore experi-

ence. In his own ministry, as he said to Fox, he took the system as he found it, and had not vigor and resolution enough to put an end to it; but he was now quite convinced that in such a country as England, while the king should be treated with all outward show of respect, he ought on no account to be allowed to exercise any real power.

Now this was in 1783 the paramount political question in England, just as much as the question of secession was paramount in the United States in 1861. Other questions could be postponed; the question of curbing the king could not. Upon this all-important point North had come to agree with Fox; and as the motive of their coalition is thus sufficiently explained, the historian is not called upon to lay too much stress upon the lower motives assigned in profusion by their political enemies. This explanation, however, does not quite cover the case. The mass of the Tories would never follow North in an avowed attempt to curb the king, but they agreed with the followers of Fox, though not with Fox himself, in holy horror of parliamentary reform, and were alarmed by a recent declaration of Shelburne that the suffrage must be extended so as to admit a hundred new county members. Thus while the two leaders were urged to coalescence by one motive, their followers were largely swayed by another, and this added much to the mystery and general unintelligibility of the movement. In taking this step Fox made the mistake which was characteristic of the old Whig party. He gave too little heed to the great public outside the walls of the House of Commons. The coalition, once made, was very strong in Parliament, but it mystified and scandalized the people, and this popular disapproval by and by made it easy for the king to overthrow it.

It was agreed to choose the treaty as the occasion for the combined attack upon the Shelburne ministry. North,

as the minister who had conducted the unsuccessful war, was bound to oppose the treaty, in any case. It would not do for him to admit that better terms could not have been made. The treaty was also very unpopular with Fox's party, and with the nation at large. It was thought that too much territory had been conceded to the Americans, and fault was found with the article on the fisheries. But the point which excited most indignation was the virtual abandonment of the loyalists, for here the honor of England was felt to be at stake. On this ground the treaty was emphatically condemned by Burke, Sheridan, and Wilberforce, no less than by North. It was ably defended in the Commons by Pitt, and in the Lords by Shelburne himself, who argued that he had but the alternative of accepting the terms as they stood, or continuing the war; and since it had come to this, he said, without spilling a drop of blood, or incurring one fifth of the expense of a year's campaign, the comfort and happiness of the American loyalists could be easily secured. By this he meant that, should America fail to make good their losses, it was far better for England to indemnify them herself than to prolong indefinitely a bloody and ruinous struggle. As we shall hereafter see, this liberal and enlightened policy was the one which England really pursued, so far as practicable, and her honor was completely saved. That Shelburne and Pitt were quite right there can now be little doubt. But argument was of no avail against the resistless power of the coalition. On the 17th of February Lord John Cavendish moved an amendment to the ministerial address on the treaty, refusing to approve it. On the 21st he moved a further amendment condemning the treaty. Both motions were carried, and on the 24th Lord Shelburne resigned. He did not dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country, partly because he was aware of his personal

unpopularity, and partly because, in spite of the general disgust at the coalition, there was little doubt that on the particular question of the treaty the public opinion agreed with the majority in Parliament, and not with the ministry. For this reason, Pitt, though personally popular, saw that it was no time for him to take the first place in the government, and when the king proceeded to offer it to him he declined.

For more than five weeks, while the treasury was nearly empty, and the question of peace or war still hung in the balance, England was without a regular government, while the angry king went hunting for some one who would consent to be his prime minister. He was determined not to submit to the coalition. He was naturally enraged at Lord North for turning against him. Meeting one day North's father, Lord Guilford, he went up to him, tragically wringing his hands, and exclaimed in accents of woe, "Did I ever think, my Lord Guilford, that your son would thus have betrayed me into the hands of Mr. Fox?" He appealed in vain to Lord Gower, and then to Lord Temple, to form a ministry. Lord Gower suggested that perhaps Thomas Pitt, cousin of William, might be willing to serve. "I desired him," said the king, "to apply to Mr. Thomas Pitt, or Mr. Thomas anybody." It was of no use. By the 2d of April Parliament had become furious at the delay, and George was obliged to yield. The Duke of Portland was brought in as nominal prime minister, with Fox as foreign secretary, North as secretary for home and colonies, Cavendish as chancellor of the exchequer, and Keppel as first lord of the admiralty. The only Tory in the cabinet, excepting North, was Lord Stormont, who became president of the council. The commissioners, Fitzherbert and Oswald, were recalled from Paris, and the Duke of Manchester and David Hartley, son of the great philosopher, were appointed

in their stead. Negotiations continued through the spring and summer. Attempts were made to change some of the articles, especially the obnoxious article concerning the loyalists, but all to no purpose. Hartley's attempt to negotiate a mutually advantageous commercial treaty with America also came to nothing. The definitive treaty which was finally signed on the 3d of September, 1783, was an exact transcript of the treaty which Shelburne had made, and for making which the present ministers had succeeded in turning him out of office. No more emphatic justification of Shelburne's conduct of this business could possibly have been obtained.

The coalition ministry did not long survive the final signing of the treaty. The events of the next few months are curiously instructive as showing the quiet and stealthy way in which a political revolution may be consummated in a thoroughly conservative and constitutional country. Early in the winter session of Parliament Fox brought in his famous bill for organizing the government of the great empire which Clive and Hastings had built up in India. Popular indignation at the ministry had been strengthened by its adopting the same treaty of peace for the making of which it had assaulted Shelburne; and now, on the passage of the India Bill by the House of Commons, there was a great outcry. Many provisions of the bill were exceedingly unpopular, and its chief object was alleged to be the concentration of the immense patronage of India into the hands of the old Whig families. With the popular feeling thus warmly enlisted against the ministry, George III. was now emboldened to make war on it by violent means; and, accordingly, when the bill came up in the House of Lords, he caused it to be announced, by Lord Temple, that any peer who should vote in its favor would be regarded as an enemy by the king. Four days later the House of Commons,

by a vote of 153 to 80, resolved that "to report any opinion, or pretended opinion, of his majesty upon any bill or other proceeding depending in either house of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution of this country." A more explicit or emphatic defiance to the king would have been hard to frame. Two days alterward the Lords rejected the India Bill, and on the next day, the 18th of December, George turned the ministers out of office.

In this grave constitutional crisis the king invited William Pitt to form a government, and this young statesman, who had consistently opposed the coalition, now saw that his hour was come. He was more than any one else the favorite of the people. Fox's political reputation was eclipsed, and North's was destroyed, by their unseemly alliance. People were sick of the whole state of things which had accompanied the American war. Pitt, who had only come into Parliament in 1780, was free from these unpleasant associations. The unblemished purity of his life, his incorruptible integrity, his rare disinterestedness, and his transcendent ability in debate were known to every one. As the worthy son of Lord Chatham, whose name was associated with the most glorious moment of English history, he was peculiarly dear to the people. His position, however, on taking supreme office at the instance of a king who had just committed a most outrageous breach of the constitution, was extremely critical, and only the most consummate skill could have won from the chaos such a victory as he was about to win. When he became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, in December, 1783, he had barely completed his twenty-fifth year. All his colleagues in

the new cabinet were peers, so that he had to fight single-handed in the Commons against the united talents of Burke and Sheridan, Fox and North; and there was a heavy majority against him, besides. In view of this adverse majority, it was Pitt's constitutional duty to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. But Fox, unwilling to imperil his great majority by a new election, now made the fatal mistake of opposing a dissolution; thus showing his distrust of the people and his dread of their verdict. With consummate tact, Pitt allowed the debates to go on till March, and then, when the popular feeling in his favor had grown into wild enthusiasm, he dissolved Parliament. In the general election which followed, 160 members of the coalition lost their seats, and Pitt obtained the greatest majority that has ever been given to an English minister.

Thus was completed the political revolution in England which was set on foot by the American victory at Yorktown. Its full significance was only gradually realized. For the moment it might seem that it was the king who had triumphed. He had shattered the alliance which had been formed for the purpose of curbing him, and the result of the election had virtually condoned his breach of the constitution. This apparent victory, however, had been won only by a direct appeal to the people, and all its advantages accrued to the people, and not to George III. His ingenious system of weak and divided ministries, with himself for balance-wheel, was destroyed. For the next seventeen years the real ruler of England was not George III., but William Pitt, who, with his great popular following, wielded such a power as no English sovereign had possessed since the days of Elizabeth. The political atmosphere was cleared of intrigue; and Fox, in the legitimate attitude of leader of the new opposition, entered upon the

glorious part of his career. There was now set in motion that great work of reform which, hindered for a while by the reaction against the French revolutionists, won its decisive victory in 1832. Down to the very moment at which American and British history begin to flow in distinct and separate channels, it is interesting to observe how closely they are implicated with each other. The victory of the Americans not only

set on foot the British revolution here described, but it figured most prominently in each of the political changes that we have witnessed, down to the very eve of the overthrow of the coalition. The system which George III. had sought to fasten upon America, in order that he might fasten it upon England, was shaken off and shattered by the good people of both countries at almost the same moment of time.

John Fiske.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK SECOND.

XIV.

HYACINTH did not mention to Pinnie or Mr. Vetch that he had been taken up by a great lady; but he mentioned it to Paul Muniment, to whom he now confided a great many things. He had, at first, been in considerable fear of his straight, loud, North Country friend, who showed signs of cultivating logic and criticism to a degree that was hostile to free conversation; but he discovered, later, that he was a man to whom one could say anything in the world, if one did n't think it of more importance to be sympathized with than to be understood. For a revolutionist, he was strangely good-natured. The sight of all the things he wanted to change had, seemingly, no power to irritate him, and if he joked about questions that lay very near his heart, his pleasantry was not bitter nor invidious; the fault that Hyacinth sometimes found with it, rather, was that it was innocent to puerility. Our hero envied his power of combining a care for the wide misery of mankind with the apparent state of mind of the cheerful and virtuous young workman who, on Sunday morning, has

put on a clean shirt, and, not having taken the gilt off his wages the night before, weighs against each other, for a happy day, the respective attractions of Epping Forest and Gravesend. He was never sarcastic about his personal lot and his daily life; it had not seemed to occur to him, for instance, that "society" was really responsible for the condition of his sister's spinal column, though Eustache Poupin and his wife (who practically, however, were as patient as he) did everything they could to make him say so, believing, evidently, that it would relieve him. Apparently, he cared nothing for women, talked of them rarely, and always decently, and had never a sign of a sweetheart, unless Lady Aurora Langrish might pass for one. He never drank a drop of beer nor touched a pipe; he always had a clear tone, a fresh cheek, and a smiling eye, and once excited on Hyacinth's part a kind of elder-brotherly indulgence by the open-mouthed glee and credulity with which, when the pair were present, in the sixpenny gallery, at Astley's, at an equestrian pantomime, he followed the tawdry spectacle. He once told the young bookbinder that

he was a suggestive little beggar, and Hyacinth's opinion of him, by this time, was so exalted that the remark had almost the value of a patent of nobility. Our hero treated himself to an unlimited belief in him; he had always dreamed of having some grand friendship, and this was the best opening he had ever encountered. No one could entertain a sentiment of that sort better than Hyacinth, or cultivate a greater luxury of confidence. It disappointed him, sometimes, that it was not more richly repaid; that on certain important points of the socialistic programme Muniment would never commit himself; and that he had not yet shown the *fond du sac*, as Eustache Poupin called it, to so ardent an admirer. He answered particular questions freely enough, and answered them, occasionally, in a manner that made Hyacinth jump, as when, in reply to an inquiry in regard to his view of capital punishment, he said that, so far from wishing it abolished, he should go in for extending it much further — he should impose it on those who habitually lied or got drunk; but his friend had always a feeling that he kept back his best card, and that even in the listening circle in Bloomsbury, where only the right men were present, there were unspoken conclusions in his mind which he did not as yet think any one good enough to be favored with. So far, therefore, from suspecting him of half-heartedness, Hyacinth was sure that he had extraordinary things in his head; that he was thinking them out to the logical end, wherever it might land him; and that the night he should produce them, with the door of the club-room guarded and the company bound by a tremendous oath, the others would look at each other and turn pale.

"She wants to see you; she asked me to bring you; she was very serious," Hyacinth said, relating his interview with the ladies in the box at the play; which, however, now that he looked

back upon it, seemed as queer as a dream, and not much more likely than that sort of experience to have a continuation in one's waking hours.

"To bring me — to bring me where?" asked Muniment. "You talk as if I were a sample out of your shop, or a little dog you had for sale. Has she ever seen me? Does she think I'm smaller than you? What does she know about me?"

"Well, principally, that you're a friend of mine — that's enough for her."

"Do you mean that it ought to be enough for me that she's a friend of yours? I have a notion you'll have some queer ones before you're done; a good many more than I have time to talk to. And how can I go to see a delicate female, with those paws?" Muniment inquired, exhibiting ten work-stained fingers.

"Buy a pair of gloves," said Hyacinth, who recognized the serious character of this obstacle. But after a moment he added, "No, you ought not to do that; she wants to see dirty hands."

"That's easy enough; she need not send for me for the purpose. But is not she making game of you?"

"It's very possible, but I don't see what good it can do her."

"You are not obliged to find excuses for the pampered classes. Their bloated luxury begets evil, impudent desires; they are capable of doing harm for the sake of harm. Besides, is she genuine?"

"If she is not, what becomes of your explanation?" asked Hyacinth.

"Oh, it does not matter: at night all cats are gray. Whatever she is, she's an idle, bedizened jade."

"If you had seen her, you would not talk of her that way."

"God forbid I should see her, then, if she's going to corrupt me!"

"Do you suppose she'll corrupt me?" Hyacinth demanded, with an expression of face and a tone of voice which pro-

duced, on his friend's part, an explosion of mirth.

"How can she, after all, when you are already such a little mass of corruption?"

"You don't think that," said Hyacinth, looking very grave.

"Do you mean that if I did I would n't say it? Have n't you noticed that I say what I think?"

"No, you don't, not half of it: you're as close as a fish."

Paul Muniment looked at his companion a moment, as if he were rather struck with the penetration of that remark; then he said, "Well, then, if I should give you the other half of my opinion of you, do you think you'd fancy it?"

"I'll save you the trouble. I'm a very clever, conscientious, promising young chap, and any one would be proud to claim me as a friend."

"Is that what your Princess told you? She must be a precious piece of goods!" Paul Muniment exclaimed. "Did she pick your pocket meanwhile?"

"Oh yes; a few minutes later I missed a silver cigar-case, engraved with the arms of the Robinsons. Seriously," Hyacinth continued, "don't you consider it possible that a woman of that class should want to know what is going on among the like of us?"

"It depends upon what class you mean."

"Well, a woman with a lot of jewels and the manners of an angel. It's queer, of course, but it's conceivable: why not? There may be unselfish natures; there may be disinterested feelings."

"And there may be fine ladies in an awful funk about their jewels, and even about their manners. Seriously, as you say, it's perfectly conceivable. I am not in the least surprised at the aristocracy being curious to know what we are up to, and wanting very much to look into it; in their place I should be

very uneasy; and if I were a woman with angelic manners, very likely I too should be glad to get hold of a soft, susceptible little bookbinder, and pump him dry, bless his heart!"

"Are you afraid I'll tell her secrets?" cried Hyacinth, flushing with virtuous indignation.

"Secrets? What secrets could you tell her, my pretty lad?"

Hyacinth stared a moment. "You don't trust me — you never have."

"We will, some day — don't be afraid," said Muniment, who, evidently, had no intention of unkindness, a thing that appeared to be impossible to him. "And when we do, you'll cry with disappointment."

"Well, you won't," Hyacinth declared. And then he asked whether his friend thought the Princess Casamassima a spy; and why, if she were in that line, Mr. Sholto was not — inasmuch as it must be supposed he was not, since they had seen fit to let him walk in and out, at that rate, in the place in Bloomsbury. Muniment did not even know whom he meant, not having had any relations with the gentleman; but he summed up a sufficient image when his companion had described the captain's appearance. He then remarked, with his usual geniality, that he did n't take him for a spy — he took him for an ass; but even if he had edged himself into the place with every intention to betray them, what handle could he possibly get — what use, against them, could he make of anything he had seen or heard? If he had a fancy to dip into working-men's clubs (Muniment remembered, now, the first night he came; he had been brought by that German cabinet-maker, who wore green spectacles and smoked a pipe with a bowl as big as a hat); if it amused him to put on a bad hat, and inhale foul tobacco, and call his "inferiors" "my dear fellow;" if he thought that in doing so he was getting an insight into the people, and going

half-way to meet them, and preparing for what was coming — all this was his own affair, and he was very welcome, though a man must be a flat who would spend his evening in a hole like that when he might enjoy his comfort in one of those flaming big shops, full of arm-chairs and flunkies, in Pall Mall. And what did he see, after all, in Bloomsbury? Nothing but a “social gathering,” where there were clay pipes, and a sanded floor, and not half enough gas, and the principal newspapers; and where the men, as any one would know, were advanced radicals, and mostly advanced idiots. He could pat as many of them on the back as he liked, and say the House of Lords would n’t last till Christmas; but what discoveries would he make? He was simply on the same lay as Hyacinth’s Princess; he was nervous and scared, and he thought he would see for himself.

“Oh, he isn’t the same sort as the Princess. I’m sure he’s in a very different line!” Hyacinth exclaimed.

“Different, of course: she’s a handsome woman, I suppose, and he’s an ugly man; but I don’t think that either of them will save us or spoil us. Their curiosity is natural, but I have got other things to do than to show them about; therefore you can tell her serene highness that I’m much obliged.”

Hyacinth reflected a moment, and then he said, “You show Lady Aurora about; you seem to wish to give her the information she desires; and what’s the difference? If it’s right for her to take an interest, why is n’t it right for my Princess?”

“If she’s already yours, what more can she want?” Muniment asked. “All I know of Lady Aurora, and all I look at, is that she comes and sits with Rosy, and brings her tea, and waits upon her. If the Princess will do as much, I’ll tell her she’s a woman of genius; but apart from that I shall never take a grain of interest in her interest in the

masses — or in this particular mass!” And Paul Muniment, with his discolored thumb, designated his own substantial person. His tone was disappointing to Hyacinth, who was surprised at his not appearing to think the episode at the theatre more remarkable and romantic. Muniment seemed to regard his explanation of such a proceeding as all-sufficient; but when, a moment later, he made use, in referring to the mysterious lady, of the expression that she was “quaking,” Hyacinth broke out — “Never in the world; she’s not afraid of anything!”

“Ah, my lad, not afraid of you, evidently!”

Hyacinth paid no attention to this coarse sally, but asked in a moment, with a candor that was proof against further ridicule, “Do you think she can do me a hurt of any kind, if we follow up our acquaintance?”

“Yes, very likely, but you must hit her back! That’s your line, you know: to go in for what’s going, to live your life, to gratify the women. I’m an ugly, grimy brute, that has got to watch the fires and mind the shop, but you are one of those taking little beggars who ought to run about and see the world; you ought to be an ornament to society, like a young man in an illustrated story-book. Only,” Muniment added in a moment, “you know, if she should hurt you very much, *then* I would go and see her!”

Hyacinth had been intending for some time to take Pinnie to call on the prostrate damsel in Audley Court, to whom he had promised that his benefactress (he had told Rose Muniment that she was “a kind of aunt”) should pay this civility; but the affair had been delayed by wan hesitations on the part of the dressmaker, for the poor woman had hard work to imagine, to-day, that there were people in London so forlorn that her countenance could be of value to them. Her social curiosities had be-

come very nearly extinct, and she knew that she no longer made the same figure in public as when her command of the fashions enabled her to illustrate them in her own little person, by the aid of a good deal of whalebone. Moreover, she felt that Hyacinth had strange friends and still stranger opinions; she suspected that he took an unnatural interest in politics, and was somehow not on the right side, little as she knew about parties or causes; and she had a vague conviction that this kind of perversity only multiplied the troubles of the poor, who, according to theories which Pinnie had never reasoned out, but which, in her bosom, were as deep as religion, ought always to be of the same way of thinking as the rich. They were unlike them enough in their poverty, without trying to add other differences. When at last she accompanied Hyacinth to South Lambeth, one Saturday evening at midsummer, it was in a sighing, skeptical, second-best manner; but if he had told her he wished it, she would have gone with him to a *soirée* at a scavenger's. There was no more danger of Rose Muniment's being out than of one of the bronze couchant lions in Trafalgar Square having walked down Whitehall; but he had let her know in advance, and he perceived, as he opened her door in obedience to a quick, shrill summons, that she had had the happy thought of inviting Lady Aurora to help her to entertain Miss Pynsent. Such, at least, was the inference he drew from seeing her ladyship's memorable figure rise before him for the first time since his own visit. He presented his companion to their recumbent hostess, and Rosy immediately repeated her name to the representative of Belgrave Square. Pinnie curtsied down to the ground, as Lady Aurora put out her hand to her, and slipped noiselessly into a chair beside the bed. Lady Aurora laughed and fidgeted, in a friendly, cheerful, yet at the same time rather pointless man-

ner, and Hyacinth gathered that she had no recollection of having met him before. His attention, however, was mainly given to Pinnie: he watched her jealously, to see whether, on this important occasion, she would not put forth a certain stiff, quaint, polished politeness, of which she possessed the secret, and which made her resemble a pair of old-fashioned sugar-tongs. Not only for Pinnie's sake, but for his own as well, he wished her to pass for a superior little woman, and he hoped she would n't lose her head if Rosy should begin to talk about Inglefield. She was, evidently, much impressed by Rosy, and kept repeating, "Dear, dear!" under her breath, as the small, strange person in the bed rapidly explained to her that there was nothing in the world she would have liked so much as to follow *her* delightful profession, but that she could n't sit up to it, and had never had a needle in her hand but once, when, at the end of three minutes, it had dropped into the sheets and got into the mattress, so that she had always been afraid it would work out again, and stick into her; but it had n't done so yet, and perhaps it never would — she lay so quiet, she did n't push it about much. "Perhaps you would think it's me that trimmed the little handkerchief I wear round my neck," Miss Muniment said; "perhaps you would think I could n't do less, lying here all day long, with complete command of my time. Not a stitch of it. I'm the finest lady in London; I never lift my finger for myself. It's a present from her ladyship — it's her ladyship's own beautiful needlework. What do you think of that? Have you ever met any one so favored before? And the work — just look at the work, and tell me what you think of that!" The girl pulled off the bit of muslin from her neck and thrust it at Pinnie, who looked at it confusedly, and exclaimed, "Dear, dear, dear!" partly in sympathy, partly as if, in spite

of the consideration she owed every one, those were very strange proceedings.

"It's very badly done; surely you see that," said Lady Aurora. "It was only a joke."

"Oh, yes, everything's a joke!" cried the irrepressible invalid — "everything except my state of health; that's admitted to be serious. When her ladyship sends me five shillings' worth of coals it's only a joke; and when she brings me a bottle of the finest port, that's another; and when she climbs up fifty-seven stairs (there are fifty-seven, I know perfectly, though I never go up or down), at the height of the London season, to spend the evening with me, that's the best of all. I know all about the London season, though I never go out, and I appreciate what her ladyship gives up. She is very jocular indeed, but, fortunately, I know how to take it. You can see that it would n't do for me to be touchy, can't you, Miss Pynsent?"

"Dear, dear, I should be so glad to make you anything myself; it would be better — it would be better" — Pinnie murmured, hesitating.

"It would be better than my poor work. I don't know how to do that sort of thing, in the least," said Lady Aurora.

"I'm sure I did n't mean that, my lady — I only meant it would be more natural like. Anything in the world she might fancy," the dressmaker went on, as if it were a question of the invalid's appetite.

"Ah, you see I don't wear things — only a flannel jacket, to be a bit tidy," Miss Muniment rejoined. "I go in only for smart counterpanes, as you can see for yourself," and she spread her white hands complacently over her coverlet of brilliant patchwork. "Now does n't that look to you, Miss Pynsent, as if it might be one of her ladyship's jokes?"

"Oh, my good friend, how can you?

I never went so far as that!" Lady Aurora interposed, with visible anxiety.

"Well, you've given me almost everything; I sometimes forget. This only cost me sixpence; so it comes to the same thing as if it had been a present. Yes, only sixpence, in a raffle in a bazaar at Hackney, for the benefit of the Wesleyan Chapel, three years ago. A young man who works with my brother, and lives in that part, offered him a couple of tickets; and he took one, and I took one. When I say 'I,' of course I mean that he took the two; for how should I find (by which I mean, of course, how should *he* find) a sixpence in that little cup on the chimney-piece unless he had put it there first? Of course my ticket took a prize, and of course, as my bed is my dwelling-place, the prize was a beautiful counterpane, of every color of the rainbow. Oh, there never was such luck as mine!" Rosy exclaimed, flashing her gay, strange eyes at Hyacinth, as if on purpose to irritate him with her contradictory optimism.

"It's very lovely; but if you would like another, for a change, I've got a great many pieces," Pinnie remarked, with a generosity which made the young man feel that she was acquitting herself finely.

Rose Muniment laid her little hand on the dressmaker's arm, and responded, quickly, "No, not a change, not a change. How can there be a change when there's already everything? There's everything here — every color that was ever seen, or composed, or dreamed of, since the world began;" and with her other hand she stroked, affectionately, her variegated quilt. "You have a great many pieces, but you have n't as many as there are here; and the more you should patch them together the more the whole thing would resemble this dear, dazzling old friend. I have another idea, very, very charming, and perhaps her ladyship can guess

what it is." Rosy kept her fingers on Pinnie's arm, and, smiling, turned her brilliant eyes from one of her female companions to the other, as if she wished to associate them as much as possible in their interest in her. "In connection with what we were talking about a few minutes ago — could n't your ladyship just go a little further, in the same line?" Then, as Lady Aurora looked troubled and embarrassed, blushing at being called upon to answer a conundrum, as it were, so publicly, her infirm friend came to her assistance. "It will surprise you at first, but it won't when I have explained it: my idea is just simply a pink dressing-gown!"

"A pink dressing-gown!" Lady Aurora repeated.

"With a neat black trimming! Don't you see the connection with what we were talking of before our good visitors came in?"

"That would be very pretty," said Pinnie. "I have made them like that, in my time. Or blue, trimmed with white."

"No, pink and black, pink and black — to suit my complexion. Perhaps you did n't know I have a complexion; but there are very few things I have n't got! Anything at all I should fancy, you were so good as to say; well, now, I fancy that! Your ladyship does see the connection by this time, does n't she?"

Lady Aurora looked distressed, as if she felt that she certainly ought to see it, but was not sure that even yet it did n't escape her, and as if, at the same time, she were struck with the fact that this sudden evocation might result in a strain on the little dressmaker's resources. "A pink dressing-gown would certainly be very becoming, and Miss Pynsent would be very kind," she said; while Hyacinth made the mental comment that it was a largish order, as Pinnie would have, obviously, to furnish the materials as well as the labor. The

amiable coolness with which the invalid laid her under contribution was, however, to his sense, quite in character, and he reflected that, after all, when you were stretched on your back like that, you had the right to reach out your hands (it was n't far you could reach them at best) and seize what you could get. Pinnie declared that she knew just the article Miss Muniment wanted, and that she would undertake to make a sweet thing of it; and Rosy went on to say that she must explain of what use such an article would be, but for this purpose there must be another guess. She would give it to Miss Pynsent and Hyacinth — as many times as they liked: What *had* she and Lady Aurora been talking about before they came in? She clasped her hands, and her eyes glittered with her eagerness, while she continued to turn them from Lady Aurora to the dressmaker. What would they imagine? What would they think natural, delightful, magnificent — if one could only end, at last, by making out the right place to put it? Hyacinth suggested, successively, a printing-press, a music-box, and a shower-bath — or perhaps even a full-length portrait of her ladyship; and Pinnie looked at him askance, in a frightened way, as if perchance he were joking too broadly. Rosy at last relieved their suspense, and announced, "A sofa, just a sofa, now! What do you say to that? Do you suppose that's an idea that could have come from any one but her ladyship? She must have all the credit of it; she came out with it in the course of conversation. I believe we were talking of the peculiar feeling that comes just under the shoulder-blades if one never has a change. She mentioned it as she might have mentioned a plaster, or another spoonful of that American stuff. We are thinking it over, and one of these days, if we give plenty of time to the question, we shall find the place, the very nicest and suggest of all, and no other. I hope

you see the connection with the pink dressing-gown," she remarked to Pinnie, "and I hope you see the importance of the question, Shall anything go? I should like you to look round a bit, and tell me what you would answer if I were to say to you, *Can* anything go?"

XV.

"I'm sure there's nothing *I* should like to part with," Pinnie returned; and while she surveyed the scene, Lady Aurora, with delicacy, to lighten Amanda's responsibility, got up and turned to the window, which was open to the summer evening, and admitted, still, the last rays of the long day. Hyacinth, after a moment, placed himself beside her, looking out with her at the dusky multitude of chimney-pots and the small black houses, roofed with grimy tiles. The thick, warm air of a London July floated beneath them, suffused with the everlasting uproar of the town, which appeared to have sunk into quietness, but again became a mighty voice, as soon as one listened for it; here and there, in poor windows, glimmered a turbid light, and high above, in a clearer, smokeless zone, a sky still fair and luminous, a faint silver star looked down. The sky was the same that, far away in the country, bent over golden fields, and purple hills, and gardens where nightingales sang; but from this point of view everything that covered the earth was ugly and sordid, and seemed to express, or to represent, the weariness of toil. In an instant, to Hyacinth's surprise, Lady Aurora said to him, "You never came, after all, to get the books."

"Those you kindly offered to lend me? I did n't know it was an understanding."

Lady Aurora gave an uneasy laugh. "I have picked them out; they are quite ready."

"It's very kind of you," the young man rejoined. "I will come and get them some day, with pleasure." He was not very sure that he would; but it was the least he could say.

"She'll tell you where I live, you know," Lady Aurora went on, with a movement of her head in the direction of the bed, as if she were too shy to mention it herself.

"Oh, I have no doubt she knows the way — she could tell me every street and every turn!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"She has made me describe to her, very often, how I come and go. I think that few people know more about London than she. She never forgets anything."

"She's a wonderful little witch — she terrifies me!" said Hyacinth.

Lady Aurora turned her modest eyes upon him. "Oh, she's so good, she's so patient!"

"Yes, and so wise, and so self-possessed."

"Oh, she's immensely clever," said her ladyship. "Which do you think the cleverest?"

"The cleverest?"

"I mean of the girl and her brother."

"Oh, I think he, some day, will be prime minister of England."

"Do you really? I'm so glad!" cried Lady Aurora, with a flush of color in her face. "I'm so glad you think that will be possible. You know it ought to be, if things were right."

Hyacinth had not professed this high faith for the purpose of playing upon her ladyship's feelings, but when he perceived her eager responsiveness he felt almost as if he had been making sport of her. Still, he said no more than he believed when he remarked, in a moment, that he had the greatest expectations of Paul Muniment's future: he was sure that the world would hear of him, that England would feel him, that the public, some day, would acclaim him. It was impossible to associate

with him without feeling that he was very strong, that he must play an important part.

"Yes, people would n't believe — they would n't believe," Lady Aurora murmured softly, appreciatively. She was evidently very much pleased with what Hyacinth was saying. It was, moreover, a pleasure to himself to place on record his opinion of his friend; it seemed to make that opinion more clear, to give it the force of an invocation, a prophecy. This was especially the case when he asked why on earth nature had endowed Paul Muniment with such extraordinary powers of mind, and powers of body too — because he was as strong as a horse — if it had not been intended that he should do something great for his fellow-men. Hyacinth confided to her ladyship that he thought the people in his own class generally very stupid — what he should call third-rate minds. He wished it were not so, for Heaven knew that he felt kindly to them, and only asked to cast his lot with theirs; but he was obliged to confess that centuries of poverty, of ill-paid toil, of bad, insufficient food and wretched homes, had not a favorable effect upon the higher faculties. All the more reason that when there was a splendid exception, like Paul Muniment, it should count for a tremendous force — it had so much to make up for, to act for. And then Hyacinth repeated that in his own low walk of life people had really not the faculty of thought; their minds had been simplified — reduced to two or three elements. He saw that this declaration made his interlocutress very uncomfortable; she turned and twisted herself, vaguely, as if she wished to protest, but she was far too considerate to interrupt him. He had no desire to distress her, but there were times in which it was impossible for him to withstand the perverse satisfaction he took in insisting on his lowliness of station, in turning the knife about in the wound

inflicted by such explicit reference, and in letting it be seen that if his place in the world was immeasurably small he at least had no illusions about either himself or his fellows. Lady Aurora replied, as quickly as possible, that she knew a great deal about the poor — not the poor like Rose Muniment, but the terribly, wretchedly poor, with whom she was more familiar than Hyacinth would perhaps believe — and that she was often struck with their great talents, with their quick wit, with their conversation being really much more entertaining, to her at least, than what one usually heard in drawing-rooms. She often found them very, very clever.

Hyacinth smiled at her, and said, "Ah, when you get to the lowest depths of poverty, they may become very brilliant again. But I'm afraid I have n't gone so far down. In spite of my opportunities, I don't know many absolute paupers."

"I know a great many." Lady Aurora hesitated, as if she did n't like to boast, and then she added, "I dare say I know more than any one." There was something touching, beautiful, to Hyacinth, in this simple, diffident admission; it confirmed his impression that Lady Aurora was in some mysterious, incongruous, and even slightly ludicrous manner a heroine, a creature of a noble ideal. She perhaps guessed that he was indulging in reflections that might be favorable to her, for she said, precipitately, the next minute, as if there were nothing she dreaded so much as the danger of a compliment, "I think your aunt's so very attractive — and I'm sure Rose Muniment thinks so." No sooner had she spoken than she blushed again; it appeared to have occurred to her that he might suppose she wished to contradict him by presenting this case of his aunt as a proof that the baser sort, even in a prosaic upper stratum, were not without redeeming points. There was no reason why she should

not have had this intention ; so without sparing her, Hyacinth replied —

“You mean that she’s an exception to what I was saying?”

Lady Aurora stammered a little ; then, at last, as if, since he would n’t spare her, she would n’t spare him, either, “Yes, and you’re an exception too ; you’ll not make me believe you’re wanting in intelligence. The Muniments don’t think so,” she added.

“No more do I myself ; but that does n’t prove that exceptions are not frequent. I have blood in my veins that is not the blood of the people.”

“Oh, I see,” said Lady Aurora, sympathetically. And with a smile she went on : “Then you’re all the more of an exception — in the upper class.”

Her smile was the kindest in the world, but it did not blind Hyacinth to the fact that, from his own point of view, he had been extraordinarily indiscreet. He believed, a moment before, that he would have been proof against the strongest temptation to refer to the mysteries of his lineage, inasmuch as, if made in a boastful spirit (and he had no desire as yet to make it an exercise in humility), any such reference would inevitably contain an element of the grotesque. He had never opened his lips to any one about his birth (since the dreadful days when the question was discussed, with Mr. Vetch’s assistance, in Lomax Place) ; never even to Paul Muniment, never to Millicent Henning nor to Eustache Poupin. He had an impression that people had ideas about him, and with some of Miss Henning’s he had been made acquainted : they were of such a nature that he sometimes wondered whether the tie which united him to her were not, on her own side, a secret determination to satisfy her utmost curiosity before she had done with him. But he flattered himself that he was impenetrable, and none the less he had begun to swagger, idiot-

ically, the first time a temptation (to call a temptation) presented itself. He turned crimson as soon as he had spoken, partly at the sudden image of what he had to swagger about, and partly at the absurdity of a challenge having appeared to proceed from the bashful gentlewoman before him. He hoped she did n’t particularly regard what he had said (and indeed she gave no sign whatever of being startled by his claim to a pedigree — she had too much quick delicacy for that ; she appeared to notice only the symptoms of confusion that followed it), but, as soon as possible, he gave himself a lesson in humility by saying, “I gather that you spend most of your time among the poor, and I am sure you carry blessings with you. But I frankly confess that I don’t understand a lady giving herself up to people like us, when there is no obligation. Wretched company we must be, when there is so much better to be had.”

“I like it very much — you don’t understand.”

“Precisely — that is what I say. Our little friend on the bed is perpetually talking about your house, your family, your splendors, your gardens and green-houses ; they must be magnificent, of course” —

“Oh, I wish she would n’t ; really, I wish she would n’t. It makes one feel dreadfully !” Lady Aurora interposed, with vehemence.

“Ah, you had better give her her way ; it’s such a pleasure to her.”

“Yes, more than to any of us !” sighed her ladyship, helplessly.

“Well, how can you leave all those beautiful things, to come and breathe this beastly air, surround yourself with hideous images, and associate with people whose smallest fault is that they are ignorant, brutal, and dirty ? I don’t speak of the ladies here present,” Hyacinth added, with the manner which most made Millicent Henning (who at

once admired and hated it) wonder where on earth he had got it.

"Oh, I wish I could make you understand!" cried Lady Aurora, looking at him with troubled, appealing eyes, as if he were unexpectedly discouraging.

"After all, I do understand! Charity exists in your nature, as a kind of passion."

"Yes, yes, it's a kind of passion!" her ladyship repeated, eagerly, very thankful for the word. "I don't know whether it's charity—I don't mean that. But whatever it is, it's a passion—it's my life—it's all I care for." She hesitated a moment, as if there might be something indecent in the confession, or dangerous in the recipient; and then, evidently, she was mastered by the comfort of being able to justify herself for an eccentricity that had excited notice, as well as by the luxury of discharging her soul of a long accumulation of timid, sacred sentiment. "Already, when I was fifteen years old, I wanted to sell all I had, and give to the poor. And ever since, I have wanted to do something; it has seemed as if my heart would break, if I should n't be able!"

Hyacinth was struck with a great respect, which, however, did not prevent him (the words sounded patronizing, even to himself) from saying in a moment, "I suppose you are very religious."

Lady Aurora looked away, into the thickening dusk, at the smutty house-tops, the blurred emanation, above the streets, of lamplight. "I don't know—one has one's ideas—some of them may be strange. I think a great many clergymen do good, but there are others I don't like at all. I dare say we had too many, always, at home; my father likes them so much. I think I have known too many bishops; I have had the church too much on my back. I dare say they would n't think at home, you know, that one was quite what one

ought to be; but of course they consider me very odd, in every way, as there's no doubt I am. I should tell you that I don't tell them everything; for what's the use, when people don't understand? We are thirteen at home, and eight of us are girls; and if you think it's so very splendid, and *she* thinks so, I should like you both to try it for a little! My father is n't rich, and we none of us are married, and we are not at all handsome, and—oh, there are all kinds of things," the young woman went on, looking round at him an instant, shyly but excitedly. "I don't like society; and neither would you if you were to see the kind there is in London—at least in some parts," Lady Aurora added, considerably. "I dare say you would n't believe all the humbuggery and the tiresomeness that one has to go through. But I've got out of it; I do as I like, though it has been rather a struggle. I have my liberty, and that is the greatest blessing in life, except the reputation of being queer, and even a little mad, which is a greater advantage still. I'm a little mad, you know; you need n't be surprised if you hear it. That's because I stop in town when they go into the country; all the autumn, all the winter, when there's no one here (except three or four millions), and the rain drips, drips, drips, from the trees in the big, dull park, where my people live. I dare say I ought n't to say such things to you, but, as I tell you, I'm a little mad, and I might as well keep up my character. When one is one of eight daughters, and there's very little money (for any of us, at least), and there's nothing to do but to go out with three or four others in a mackintosh, one can easily go off one's head. Of course there's the village, and it's not at all a nice one, and there are the people to look after, and Heaven knows they're in want of it; but one must work with the vicarage, and at the vicarage there are four more daughters,

and it's dreary, and it's dreadful, and one has too much of it, and they don't understand what one thinks or feels, or a single word one says to them! Besides, they *are* stupid, I admit — the country poor; they are very, very dense. I like South Lambeth better," said Lady Aurora, smiling and taking breath, at the end of her nervous, hurried, almost incoherent speech, of which she had delivered herself pantingly, with strange intonations and grotesque movements of her neck, as if she were afraid, from one moment to the other, that she would repent, not of her confidence, but of her egotism.

It placed her, for Hyacinth, in an unexpected light, and made him feel that her awkward, aristocratic spinsterhood was the cover of tumultuous passions. No one could have less the appearance of being animated by a vengeful irony; but he saw that this delicate, shy, generous, and evidently most tender creature was not a person to spare, wherever she could prick them, the institutions among which she had been brought up, and against which she had violently reacted. Hyacinth had always supposed that a reactionary meant a backslider from the liberal faith, but Rosy's devotee gave a new value to the term; she appeared to have been driven to her present excuses by the squire and the parson, and the conservative influences of that upper-class British home which our young man had always supposed to be the highest fruit of civilization. It was clear that her ladyship was an original, and an original with force; but it gave Hyacinth a real pang to hear her make light of Inglefield (especially the park), and of the opportunities that must have abounded in Belgrave Square. It had been his belief that in a world of suffering and injustice these things were, if not the most righteous, at least the most fascinating. If they did n't give one the finest sensations, where were such sensations to be had? He looked

at Lady Aurora with a face which was a tribute to her sudden vividness, and said, "I can easily understand your wanting to do some good in the world, because you're a kind of saint."

"A very curious kind!" laughed her ladyship.

"But I don't understand your not liking what your position gives you."

"I don't know anything about my position. I want to live!"

"And do you call *this* life?"

"I'll tell you what my position is, if you want to know: it's the dullness of the grave!"

Hyacinth was startled by her tone, but he nevertheless laughed back at her, "Ah, as I say, you're a kind of saint!" She made no reply, for at that moment the door opened, and Paul Muniment's tall figure emerged from the blackness of the staircase into the twilight, now very faint, of the room. Lady Aurora's eyes, as they rested upon him, seemed to declare that such a vision as that, at least, was life. Another person, as tall as himself, appeared behind him, and Hyacinth recognized with astonishment their insinuating friend, Captain Sholto. Muniment had brought him up for Rosy's entertainment, being ready, and more than ready, always, to usher in any one in the world, from the prime minister to the common hangman, who might give that young lady a sensation. They must have met in Bloomsbury, and if the captain, some accident smoothing the way, had made him half as many advances as he had made some other people, Hyacinth could see that it would n't take long for Paul to lay him under contribution. But what the mischief was the captain up to? It cannot be said that our young man arrived, this evening, at an answer to that question. The occasion proved highly festal, and the hostess rose to it without lifting her head from the pillow. Her brother introduced Captain Sholto as a gentleman who had a great desire to

know extraordinary people, and she made him take possession of the chair at her bedside, out of which Miss Pynsent quickly edged herself, and asked him who he was, and where he came from, and how Paul had made his acquaintance, and whether he had many friends in South Lambeth. Sholto had not the same grand air that hovered about him at the theatre: he was shabbily dressed, very much like Hyacinth himself; but his appearance gave our young man an opportunity to wonder what made him so unmistakably a gentleman, in spite of his seedy coat and trousers — in spite, too, of his rather overdoing the manner of being appreciative even to rapture, and thinking everything and every one most charming and curious. He stood out, in poor Rosy's tawdry little room, among her hideous attempts at decoration, and looked to Hyacinth a being from another sphere, playing over the place and company a smile (one could n't call it false or unpleasant, yet it was distinctly not natural), of which he had got the habit in camps and courts. It became brilliant when it rested on Hyacinth, and the captain greeted him as he might have done a dear young friend from whom he had been long and painfully separated. He was easy, he was familiar, he was exquisitely benevolent and bland, and altogether incomprehensible.

Rosy was a match for him, however. He evidently did n't puzzle her in the least; she thought his visit the most natural thing in the world. She expressed all the gratitude that decency required, but appeared to assume that people who climbed her stairs would always find themselves repaid. She remarked that her brother must have met him for the first time that day, for the way that he sealed a new acquaintance was usually by bringing the person immediately to call upon her. And when the captain said that if she did n't like them he supposed the poor wretches were dropped on the

spot, she admitted that this would be true if it ever happened that she disapproved; as yet, however, she had not been obliged to draw the line. This was perhaps partly because he had not brought up any of his political friends — people that he knew only for political reasons. Of these people, in general, she had a very small opinion, and she would not conceal from Captain Sholto that she hoped he was not one of them. Rosy spoke as if her brother represented South Lambeth, at least, in the House of Commons, and she had discovered that a parliamentary career lowered the moral tone. The captain, however, entered quite into her views, and told her that it was as common friends of Mr. Hyacinth Robinson that Mr. Muniment and he had come together; they were both so fond of him that this had immediately constituted a kind of tie. On hearing himself commemorated in such a brilliant way, Mr. Hyacinth Robinson averted himself; he saw that Captain Sholto might be trusted to make as great an effort for Rosy's entertainment as he gathered that he had made for that of Millicent Henning, that evening at the theatre. There were not chairs enough to go round, and Paul fetched a three-legged stool from his own apartment, after which he undertook to make tea for the company, with the aid of a tin kettle and a spirit-lamp; these implements having been set out, flanked by half a dozen cups, in honor, presumably, of the little dressmaker, who was to come such a distance. The little dressmaker, Hyacinth observed with pleasure, fell into earnest conversation with Lady Aurora, who bent over her, flushed, smiling, and stammering, and apparently so nervous that Pinnie, in comparison, was majestic and serene. They communicated presently to Hyacinth a plan they had unanimously evolved, to the effect that Miss Pynsent should go home to Belgrave Square with her ladyship, to settle certain pre-

liminaries in regard to the pink dressing-gown, toward which, if Miss Pynsent assented, her ladyship hoped to be able to contribute sundry morsels of stuff, which had proved their quality in honorable service, and might be dyed to the proper tint. Pinnie, Hyacinth could see, was in a state of religious exaltation; the visit to Belgrave Square and the idea of coöperating in such a manner with the nobility were privileges she could not take solemnly enough. The latter luxury, indeed, she began to enjoy without delay; Lady Aurora suggesting that Mr. Muniment might be rather awkward about making tea, and that they should take the business off his hands. Paul gave it up to them, with a pretense of compassion for their conceit, remarking that at any rate it took two women to supplant one man; and Hyacinth drew him to the window, to ask where he had encountered Sholto, and how he liked him.

They had met in Bloomsbury, as Hyacinth supposed, and Sholto had made up to him very much as a country curate might make up to an archbishop. He wanted to know what he thought of this and that: of the state of the labor-market at the East End, of the terrible case of the old woman who had starved to death at Walham Green, of the practicability of more systematic out-of-door agitation, and the prospects of their getting one of their own men — one of the Bloomsbury lot — into Parliament. "He was mighty civil," Muniment said, "and I don't find that he has picked my pocket. He looked as if he would like me to suggest that *he* should stand as one of our own men, one of the Bloomsbury lot. He asks too many questions, but he makes up for it by not paying any attention to the answers. He told me he would give the world to see a workingman's 'interior.' I did n't know what he meant at first: he wanted a favorable specimen, one of the best; he had seen one or two that he

did n't believe to be up to the average. I suppose he meant his Dutch cabinet-maker, and he wanted to compare. I told him I did n't know what sort of a specimen my place would be, but that he was welcome to look round, and that it contained at any rate one or two original features. I expect he has found that's the case — with Rosy and the noble lady. I wanted to show him off to Rosy; he's good for that, if he is n't good for anything else. I told him we expected a little company this evening, so it might be a good time; and he cried that to mingle in such an occasion as that was the dream of his existence. He seemed in a rare hurry, as if I were going to show him a hidden treasure, and insisted on driving me over in a hansom. Perhaps his idea is to introduce the use of cabs among the working-classes; certainly, I'll vote for him for Parliament, if that's his line. On our way over he talked to me about you: told me you were an intimate friend of his."

"What did he say about me?" Hyacinth inquired, with promptness.

"Vain little beggar!"

"Did he call me that?" said Hyacinth, ingenuously.

"He said you were simply astonishing."

"Simply astonishing?" Hyacinth repeated.

"For a person of your low extraction."

"Well, I may be queer, but he is certainly queerer. Don't you think so, now you know him?"

Paul Muniment looked at his young friend a moment. "Do you want to know what he is? He's a tout."

"A tout? What do you mean?"

"Well, a cat's-paw, if you like better."

Hyacinth stared. "For whom, pray?"

"Or a fisherman, if you like better still. I give you your choice of comparison. I made them up as we came

along in the hansom. He throws his nets and hauls in the little fishes — the pretty little shining, wriggling fishes. They are all for her; she swallows 'em down."

"For her? Do you mean the Princess?"

"Her serene highness. Take care, my tadpole!"

"Why should I take care? The other day you told me not to."

"Yes, I remember. But now I see more."

"Did he speak of her? What did he say?" asked Hyacinth, eagerly.

"I can't tell you now what he said, but I'll tell you what I guessed."

"And what's that?"

They had been talking, of course, in a very low tone, and their voices were covered by Rosy's chatter in the corner, by the liberal laughter with which Captain Sholto accompanied it, and by the much more discreet, though earnest, intermingled accents of Lady Aurora and Miss Pynsent. But Paul Muniment spoke more softly still — Hyacinth felt a kind of suspense — as he replied in a moment, "Why, she's a monster!"

"A monster?" repeated our young man, from whom, this evening, Paul Muniment seemed destined to elicit ejaculations and echoes.

Muniment glanced toward the captain, who was apparently more and more fascinated with Rosy. "In him I think there's no great harm. He's only a conscientious fisherman!"

It must be admitted that Captain Sholto justified to a certain extent this definition by the manner in which he baited his hook for such little facts as might help him to a more intimate knowledge of his host and hostess. When the tea was made, Rose Muniment asked Miss Pynsent to be so good as to hand it about. They must let her poor ladyship rest a little, must they not? — and Hyacinth could see that in her innocent but inveterate self-complacency

she wished to reward and encourage the dressmaker, draw her out and present her still more, by offering her this graceful exercise. Sholto sprang up at this, and begged Pinnie to let him relieve her, taking a cup from her hand; and poor Pinnie, who perceived, in a moment, that he was some kind of masquerading gentleman, who was bewildered by the strange mixture of elements that surrounded her, and unused to being treated like a duchess (for the Captain's manner was a triumph of respectful gallantry), collapsed, on the instant, into a chair, appealing to Lady Aurora with a frightened smile, and conscious that, deeply versed as she might be in the theory of decorum, she had no precedent that could meet such an occasion. "Now, how many families would there be in such a house as this, and what should you say about the sanitary arrangements? Would there be others on this floor — what is it, the third, the fourth? — beside yourselves, you know, and should you call it a fair specimen of a tenement of its class?" It was with such inquiries as this that Captain Sholto beguiled their tea-drinking, while Hyacinth made the reflection that, though he evidently meant them very well, they were characterized by a want of fine tact, by too patronizing a curiosity. The captain requested information as to the position in life, the avocations and habits, of the other lodgers, the rent they paid, their relations with each other, both in and out of the family. "Now, would there be a good deal of close packing, do you suppose, and any perceptible want of — a — sobriety?"

Paul Muniment, who had swallowed his cup of tea at a single gulp — there was no offer of a second — gazed out of the window into the dark, which had now come on, with his hands in his pockets, whistling, impolitely, no doubt, but with brilliant animation. He had the manner of having made over their

visitor altogether to Rosy, and of thinking that whatever he said or did it was all so much grist to her indefatigable little mill. Lady Aurora looked distressed and embarrassed, and it is a proof of the degree to which our little hero had the instincts of a man of the world that he guessed exactly how vulgar she thought this new acquaintance. She was, doubtless, rather vexed, also — Hyacinth had learned this evening that Lady Aurora could be vexed — at the alacrity of Rosy's responses; the little person in the bed gave the captain every satisfaction, considered his questions as a proper tribute to humble respectability, and supplied him, as regards the population of Audley Court, with statistics and anecdotes which she had picked up by mysterious processes of her own. At last Lady Aurora, upon whom Paul Muniment had not been at pains to bestow much conversation, took leave of her, and signified to Hyacinth that for the rest of the evening she would assume the care of Miss Pynsent. Pinnie looked very tense and solemn, now that she was really about to be transported to Belgrave Square, but Hyacinth was sure she would acquit herself only the more honorably; and when he offered to call for her there, later, she reminded him, under her breath, with a little sad smile, of the many years during which, after nightfall, she had carried her work, pinned up in a cloth, about London.

Paul Muniment, according to his habit, lighted Lady Aurora down-stairs, and Captain Sholto and Hyacinth were alone for some minutes with Rosy; which gave the former, taking up his hat and stick, an opportunity to say to his young friend, "Which way are you going? Not my way, by chance?" Hyacinth saw that he hoped for his company, and he became conscious that, strangely as Muniment had gratified him, and too promiscuously investigating as he had just shown himself, this ingratiating personage was not more easy

to resist than he had been the other night at the theatre. The captain bent over Rosy's bed as if she had been a fine lady on a satin sofa, promising to come back very soon and very often, and the two men went down-stairs. On their way they met Paul Muniment, coming up, and Hyacinth felt rather ashamed, he could scarcely tell why, that his friend should see him marching off with the "tout." After all, if Muniment had brought him to see his sister, might not he at least walk with him? "I'm coming again, you know, very often. I dare say you'll find me a great bore!" the captain announced, as he bade good-night to his host. "Your sister is a most interesting person, one of the most interesting persons I have ever seen, and the whole thing, you know, exactly the sort of thing I wanted to get at, only much more — really, much more — original and curious. It has been a great success, a grand success!" And the captain felt his way down the dusky shaft, while Paul Muniment, above, gave him the benefit of rather a wavering candlestick, and answered his civil speech with an "Oh, well, you take us as you find us, you know!" and an outburst of frank but not unfriendly laughter.

Half an hour later, Hyacinth found himself in Captain Sholto's chambers, seated on a big divan, covered with Persian rugs and cushions, and smoking the most delectable cigar that had ever touched his lips. As they left Audley Court the captain had taken his arm, and they had walked along together in a desultory, colloquial manner, till on Westminster Bridge (they had followed the embankment, beneath St. Thomas's Hospital) Sholto said, "By the way, why should n't you come home with me, and see my little place? I've got a few things that might amuse you — some pictures, some odds and ends I've picked up, and a few bindings; you might tell me what you think of them."

Hyacinth assented, without hesitation ; he had still in his ear the reverberation of the captain's inquiries in Rose Munitment's room, and he saw no reason why he, on his side, should not embrace an occasion of ascertaining how, as his companion would have said, a man of fashion would live now.

This particular specimen lived in a large, old-fashioned house in Queen Anne Street, of which he occupied the upper floors, and whose high, wainscoted rooms he had filled with the spoils of travel and the ingenuities of modern taste. There was not a country in the world he did not appear to have ransacked, and to Hyacinth his trophies represented a wonderfully long purse. The whole establishment, from the low-voiced, inexpressive valet who, after he had poured brandy into tall tumblers, gave dignity to the popping of soda-water corks, to the quaint little silver receptacle in which he was invited to deposit the ashes of his cigar, was such a revelation for our appreciative hero that he felt himself hushed and made sad, so poignant was the thought that it took thousands of things which he, then, should never possess nor know to make an accomplished man. He had often, in evening walks, wondered what was behind the walls of certain spacious, bright-windowed houses in the West End, and now he got an idea. The first effect of the idea was to overwhelm him.

"Well, now, tell me what you thought of our friend the Princess," the captain said, thrusting out the loose yellow slippers which his servant had helped to exchange for his shoes. He spoke as if he had been waiting impatiently for the proper moment to ask that question, so much might depend on the answer.

"She's beautiful — beautiful," Hyacinth answered, almost dreamily, with his eyes wandering all over the room.

"She was so interested in all you said

to her ; she would like so much to see you again. She means to write to you — I suppose she can address to the place in Bloomsbury ? — and I hope you'll go to her house, if she proposes a day."

"I don't know — I don't know. It seems so strange."

"What seems strange, my dear fellow ?"

"Everything ! My sitting here with you ; my introduction to that lady ; the idea of her wanting, as you say, to see me again, and of her writing to me ; and this whole place of yours, with all these dim, rich curiosities hanging on the walls, and glinting in the light of that rose-colored lamp. You yourself, too — you are stranger of all."

The captain looked at him, in silence, so fixedly for a while, through the fumes of their tobacco, after he had made this last charge, that Hyacinth thought he was perhaps offended ; but this impression was presently dissipated by further manifestations of sociability and hospitality, and Sholto took occasion, later, to let him know how important it was, in the days they were living in, not to have too small a measure of the usual, destined as they certainly were — "in the whole matter of the relations of class with class, and all that sort of thing, you know" — to witness some very startling developments. The captain spoke as if, for his part, he were a child of his age (so that he only wanted to see all it could show him), down to the point of his yellow slippers. Hyacinth felt that he himself had not been very satisfactory about the Princess ; but as his nerves began to tremble a little more into tune with the situation, he repeated to his host what Millicent Henning had said about her at the theatre — asked if this young lady had correctly understood him in believing that she had been turned out of the house by her husband.

"Yes, he literally pushed her into the street — or into the garden ; I believe the scene took place in the country. But

perhaps Miss Henning did n't mention, or perhaps I did n't mention, that the Prince would at the present hour give everything he owns in the world to get her back. Faucy such a scene!" said the captain, laughing in a manner that struck Hyacinth as rather profane.

He stared, with dilated eyes, at this picture, which seemed to evoke a comparison with the only incident of the sort that had come within his experience — the forcible ejection of intoxicated females from public houses. "That magnificent being — what had she done?"

"Oh, she had made him feel he was an ass!" the captain answered, promptly. He turned the conversation to Miss Henning; said he was so glad Hyacinth gave him an opportunity to speak of her. He got on with her famously; perhaps she had told him. They became immense friends — *en tout bien tout honneur*, s'entend. Now, there was another London type, plebeian but brilliant; and how little justice one usually did it, how magnificent it was! But she, of course, was a wonderful specimen. "My dear fellow, I have seen many women, and the women of many countries," the captain went on, "and I have seen them intimately, and I know what I am talking about; and when I tell you that that one — that one" — Then he suddenly paused, laughing in his democratic way. "But perhaps I am going too far: you must always pull me up, you know, when I do. At any rate, I congratulate you; I do, heartily. Have another cigar. Now what sort of — a — salary would she receive at her big shop, you know? I know where it is; I mean to go there and buy some pocket-handkerchiefs."

Hyacinth knew neither how far Captain Sholto had been going, nor exactly on what he congratulated him; and he pretended, at least, an equal ignorance on the subject of Millicent's salary. He did n't want to talk about her, moreover, nor about his own life; he wanted to

talk about the captain's, and to elicit information that would be in harmony with his romantic chambers, which reminded our hero somehow of Bulwer's novels. His host gratified this desire most liberally, and told him twenty stories of things that had happened to him in Albania, in Madagascar, and even in Paris. Hyacinth induced him easily to talk about Paris (from a different point of view from M. Poupin's), and sat there drinking in enchantments. The only thing that fell below the high level of his entertainment was the bindings of the captain's books, which he told him frankly, with the conscience of an artist, were not very good. After he left Queen Anne Street, he was quite too excited to go straight home; he walked about, with his mind full of images and strange speculations, till the gray London streets began to grow clear with the summer dawn.

XVI.

The aspect of South Street, Mayfair, on a Sunday afternoon in August, is not enlivening, yet the Prince had stood for ten minutes gazing out of the window at the genteel vacancy of the scene: at the closed blinds of the opposite houses; the lonely policeman on the corner, covering a yawn with a white cotton hand; the low-pitched light itself, which seemed conscious of an obligation to observe the decency of the British Sabbath. The Prince, however, had a talent for that kind of attitude; it was one of the things by which he had exasperated his wife; he could remain motionless, with the aid of some casual support for his high, lean person, considering serenely and inexpressively any object that might lie before him, and presenting his aristocratic head at a favorable angle, for periods of extraordinary length. On first coming into the room he had given some attention to its furniture and decorations, perceiving at a glance that they were

rich and varied; some of the things he recognized as old friends, odds and ends the Princess was fond of, which had accompanied her in her remarkable wanderings, while others were unfamiliar, and suggested vividly that she had not ceased to "collect." The Prince made two reflections: one was that she was living as expensively as ever; the other that, however this might be, no one had such a feeling as she for the *mise-en-scène* of life, such a talent for arranging a room. She had still the most charming salon in Europe.

It was his impression that she had taken the house in South Street but for three months; yet, gracious heaven, what had she not put into it? The Prince asked himself this question without violence, for that was not to be his line to-day. He could be angry to a point at which he himself was often frightened, but he honestly believed that this was only when he had been baited beyond endurance, and that as a usual thing he was really as mild and accommodating as the extreme urbanity of his manner appeared to announce. There was indeed nothing to suggest to the world in general that he was an impracticable or vindictive nobleman: his features were not regular, and his complexion had a bilious tone; but his dark brown eye, which was at once salient and dull, expressed benevolence and melancholy; his head drooped from his long neck in a considerate, attentive style; and his close-cropped black hair, combined with a short, fine, pointed beard, completed his resemblance to some old portrait of a personage of distinction under the Spanish dominion at Naples. To-day, at any rate, he had come in conciliation, almost in humility, and that is why he did not permit himself even to murmur at the long delay to which he was subjected. He knew very well that if his wife should consent to take him back it would be only after a probation to which this little wait in

her drawing-room was a trifle. It was a quarter of an hour before the door opened, and even then it was not the Princess who appeared, but only Madame Grandoni.

Their greeting was a very silent one. She came to him with both hands outstretched, and took his own and held them awhile, looking up at him in a kindly, motherly manner. She had elongated her florid, humorous face to a degree that was almost comical, and the pair might have passed, in their speechless solemnity, for acquaintances meeting in a house in which a funeral was about to take place. It was indeed a house on which death had descended, as he very soon learned, from Madame Grandoni's expression; something had perished there forever, and he might proceed to bury it as soon as he liked. His wife's ancient German friend, however, was not a person to keep up a manner of that sort very long, and when, after she had made him sit down on the sofa beside her, she shook her head, slowly and definitely, several times, it was with a face in which a more genial appreciation of the circumstances had already begun to appear.

"Never — never — never?" said the Prince, in a deep, hoarse voice, which was at variance with his aristocratic slimness. He had much of the aspect which, in late-coming members of long-descended races, we qualify to-day as effete; but his speech might have been the speech of some deep-chested fighting ancestor.

"Surely you know your wife as well as I," she replied, in Italian, which she evidently spoke with facility, though with a strong guttural accent. "I have been talking with her: that is what has made me keep you. I have urged her to see you. I have told her that this could do no harm and would pledge her to nothing. But you know your wife," Madame Grandoni repeated, with a smile which was now distinctly facetious.

Prince Casamassima looked down at his boots. "How can one ever know a person like that? I hoped she would see me for five minutes."

"For what purpose? Have you anything to propose?"

"For what purpose? To rest my eyes on her beautiful face."

"Did you come to England for that?"

"For what else should I have come?" the Prince inquired, turning his blighted gaze to the opposite side of South Street.

"In London, such a day as this, *giù*," said the old lady, sympathetically. "I am very sorry for you; but if I had known you were coming, I would have written to you that you might spare yourself the pain."

The Prince gave a low, interminable sigh. "You ask me what I wish to propose. What I wish to propose is that my wife does not kill me inch by inch."

"She would be much more likely to do that if you lived with her!" Madame Grandoni cried.

"*Cara signora*, she does n't appear to have killed you," the melancholy nobleman rejoined.

"Oh, me? I am past killing. I am as hard as a stone. I went through my miseries long ago; I suffered what you have not had to suffer; I wished for death many times, and I survived it all. Our troubles don't kill us, Prince; it is we who must try to kill them. I have buried not a few. Besides, Christina is fond of me, God knows why!" Madame Grandoni added.

"And you are so good to her," said the Prince, laying his hand on her plump, wrinkled fist.

"*Che vuole?* I have known her so long. And she has some such great qualities."

"Ah, to whom do you say it?" And Prince Casamassima gazed at his boots again, for some moments, in silence.

Suddenly he inquired, "How does she look to-day?"

"She always looks the same: like an angel who came down from heaven yesterday, and has been rather disappointed in her first day upon earth!"

The Prince was evidently a man of a simple nature, and Madame Grandoni's rather violent metaphor took his fancy. His face lighted up for a moment, and he replied with eagerness, "Ah, she is the only woman I have ever seen whose beauty never for a moment falls below itself. She has no bad days. She's so handsome when she's angry!"

"She is very handsome to-day, but she is not angry," said the old lady.

"Not when my name was announced?"

"I was not with her then; but when she sent for me, and asked me to see you, it was quite without passion. And even when I argued with her, and tried to persuade her (and she does n't like that, you know), she was still perfectly quiet."

"She hates me, she despises me too much, eh?"

"How can I tell, dear Prince, when she never mentions you?"

"Never, never?"

"That's better than if she railed at you, and abused you."

"You mean it should give me more hope for the future?" the young man asked, quickly.

Madame Grandoni hesitated a moment. "I mean it's better for me," she answered, with a laugh, of which the friendly ring covered as much as possible her equivocation.

"Ah, you like me enough to care," he murmured, turning on her his sad, grateful eyes.

"I am very sorry for you. *Ma che vuole?*"

The Prince had, apparently, nothing to suggest, and he only exhaled, in reply, another gloomy groan. Then he inquired whether his wife pleased herself in that country, and whether she

intended to pass the summer in London. Would she remain long in England, and — might he take the liberty to ask? — what were her plans? Madame Grandoni explained that the Princess had found the British metropolis much more to her taste than one might have expected, and that, as for plans, she had as many, or as few, as she had always had. Had he ever known her to carry out any arrangement, or to do anything, of any kind, she had selected or determined upon? She always, at the last moment, did the other thing, the one that had been out of the question; and it was for that that Madame Grandoni, herself, privately, made her preparations. Christina, now that everything was over, would leave London from one day to the other; but they should not know where they were going until they arrived. The old lady concluded by asking the Prince if he himself liked England. He thrust forward his thick lips. "How can I like anything? Besides, I have been here before: I have friends," he said.

His companion perceived that he had more to say to her, to extract from her, but that he was hesitating, nervously, because he feared to incur some warning, some rebuff, with which his dignity — which, in spite of his position of discomfort, was really very great — might find it difficult to square itself. He looked vaguely round the room, and presently he remarked, "I wanted to see for myself how she is living."

"Yes, that is very natural."

"I have heard — I have heard" — and Prince Casamassima stopped.

"You have heard great rubbish, I have no doubt." Madame Grandoni watched him, as if she foresaw what was coming.

"She spends a terrible deal of money," said the young man.

"Indeed she does." The old lady knew that, careful as he was of his very considerable property, which at one time

had required much nursing, his wife's prodigality was not what lay heaviest on his mind. She also knew that, expensive and luxurious as Christina might be, she had never yet exceeded the income settled upon her by the Prince at the time of their separation — an income determined wholly by himself, and his estimate of what was required to maintain the social consequence of his name, for which he had a boundless reverence. "She thinks she is a model of thrift — that she counts every shilling," Madame Grandoni continued. "If there is a virtue she prides herself upon, it's her economy. Indeed, it's the only thing for which she takes any credit."

"I wonder if she knows that I" — the Prince hesitated a moment, then he went on — "that I spend really nothing. But I would rather live on dry bread than that, in a country like this, in this English society, she should not make a proper appearance."

"Her appearance is all you could wish. How can it help being proper, with me to set her off?"

"You are the best thing she has, dear lady. So long as you are with her, I feel a certain degree of security; and one of the things I came for was to extract from you a promise that you won't leave her."

"Ah, let us not tangle ourselves up with promises!" Madame Grandoni exclaimed. "You know the value of any engagement one may take with regard to the Princess; it's like promising you I will stay in the bath when the hot water is turned on. When I begin to be scalded, I have to jump out! I will stay while I can; but I should n't stay if she were to do certain things." Madame Grandoni uttered these last words very gravely, and for a minute she and her companion looked deep into each other's eyes.

"What things do you mean?"

"I can't say what things. It is utterly impossible to predict, on any occa-

sion, what Christina will do. She is capable of giving us great surprises. The things I mean are things I should recognize as soon as I saw them, and they would make me leave the house on the instant."

"So that if you have not left it yet" — the Prince asked, in a low tone, with extreme eagerness.

"It is because I have thought I may do some good by staying."

The young man seemed only half satisfied with this answer; nevertheless, he said, in a moment, "To me it makes all the difference. And if anything of the kind you speak of should happen, that would be only the greater reason for your staying — that you might interpose, that you might arrest" — He stopped short; Madame Grandoni was laughing, with her Teutonic homeliness, in his face.

"You must have been in Rome, more than once, when the Tiber had overflowed, *è vero*? What would you have thought then, if you had heard people telling the poor wretches in the Ghetto, on the Ripetta, up to their knees in liquid mud, that they ought to interpose, to arrest?"

"*Capisco bene*," said the Prince, dropping his eyes. He appeared to have closed them, for some moments, as if a slow spasm of pain were passing through him. "I can't tell you what torments me most," he presently went on, "the thought that sometimes makes my heart rise into my mouth. It's a haunting fear." And his pale face and distended eyes might indeed have been those of a man before whom some horrible spectre had risen.

"You need n't tell me. I know what you mean, my poor friend."

"Do you think, then, there is a danger — that she will drag my name, do what no one has ever dared to do? That I would never forgive," said the young man, almost under his breath; and the hoarseness of his whisper lent a great effect to the announcement.

Madame Grandoni wondered for a moment whether she had not better tell him (as it would prepare him for the worst) that his wife cared about as much for his name as for the sediment in her teapot; but after an instant's reflection, she reserved this information for another hour. Besides, as she said to herself, the Prince ought already to know, perfectly, to what extent Christina attached the idea of an obligation or an interdict to her ill-starred connection with an ignorant and superstitious Italian race, whom she despised for their provinciality, their parsimony, and their tiresomeness (she thought their talk the climax of puerility), and whose fatuous conception of their importance in the great modern world she had on various public occasions sufficiently covered with her derision. The old lady finally contented herself with remarking, "Dear Prince, your wife is a very proud woman."

"Ah, how could my wife be anything else? But her pride is not my pride. And she has such ideas, such opinions! Some of them are monstrous!"

Madame Grandoni smiled. "She does n't think it so necessary to have them when you are not there."

"Why then do you say that you enter into my fears — that you recognize the stories I have heard?"

I know not whether the good lady lost patience with his persistence; at all events, she broke out, with a certain sharpness, "Understand this — understand this: Christina will never consider you — your name, your illustrious traditions — in any case in which she does n't consider, much more, herself!"

The Prince appeared to study, for a moment, this somewhat ambiguous yet portentous phrase; then he slowly got up, with his hat in his hand, and walked about the room, softly, solemnly, as if he were suffering from his long, thin feet. He stopped before one of the windows, and took another survey of

South Street; then, turning, he suddenly inquired, in a voice into which he had evidently endeavored to infuse a colder curiosity, "Is she admired in this place? Does she see many people?"

"She is thought very strange, of course. But she sees whom she likes. And they mostly bore her to death!" Madame Grandoni added, with a laugh.

"Why then do you tell me this country pleases her?"

Madame Grandoni left her place. She had promised Christina, who detested the sense of being under the same roof with her husband, that the Prince's visit should be kept within narrow limits; and this movement was intended to signify, as kindly as possible, that it had better terminate. "It is the common people that please her," she replied, with her hands folded on her crumpled satin stomach, and her humorous eyes raised to his face. "It is the lower orders, the *basso popolo*."

"The *basso popolo*?" The Prince stared, at this fantastic announcement.

"The *povera gente*," pursued the old lady, laughing at his amazement.

"The London mob — the most horrible, the most brutal" —

"Oh, she wishes to raise them."

"After all, something like that is no more than I had heard," said the Prince gravely.

"*Che vuole?* Don't trouble yourself; it won't be for long!"

Madame Grandoni saw that this comforting assurance was lost upon him; his face was turned to the door of the room, which had been thrown open, and all his attention was given to the person who crossed the threshold. Madame Grandoni transferred her own to the same quarter, and recognized the little artisan whom Christina had, in a manner so extraordinary and so profoundly characteristic, drawn into her box that night at the theatre, and whom she had since told her old friend she had sent for to come and see her.

"Mr. Robinson!" the butler, who had had a lesson, announced, in a loud, colorless tone.

"It won't be for long," Madame Grandoni repeated, for the Prince's benefit; but it was to Mr. Robinson the words had the air of being addressed.

He stood there, while Madame Grandoni signaled to the servant to leave the door open and wait, looking from the queer old lady, who was as queer as before, to the tall foreign gentleman (he recognized his foreignness at a glance), whose eyes seemed to challenge him, to devour him; wondering whether he had made some mistake, and needing to remind himself that he had the Princess's note in his pocket, with the day and hour as clear as her magnificent handwriting could make them.

"Good-morning, good-morning. I hope you are well," said Madame Grandoni, with quick friendliness, but turning her back upon him at the same time, to ask of the Prince, in Italian, as she extended her hand, "And do you not leave London soon — in a day or two?"

The Prince made no answer; he still scrutinized the little bookbinder from head to foot, as if he were wondering who the deuce he could be. His eyes seemed to Hyacinth to search for the small, neat bundle he ought to have had under his arm, and without which he was incomplete. To the reader, however, it may be confided that, dressed more carefully than he had ever been in his life before, stamped with that extraordinary transformation which the British Sunday often operates in the person of the wage-earning cockney, with his handsome head uncovered and suppressed excitement in his brilliant little face, the young man from Lomax Place might have passed for anything rather than a carrier of parcels. "The Princess wrote to me, madam, to come and see her," he remarked, as a precaution, in case he should have incurred the reproach of bad taste.

"Oh, yes, I dare say;" and Madame Grandoni guided the Prince to the door, with an expression of the hope that he would have a comfortable journey back to Italy.

A faint flush had come into his face; he appeared to have satisfied himself on the subject of Mr. Robinson. "I must see you once more — I must — it's impossible!"

"Ah, well, not in this house, you know."

"Will you do me the honor to meet me, then?" And as the old lady hesitated, he added, with sudden passion, "Dearest friend, I entreat you on my knees!" After she had agreed that if he would write to her, proposing a day and place, she would see him, he raised her ancient knuckles to his lips, and, without further notice of Hyacinth, turned away. Madame Grandoni requested the servant to announce the other visitor to the Princess, and then approached Mr. Robinson, rubbing her hands and smiling, with her head on one side. He smiled back at her, vaguely; he did n't know what she might be going to say. What she said was, to his surprise, —

"My poor young man, may I take the liberty of asking your age?"

"Certainly, madam: I am twenty-four."

"And I hope you are industrious, and sober, and — what do you call it in English? — steady."

"I don't think I am very wild," said Hyacinth, smiling still. He thought the old woman patronizing, but he forgave her.

"I don't know how one speaks, in this country, to young men like you. Perhaps one is considered meddling, impertinent."

"I like the way you speak," Hyacinth interposed.

She stared, and then, with a humorous affectation of dignity, replied, "You are very good. I am glad it amuses

you. You are evidently intelligent and clever," she went on, "and if you are disappointed it will be a pity."

"How do you mean, if I am disappointed?" Hyacinth looked more grave.

"Well, I dare say you expect great things, when you come into a house like this. You must tell me if I wound you. I am very old-fashioned, and I am not of this country. I speak as one speaks to young men, like you, in other places."

"I am not so easily wounded!" Hyacinth exclaimed, with a flight of imagination. "To expect anything, one must know something, one must understand: is n't it so? And I am here without knowing, without understanding. I have come only because a lady, who seems to me very beautiful and very kind, has done me the honor to send for me."

Madame Grandoni examined him a moment, as if she were struck by his good looks, by something delicate that was stamped upon him everywhere. "I can see you are very clever, very intelligent; no, you are not like the young men I mean. All the more reason" — And she paused, giving a little sigh. "I want to warn you a little, and I don't know how. If you were a young Roman, it would be different."

"A young Roman?"

"That's where I live, properly, in Rome. If I hurt you, you can explain it that way. No, you are not like them."

"You don't hurt me — please believe that; you interest me very much," said Hyacinth, to whom it did not occur that he himself might appear patronizing. "Of what do you want to warn me?"

"Well — only to advise you a little. Do not give up anything."

"What can I give up?"

"Do not give up *yourself*. I say that to you in your interest. I think you have some trade — I forget what; but

whatever it may be, remember that to do it well is the best thing—it is better than paying visits, better even than a Princess!”

“Ah, yes, I see what you mean!” Hyacinth exclaimed, exaggerating a little. “I am very fond of my trade, I assure you.”

“I am delighted to hear it. Hold fast to it, then, and be quiet; be diligent, and honest, and good. I gathered the other night that you are one of the young men who want everything changed—I believe there are a great many in Italy, and also in my own dear old Deutschland—and even think it’s useful to throw bombs into innocent crowds, and shoot pistols at their rulers, or at any one. I won’t go into that. I might seem to be speaking for myself, and the fact is that for myself I don’t care; I am so old that I may hope to spend the few days that are left me without receiving a bullet. But before you go

any further, please think a little whether you are right.”

“It is n’t just that you should impute to me ideas which I may not have,” said Hyacinth, turning very red, but taking more and more of a fancy, all the same, to Madame Grandoni. “You talk at your ease about our ways and means, but if we were only to make use of those that you would like to see”—And, while he blushed, smiling, the young man shook his head two or three times, with great significance.

“I should n’t like to see any!” the old lady cried. “I like people to bear their troubles as one has done one’s self. And as for injustice, you see how kind I am to you when I say to you again, “Don’t, don’t give anything up. I will tell them to send you some tea,” she added, as she took her way out of the room, presenting to him her round, low, aged back, and dragging over the carpet a scanty and lustreless train.

Henry James.

BARTER.

“GIVE me the gold from off thy hair,
The rose upon thy cheek that lies,
Thy singing voice that everywhere
Makes laughter in the trembling air,
The young joy of thine eyes.”

“What wilt thou give to me, oh, say,
Thou gray old man with restless wings,
For love’s entrancing morn of May,
For dawn and freshness of the day,
And life that leaps and sings?”

“Lo! I will make thy footstep slow
Across the flowers that bend and wave;
And for thy gold will give thee snow,
And silence for thy laughter low,
Darkness, a grass-grown grave.”

Julie K. Wetherill.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

A CRY FROM THE STUDY.

I TRUST that I may from time to time have an opportunity to open this New Portfolio of mine. There are papers which have come to me from the Secretary of the Pansophian Society, which I hope hereafter to lay before the readers of this magazine. There are poems which lie hidden among its leaves, and are only waiting to be carefully extracted; for although the eye of the owner sees them, they are invisible to all others, and to get them out of the Portfolio is as nice a process as lifting a sheet of gold-leaf out of the book in which its gossamer tenuity is held and protected.

But at the present moment I am not going to open the Portfolio at all. I am going to write on the back of it, as I have done before, in my individual capacity, as personally known to my readers, and on such terms with them that I can speak freely, as if they were sitting with me by my fireside. I have often spoken in the disguise of fiction of the matter which I propose to bring before them, — so often that I can hardly help repeating some things which they may have had enough of already. There is really no great difference in talking to the public through the lips of a fictitious personage and in one's own voice, for the sheath of assumed personality does not commonly more than half cover the blade it pretends to conceal. Besides, in returning to an old subject, I am doing no more than all the preachers, all the orators, all the public men, politicians, philanthropists, reformers, are constantly doing.

One should be shy of bringing his private affairs, his individual joys and griefs, before the public, unless he is assured that there are others who have

had similar experiences, or who are at least in a position to understand and to sympathize with him. In speaking of my own conditions, though I am forced to use the first person singular, I feel that I am very far from being alone or representing only individual interests.

I am overburdened with a correspondence which I find almost unmanageable. It has reached such a point that I feel as if it would not be unreasonable for me to put out a sign bearing my name with the following additions: —

* * * Professional Correspondent, attends to letters on all subjects, from all persons and all quarters. Autographs in quantity at short notice. The Correspondent will furnish stationery without charge to all applicants, in the form of envelopes addressed to himself, and stamped, containing a blank sheet of paper for the letter or message he is to receive. All communications, long or short, all manuscripts, legible or illegible, all books and pamphlets, readable or unreadable, thankfully received and immediately read and criticised. The Correspondent expects no pecuniary return for the few daily hours consumed in this labor of love. It is more than enough to be told that his well-known kindness and universally recognized genial nature have emboldened the writer to venture on what he (with superfluous modesty) calls his "unauthorized intrusion." The Correspondent would add that, if any sentence or any fragment of a sentence can be found in any letter of his which can be made use of so as to add commercial value to any publication, it cannot be expected that the word *Private* prefixed to that letter should be considered as preventing the recipient

from giving it publicity in such form as may best promote his interests.

"How many letters do you receive in the course of a day or a year?" said my neighbor, who writes a letter once in a while to a relation or a friend, and who gets one so rarely that his handmaiden looks at it all over and tries to peep into it, thinking something must have happened.

"I don't know," I answered. "I never counted how many I receive in a day. I never measured how many pecks I get in a month. I never weighed how many pounds I get in a year. But come, I will call up Seraphina, and take her evidence as to the number that come by the four daily mails."

"How many letters do I get in a day, Seraphina, on an average,—as nearly as you can tell?"

A pause for deliberation. "Twinty, sir, I think; some days more."

Seraphina ought to know, for nearly all my letters pass through her hands. That is what she said. But to draw from her answer, which I report honestly, the inference that I get six thousand letters a year,—*letters*, that expect answers,—would be rash. Thousands, if you will, but hardly six thousand. A business man or a politician may receive six or sixty or six hundred thousand, for aught that I know, but for a private individual six thousand would be an exorbitant number. We can afford to leave out statistics, and compromise on the fact of a very large number.

It must be remembered that I have a reading constituency which includes three generations of my own contemporaries. My reckoning is not in years, but in fractions of a century. It is longer in a retrograde direction from this day when I am writing to the time when I first began to print than it is from that time backwards to the battle of Buuker's Hill. Half a century with half a decade to spare is a long time to

be before the public. *Too* long, it may be, but that is not the point I wish to make just now. I am thinking of the wide range in the ages of the great procession of my fellow-mortals who have been or are with me among the living. Many young persons, as they glance along these pages, looking for the story they are in eager search of, will hardly believe that they are older than their grandfathers were when they read my earlier productions. I get letters from septuagenarians and octogenarians who were at school in the same years with myself, and from boys and girls to whom the war of the rebellion is as much a matter of old history as the siege of Troy.

Now before saying another word I wish to make the fullest acknowledgments to the kind friends, personally unknown to me, who have expressed themselves by letter with perfect freedom and unmistakable sincerity with reference to my writings and myself. I could not have believed it possible that any printed pages could have brought me so many hundreds of letters,—I will stop at hundreds,—which went to the heart because they came from the heart. It would be a shame to pass out from human companionship without the most grateful recognition of the good feeling that has prompted such numbers of men and women to address me in words which could not fail to move the sensibilities of the least susceptible lover of his kind. It is an experience I never dreamed of, encouraging in the midst of doubts, soothing after the rough handling of the antagonistic elements which none can wholly escape. It is hard for a rose to blow in a field of thistles; and to every author, great or humble, his gift is the rose which he is trying to nourish into such bloom as nature meant for it. Blessings on those who have helped it with a ray of sunshine!

I have hitherto made it a point to answer all letters of the kind I have re-

ferred to. There may be authors who receive so many that it is out of the question to take any special notice of them. It is a matter of feeling, and not of obligation, but the writers would like at least to know that their letters have reached the object of their affection or homage. If one should live to see the days when the grasshopper becomes a burden, it might be impossible even to acknowledge the receipt of letters which deserved a grateful reply. The writers of such letters may be assured that they always give pleasure, even if they bring no other response than the tears which are the luxury of worn-out poets and other sensitive natures in their days of weakness.

I have fully recognized the privilege of all persons who have an honest love and admiration for an author to tell him so by letter, and to hope for an acknowledgment without insisting upon it as a right. But there is a large and ever-increasing class of persons who make demands upon one's time and patience by no means so honestly entitled to respect. I have known so much of their exactions that I was on the point of issuing a pronouncement defining the rights of an author in this matter, when I happened to fall upon this passage in a recent volume of Mr. Hamerton's, entitled *Human Intercourse*:—

"If a man asked me the way in the street, it would be rudeness on my part not to answer him, because the answer is easily given, and costs no appreciable time; but in written correspondence the case is essentially different. I am burdened with work; every hour, every minute, of my day is apportioned to some definite duty or necessary rest, and three strangers make use of the post to ask me questions. To answer them I must make references; however brief the letters may be, they will still take time, —altogether, the three will consume an hour. Have these correspondents any right to expect me to work an hour

for them? Would a cabman drive them about the streets of London during an hour for nothing? Would a waterman pull them an hour on the Thames for nothing? Would a shoe-black brush their boots and trousers an hour for nothing? And why am I to serve these men gratuitously, and be called an ill-bred, discourteous person if I tacitly decline to be their servant? We owe sacrifices — occasional sacrifices — of this kind to friends and relations, and we can afford them to a few, but we are under no obligation to answer everybody. Those whom we do answer may be thankful for a word on a post-card in Gladstone's brief but sufficient fashion. I am very much of the opinion of Rudolphe in Ponsard's *L'Honneur et L'Argent*. A friend asks what he does about letters:—

"*Rudolphe.* Je les mets
Soigneusement en poche et ne reponds jamais.
Premier Ami. Oh, vous raillez.
Rudolphe. Non pas. Je ne puis pas admettre
Qu'un importun m'oblige à répondre à sa lettre,
Et parce qu'il lui plait de noircir du papier
Me condamne moi-même à ce facheux métier."

The commonest letters are those asking for autographs. A simple request accompanying a stamped envelope directed to the applicant, and containing the card or slip of paper to be written on, will often bring an answer. If the applicant will not take the trouble to make everything as easy as possible to the respondent, but contents himself with sending a stamp, his letter should go into the waste-basket, and the stamp be appropriated as the person thus imposed upon sees fit. The request should always be brief; the best I ever received had no length at all, being simply a blank card in a stamped and directed envelope. The number of words sometimes used to convey the applicant's request is truly astonishing. A really important message may be expressed very briefly.

"Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death." This is to the point; no

apologies, explanations, circumlocutions, but a plain statement of just what was wanted. Autograph letters very commonly begin, —

“DEAR SIR, — I suppose you are constantly receiving” —

Of course I am, idiot! Why don't you say what you want, and not pester me with your proem and all the palliations of your petition? Three or four pages of note paper are not an uncommon allowance for a request of this kind. One ought not to read them, but one does not feel quite sure that there may not be some redeeming sentence.

Here is another pattern: —

“DEAR SIR, — I am making a collection of the autographs of all the noted people of the day, and would be glad to include yours among them. I have already those of several members of the state government and other notorieties, and feel that my list is incomplete without — etc., etc. Would you kindly add to your signature the first, seventh, and twelfth verses of your poem about — ”? etc., etc.

Another formula has made its appearance of late: —

“DEAR SIR, — As at your advanced period of life you will not, of course, write autographs much longer, I hasten to beg your immediate attention to my request.”

When my honored ancestor, Governor Thomas Dudley, was getting well on in years, some ingenious person sent him, — so Cotton Mather tells us, — the following anagram on his name: —

Thomas Dudley,
Ah, old must dye.

This was an entirely unnecessary piece of information to the old gentleman, who was fully aware of the incapacities, infirmities, and limited prospects of his over-ripe period of life without being reminded of the facts, as was shown by the poetry found in his pocket after his death. I do not know whether or not he winced under his anagram, which

was probably meant to annoy him. For myself, I have answered the writers of these monitory letters like any others. I have a compassionate and kindly interest in semi-barbarians, but it is not my special business to teach them the decencies of civilized life.

The most oppressive letters one can receive are those in which young persons, evidently simple-hearted, in real need of advice, throw the whole burden of their perplexities on the individual whom, from his writings, they suppose willing and able to advise them. My experience in that line has been extensive. I am requested to lay out a whole course of literary study for persons of whom I know nothing, except the little their letters tell me. I am frequently asked by young persons whether they had better or not devote themselves to authorship, my means of judgment being a few copies of indifferent verses or a few pages of commonplace prose. I am occasionally asked a still more important question, namely, whether my unknown friend, male or female, shall or shall not venture into the state of matrimony. I confess that I am sometimes tempted to refer my correspondent to the dialogue on the subject between Panurge and his skeptical counsellor. The idea of addressing such a question to one who is utterly unacquainted with either party is sufficiently absurd. The state of mind it induces may be illustrated by that of Panurge at the close of the following extract: —

“Panurge. Shall I marry?

“Trouwillogan. I have no hand in it.

“Pan. Then I shall not marry?

“Trouwil. I cannot help it.

“Pan. Will she be discreet and virtuous?

“Trouwil. I question it.

“Pan. You never saw her.

“Trouwil. Not that I know of.

“Pan. Why do you doubt of that which you know not?

"*Trouil.* For a cause.

"*Pan.* And if you should know her?

"*Trouil.* Yet more."

At this point of the dialogue Panurge feels very much as I have felt after some of the letters I have received on the question of matrimony from candidates shivering on the brink of that condition, and doubting whether to make the plunge or not. He finds an ingenious mode of relief:—

"*Panurge.* Page, my little pretty darling, take here my cap, — I give it to thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favor swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt."

I had no page to swear for me, so I have not indulged in that luxury, even by proxy. In fact, I have generally given the best advice I could, and may have helped to make more than one couple happy, — or miserable. But it was a question they had no right to ask, and I think I shall refer the next questioners to the dialogue between Panurge and Trouillologan.

One of my troubles is that I am often taken for an editor. Here I am at a great disadvantage, for every well-conditioned editor has under him a subordinate, sometimes called a "taster," or even more expressively a "smeller," who stands between him and the mob of candidates for admission into his pages. This intermediate personage is like the buffer that breaks the shock of meeting trains, like the breakwater that keeps the waves from the piers. I am not equipped with this and other editorial conveniences. Authors not infrequently send me their manuscripts, as if it were my business to see that they were accepted for this or that periodical.

Editors have very hard and trying work, with all the aids and safeguards which are set around them for protection. See what James Payn has to say

about it; read Anthony Trollope's tender-hearted stories of his experience with authoresses. Poor Mary Gresley, — how well I know her! Josephine de Montmorency, — is she not an old acquaintance of mine? How often have I found myself in the position which made dear sunny-souled and moon-faced Anthony exclaim, —

"Unfortunate man of letters, in having thrust upon him so terrible a task! In such circumstances, what is the candid, honest, soft-hearted man of letters to do? 'Go, girl, and mend your stockings. Learn to make a pie. If you work hard, it may be that some day your intellect will suffice you to read a book and understand it. For the writing of a book that shall either interest or instruct a brother human being many gifts are required. Have you just reason to believe that they have been given to you?'"

Mary Gresley was not treated so, nor have I ever so treated my Mary Gresleys and Josephine de Montmorencys. Too many beetles who thought themselves butterflies, blind to their own incapacity, horny-shelled in their conceit, have crossed my path or butted unceremoniously against my features. I never set my foot upon one of them so hard as to crush out all hope. But it has been a cruel test, and if some of them got a little flattened under my pressure, so as to crawl away humbled in their own self-estimate, it has cost me a pang as well as the poor beetle that I never quite trod upon. That pang I should have been spared, for I am not and never was an editor, and it is more than can be expected of me to undertake an editor's painful duties.

Let me mention several lesser grievances. No little trouble has been given me by illegible signatures appended to letters I was ready and pleased to answer. It is rather hard, after doing one's best to assist some unknown person who appeals for advice or aid, —

after casting one's bread upon the waters, so to speak, hoping it would reach a hungry mouth, — to have it returned, toasted brown by the clerks of the General Post-Office at Washington. Will the reader be good-natured enough to let me give him an average specimen of one of my letters of advice? Its genuineness to every syllable will speak for itself. I never expected to see it again, but after an absence of two months it came back to me, never having reached my correspondent, who was a young man at a certain number in a certain avenue of a flourishing Western city. The name of the sender was so nearly illegible that I made a facsimile of it as nearly as I could, hoping that it would be deciphered by the postmaster of the place to which it was destined. I am willing to print the letter for two reasons: first, it will show my readers that to write "twinty" letters a day on this scale would take several hours; and secondly, because it may in this way reach the person for whom it was intended.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.
July 6, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter belongs to a class of which I receive a large number from all parts of the country. They cause me many painful feelings, for the reason that I feel kindly to the writers and am unable to help them as they wish, and, I fear too often expect.

You give me an interesting account of your struggles, which are like those of many other young men in a country where every avenue to success is crowded. You have ambition, and you find yourself in a crowd of young men just as ambitious as yourself. Many of them in former days would have taken to preaching, but in these times so much knowledge is demanded of the preacher that without a good deal of education they stand but a poor chance.

Literature is, for all but a few, a beggarly calling — hard brain-work and

small pay when it brings any. I advise all my unknown friends — at least all who do not give evidence of extraordinary gifts to pursue some regular business — profession — trade or mechanical work — something to give them regular employment and regular compensation.

As to your main question, I say frankly that a man of twenty-five years old "with a few hundred dollars and a willingness to work" *might* after some years of study "win a diploma from — College. But his chance is small unless he has remarkable gifts or can devote several years to preparation, which will use up a good many hundred dollars. I dare not counsel you to make the attempt.

But — *mark my words!* You ask me for advice which I am not competent to give, and to which, therefore, I attach small value. *The only persons fit to give you advice are those who have known and know all about you personally.*

Sincerely yours,

* * *

I have not corrected this hasty letter, which was signed with my name in full, but printed it with its careless punctuation, its italics, and its blemishes, whatever they may be. It is provoking, after taking the trouble to write one of these letters of counsel, to find the signature of the person it is meant for a hieroglyph, and to have to cut it out and paste it on the envelope, or imitate it as one best may. Then to have it returned through the post-office department is decidedly annoying.

Little matters make a deal of trouble, sometimes, for busy people. There is an epidemic of *pale ink* raging just now, which has caused me much vexation, and made me wish I had Panurge's little pretty darling page to give expression to my sentiments.

And now while I am unbosoming myself to the sympathetic reader, why

should I not mention some of the other trials which add variety to a life that would perhaps be too pleasant without them?

Misquotation with all its consequences is one of these lesser misfortunes. I must blame myself for the following. In copying some lines read at our last Harvard Commencement, writing them at the table, in pencil, hastily, because a newspaper reporter was pressing me, I accidentally left out half of one couplet, which was thus widowed of its rhyme, and stood alone in single unblestness. The mutilated passage was extensively copied, and of course was stigmatized as containing a halting verse. To make it more presentable, some improver left out another line, and in this way brought two terminal words together which did not rhyme. Again I was held up to the public; this time for my false rhyme. The Publishers' Circular, which goes everywhere, and my good friend Punch, who is everywhere welcome, showed me up to their readers as a careless workman. The poem, which I reserved for this magazine, was there correctly printed.

Far worse than this is attributing to an author words and thoughts which he would hold himself disgraced if he had ever uttered. There is a little book called "Don't,"—No. 2. of the "Parchment Paper Series," published by the Appletons, in which, upon the 29th page, my name is mentioned in connection with a disgusting allusion which no Irish scullion would venture to make without the apologetic phrase "saving your presence." Who can be guilty of such shameful fabrications? The same kind of individual as the one who wrote of me, " * * * carries a horse-chestnut in his pocket, in full faith that it prevents rheumatism." If I were a homœopathist, there might be some probability in such a statement, but as related of me it is not only utterly untrue, but absurdly ridiculous.

And now I am going to reproduce an article which I take from a very well printed newspaper, apparently a religious daily or weekly; I have kept only the extract. I think it worth printing and presenting to my readers, not merely for its personal bearings, nor for the sake of contradicting it. It has a much more general and important significance. If stories like this, false in every particular, so far as I am concerned, can obtain currency, and become accepted as authentic, upon what a diet of lies the newspaper-reading American public must be fed! I will not blush nor mince matters, but print the whole as I find it.

HOLMES'S FIRST POEM.

After men become famous as authors, we are interested to learn about their early writings. Probably all the children know that Mr. Longfellow's first poem was about the turnip that grew behind Mr. Finney's barn, and here is what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says about his first literary effort:—

"The first article of mine that ever saw the light was a little poem of four stanzas, entitled James's Tree. A little lad, son of the late Judge Dewey, of Massachusetts, stuck a willow twig into the ground of his father's garden, which took root after the manner of such twigs, and grew into a tree.

"The boy lived long enough to call this tree his own, and to secure its protection as such, and then he died. After his death I wrote the poem, and it was published in the *Youth's Companion*, a publication still prosperous. I was then seventeen years old, and that was forty-four years ago. I took the printed copy containing it from the post-office, peeped in, and then walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have seen my work in type since then until I have been tired of the sight of it, but I can never forget

the great joy of that occasion. Smith College, in Northampton, now stands on the site of the old Dewey place,* and when they cleared things away for the new buildings they found an old gnarled willow-tree. On learning the history of the tree and the nature of my own association with it, President Seelye had a book-rack, elegantly mounted, made of it, and sent it to me. Of course it was installed among my household goods."

Not a single word of all this bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the history of my life. The author of this account could give lessons to Baron Munchausen, whose acquaintance he is likely to make hereafter in the place already made congenial by the presence of Ananias and Sapphira. How circumstantial, how realistic, how trustworthy, it all sounds! and yet the whole story, names, places, incidents, all a mere figment! And this is what we are all liable to,—imaginary stories of our lives sprung upon us, it may be after we are

dead and gone, and nobody is left who can or will contradict the mendacious fabrication. The account above given may be true of some other person, and have been transferred to me as a matter of convenience to the writer, who had taken me as his subject for an article. It is a mighty handy way of writing a memoir, but a dangerous one. If the biographer of Saint John is at liberty to help out his manuscript by the use of incidents from the life of Saint Judas applied to the Evangelist, it tends to throw discredit on that class of literary performances.

Just as I am writing these last sentences the morning mail brings me a second letter from a well-known London publisher, urging me to write my autobiography. I do not threaten anything of the kind at present, but if I should live through my threescore-and-teens into the next round number, I might be tempted to do it, seeing how terribly other people lie about myself and the rest of us.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SESAMES.

"At the gate of the vineyard give grapes,"

Said a master of wine of words.

Past the bars of the field, strewing salt,

Goes the tamer of flocks and herds;

At the edge of the forest, a call

Wins the bird his mate from the birds.

In the morning a smile for the day,

Saith the heart in which Love makes strife;

At the noontide a whisper can quell

Every thought with bitterness rife;

In the night, a swift kiss can bestow

The whole bliss of a mortal life.

Helen Jackson.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XLIII.

LIZZIE had a tiresome argument with her grandmother that night, who could not understand why she should be so bent on going into Highcombe by the first train. To see Miss Chatty married, — that was reasonable enough ; but Miss Chatty would not be married till eleven at the earliest, perhaps later. Mrs. Bagley knew that gentlefolks ran it almost too late, as late as was possible, because it was the fashion, or else because they did n't like to get up so early as poor folks, — and why should Lizzie start by the seven o'clock train ? But Lizzie was determined, and got her way ; declaring that she would stay up all night and do her work before she started, sooner than not go. It would not have mattered much had she done so, for there was no sleep for Lizzie that night. She had not any certainty of being right to support her in what she was going to do. She thought of disturbing all the wedding preparations, stopping the bride with her veil on and the orange blossoms in her hair, and all the guests assembled — for what ? Because of one who made no claim, who would never make any claim, who had not been heard of for more than six years. That was the flaw which disturbed Lizzie. It was not quite out, the seven years. Had that mystic period been accomplished, she felt that she could have left Chatty to the protection of God. But at the outside it was only six and a half, and he *had* heard of her through Lizzie herself, — though she inwardly resolved that no inducement on earth would make her appear before judge and jury to tell that. No ! she would rather die than tell it. And then her mind came back to the picture of the bride in her glistening white silk

or satin, with the veil over her head, and the orange blossoms. To stop all that, to turn away the carriages from the door, to set herself up as knowing better than a gentleman like Mr. Cavendish, and perhaps making a fool of herself, and not being believed or listened to, after all !

These thoughts tormented Lizzie all through the night, and she got up very early, while it was still dark, and lighted the fire, and put everything straight for her grandmother, and made herself a cup of tea, which she needed much to settle her agitated nerves. Old Mrs. Bagley got up, too, disturbed by the sound of some one stirring, not without a grumble at being awoke so early. Lizzie came and kissed her before she went away. “ Oh, granny, say God bless you ! ” she cried ; “ for I'm all shaking and trembling, and I don't know what may come to me to-day. ” “ Lord bless the child, ” said Mrs. Bagley, “ what's a-coming to her ? A body would think as it's you as is going to be married to-day. But God bless you's easy said, and meant from the 'art, and never comes amiss ; and God bless Miss Chatty, too, the dear, and give her a happy weddin' and a happy life. ” Lizzie felt that she could not say Amen. It seemed to choke her, when she tried to utter that word, for it was little happiness poor Miss Chatty would have, if she did what she was going to do. She hurried to the station, which was a long walk in the fresh morning, feeling the air chill and sharp. It was a long way to the station, and then the railway made a round, so that an active person would have found it almost as quick to walk straight to Highcombe ; and it was between eight and nine when Lizzie at last found herself before the door of Mrs. Warrender's house. She

thought it looked wonderfully quiet for the morning of a wedding, the shutters still closed over the drawing-room windows. But it would be vain to attempt to describe her dismay when she heard the explanation of this tranquillity. Not here, but in London! Didn't she know? the housemaid said, who was a girl from Underwood. She thought everybody had known. And Lizzie had the sickening consciousness that had she inquired a little more closely she might have discovered it for herself, and saved herself this trouble. She was taken in by the sympathizing housemaid to have a second cup of tea at least, if not breakfast, and to hear all about the preparations and the dresses, which Betsey, though sadly disappointed to miss the glories of the wedding, had yet seen and could describe. And there was not a train to London till nearly ten. She asked herself, in her dismay, whether it was worth going then, — whether perhaps it was not Providence that had stopped her; but then, with a returning obstinacy of purpose, determined that she would not be beaten, — that whatever hindered she would not be kept back.

She got to London just at the hour when the wedding party were to leave for church, and found them gone when she arrived at the house. Lizzie's habits did not consist with taking cabs. She had toiled along from the station, hot and weary, on foot. "If you want to catch them up, you had better take an 'ansom," said one of the white-neck-clothed men who were busy preparing the wedding breakfast. Lizzie scarcely knew what a hansom was; but she submitted to be put into one, and to get with much difficulty a shilling out of her purse to pay for it. The sudden whirl, the jar and noise, the difficult getting out and in, the struggle to pursue that shilling into a corner of her purse among the pennies and sixpences, aided in confusing her brain utterly. She rushed up the steps of the church, which were

crowded with idlers, not knowing what she did. The organ was pealing through the place, making a little storm of sound under the gallery, as she rushed in desperate, meeting the fine procession, the bride in all that glory which Lizzie had dreamt of, which she had been so reluctant to spoil: her white dress rustling over the red cloth that had been laid down in the aisle, her white veil flowing over her modest countenance, her arm in that of her bridegroom; all whiteness, peace, and sweet emotion, joy touched with trembling and a thousand soft regrets. Chatty came along slowly, her soft eyes cast down, her soul floating in that ecstasy which is full of awe and solemn thoughts. Dick's eyes were upon her, and the eyes of all, but hers saw nothing save the wonderful event that had come to pass, the boundary between the old and the new upon which she stood. And Lizzie had forgotten everything that could be called reason or coherence in her thought. She forgot her doubts, her scruples, her sense of the misery she might make, her uncertainty as to whether it might be needful at all. At this moment of bewildering excitement she had but one idea. She fell down upon her knees before them in the aisle, and caught at Chatty's white dress and the folds of her floating veil. "Oh, Miss Chatty, stop, stop! leave go of his arm! for he is married already, and his wife is living." She lifted her eyes, and there appeared round her a floating sea of horror-stricken faces, — faces that she knew in the foreground, and floating further off, as if in the air, in the distance, one she knew still better. Lizzie gave a shriek which rang through the church: "His wife is living: and she is *HERE*!"

XLIV.

The wedding morning had been confusing and full of many occupations, as wedding mornings always are. Chatty,

left in the quiet of her room, had received innumerable little visits: from her mother, who came and came again, with a cheerful front, but her heart very low, merely to look at her, to give her a kiss in passing, to make sure that she was still there; and from Minnie, very busy, wanting to have a finger in everything, to alter the bride's dress at the last moment, and the way in which her veil was put on. "For it is quite different from mine," Minnie cried, "and it stands to reason that there cannot be *two* ways of putting on a veil." Then there would come a young sister of Dick's, very shy, very anxious to make friends, admiring Chatty and her orange blossoms, with that sense of probable future occurrences in her own life of the same description which makes sympathy so warm. Then Mrs. Wilberforce, who, though disapproving much of the wedding in London, was yet mollified by her husband's share in it and association with the bishop; and Lady Markland, who gave the bride a kiss of tender sympathy and said nothing to her, which Chatty felt to be the kindest of all. Minnie, on the other hand, had a great inclination from the depths of her own experience to give her sister advice. "You must remember, Chatty, that a man is not just like one of us. When you are traveling, you must be sure to recollect that: they can't do with a bun or a cup of coffee, or that sort of thing; they must always have something substantial to eat. You see they take so much more out of themselves than we do. And they like you to be ready to the minute, though you have often got to wait for them: and" —

"But, dear Minnie, men are not all alike," said Mrs. Wilberforce, "no more than women are. Don't you think you had better leave her to find out for herself? She will learn soon enough," she added, with a sigh, softly shaking her head, as though the experience could not but be melancholy when it came.

"Men, like everything else, are changing every day. The chivalry one used to meet with is quite gone, — but what can you expect in these times?"

"I don't like this trimming at all," said Minnie; "if I were you, I would have it taken off. Oh, I am not at all of your opinion about the times. We are liberal on both sides. The Thynnes have always gone in for the popular side; and when you think how much everything has improved" —

"If you call it improvement!" said Mrs. Wilberforce, with something like a groan; but whether this was in reference to things in general, or to the removal of the tulle trimming over which Minnie was holding her hand, it would be difficult to say.

And thus the morning went by. Chatty took it all very sweetly, responding with smiles to every one, feeling the hours pass like a dream: until it was time to go into the dream chariot, and be carried away to the fulfillment of the dream. In the large, dull London drawing-room below, meanwhile, guests were assembling, — guests in rustling garments of many colored silk, with bonnets which were enough to drive any ordinary mortal out of her senses: a little tulle tossed up with flowers or feathers into the most perfect little crown for a fair head, a little velvet with nodding plumes that made the wearer at once into a duchess. The duchess herself was present, but she was dowdy, as duchesses have a right to be. And then the arrivals, the carriages that came gleaming up, the horses that pranced and curved their beautiful necks, as high-bred as the ladies! Geoff, who had come with his mother, posted himself at one of the windows, inside the filmy white curtains, to watch the people coming. He suddenly called out "Mother!" when it was almost time to start, and the brougham was already waiting at the door for the bridegroom.

Lady Markland was standing close by

the window talking to Dick, who, as bridegrooms often are, was agitated, and required support and encouragement. "What is it, Geoff?" she asked, in the midst of what she was saying, without turning from her other companion.

"Oh, look here. I say, there is the lady that was at the big house at Underwood, the lady that picked me up the day I ran away, — the one that was at the Elms. Look, mamma. Ah, you're just too late," cried Geoff; "you're always too late. She's gone now."

It was Dick, and not Lady Markland, who came forward to the window. "The lady who was at the Elms?" he said: and Geoff, looking up, saw a face that was like ashes looking, not at him, but out of the window, with wide staring eyes.

"Look there — just going away — in a big veil — don't you see her? But I saw her face quite plain, — the same lady that took me up beside her on the big tall phaeton. I did not like her much," the boy added in an undertone.

"I think," in a still lower voice, almost a whisper, "you are mistaken, Geoff; that lady is dead."

"I saw her, all the same," said the boy.

Here one of the jocular persons who make weddings more dreadful than they need to be came forward and touched Dick on the arm. "Come along, old fellow," he said: "no skulking; it's too late to draw back. The bridegroom's carriage stops the way."

There are resolute people in the world who can look as they please, who can receive a mortal blow, and smile all the time, — or, what is still harder, look gravely self-possessed, as if nothing had ever happened to them, or could happen to the end of time. Dick Cavendish was not of this heroic kind, but yet he managed to make himself look as a bridegroom ought, as he went through the little crowd and made his way downstairs. He said to himself it was not

possible. Had not her death been certified beyond doubt? Had not Saunders attended the funeral, and brought that photograph and the poor little ring? Was the certainty of all these facts to be shaken by the random recollection of a foolish child, or a chance resemblance which that child might imagine in a passer-by? He said to himself that there could be no greater folly than to pay any attention to such a piece of absurdity. But as he went out, and all the way along as he drove, hearing without paying any attention to the occasional remarks of his best man, who was with him, his eyes were searching among the wayfarers, the little crowd round the door, the other little crowd round the church. Just as he stepped inside the portico, turning round for a last look, he saw something approaching in a haughty, — something rather than some one, a gray veil covering an unseen face. Was it some woman peacefully going about her own business, or was it — He went in, feeling all the people in the church turn round to look at him; wondering if his face was like the face of a man who was going to marry Chatty, or of one who was standing by the side of a grave? When he got up to the altar, and took his place to wait for his bride, there was a moment of silence, during which no intrusive fool could talk to him. And in the quiet he stood and closed his eyes, and felt himself — oh, not here at the altar, waiting for Chatty in her orange flowers, but by the side of the dark pit into which the coffin was descending, straining his eyes to see through the lid, if indeed the other were there. But then, again, with an effort, he shook his miserable nightmare off. It was not possible he could be deceived. What motive could any one have to deceive him? Saunders had seen her buried, and had brought the photograph and that ring. The ring was conclusive, — unless a horrible trick had been played upon him there was no room for doubt:

and to whose interest could it be to play him a trick of this horrible kind?

And then came the little rustle and thrill of the arriving train: and something white came up, a succession of whitenesses streaming one after the other, with no sound but the delicate rustle, that soft touch upon the air that might almost have been wings. They stood together, both but half conscious of what was going on around: Chatty, sweetly wrapped in a maze of soft-coming fancies of wonder and pleasure and awe and regret; while he, touched to the heart by her presence, yet only half aware of it, went through the whole in a kind of trance, mingling the words spoken with interlinings of unspeakable dumb reasonings, self-assurances, self-exhortations. Nobody knew anything about all this. The ceremony went on, just as such ceremonies go on every day in the year. The bishop said the words, and paused while they were repeated; by one voice firmly and strongly, by the other low and unassured, yet clear. And then there was the flutter of tension relieved, the gathering round of the little crowd, the little procession to the vestry where everything was signed, the kissings and good wishes. Dick had no mother, but his elder sister was there, who kissed him in her place, and his younger sister, who was a bridesmaid, and hung about Chatty with all a girl's enthusiasm. What could be more simple, more natural and true? There was no shadow there of any dread, but everything happy, honest, pure. He recovered his soul a little in the midst of that group; though when Geoff, with his little sharp face, in which there always seemed more knowledge than belonged to his age, caught his eyes, a slight shiver ran over him. He felt as if Geoff knew all about it; and might, for anything he could tell, have some horrible secret to bring forth.

And then they set out again, the husband with his wife on his arm, to go away. The touch of Chatty's hand on

his arm seemed to restore his confidence. She was his, in spite of all that Fate could do, — in spite of everything, he thought. They walked together — he feeling more and more the pride and triumph of the moment, she moving softly, still in her dream, yet beginning, too, to feel the reality — past the altar where they had knelt a little while before, going down the aisle, facing the spectators who still lingered, well pleased to see the bride. And then in a moment the blow fell. Some one seemed to rise up before them, out of the ground, out of the vacancy, forming before his horror-stricken eyes. And then there rose that cry which everybody could hear, which paralyzed the bridal procession, and brought the clergymen, startled, out of the vestry, and thrilled the careless lookers-on. "He has a wife living! she is living, and she is here!" Had he heard these words before in a dream? Had he known all along that he would hear them ringing in his ears on his wedding day? "His wife is living: and she is here!"

"What is it? what is it?" cried the wedding guests, crowding upon each other: those who were nearest, at least, while those at the end of the procession paused, with the smile on their lips, to stare and wonder at the sudden disturbance. Chatty was the most self-possessed of all. She said softly, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Something has happened to her," and put out her disengaged hand in its white glove to raise the girl from her knees.

"Miss Chatty, it's you that something has happened to. Oh, stop, — oh, stop! there she is! Don't — don't let Miss Chatty go away with him, — don't let her go away with him!" Lizzie cried.

"The woman is mad," said some one behind. And so it might have been thought, when suddenly those immediately following, who had closed up behind Chatty, heard the bridegroom's voice, extremely agitated, yet with a nervous firmness, say audibly, "It is not

true. Lizzie, the woman you speak of is dead. I know for certain that she is dead."

"Look there!" the intruder cried.

And he turned round in the sight of them all, the bride half turning too with the involuntary impulse, and saw behind that sea of anxious, wondering faces another, which seemed to float in a mist of horror, from under the half-lifted cloud of a gray veil. He saw this face; and the rest of the wedding guests saw his, blanched with dread and misery, and knew, every one, that the marriage was stopped, and Chatty no wife, and he a dishonored man.

Her eyes had followed his; she had not looked at him, but still held his arm, giving him a support he was incapable of giving her. The face in the background was not unknown to Chatty. She remembered it well, and with what a compunction of pity she had looked at it when she met that poor creature on the road at home, and wanted in her heart to take the lost one to her mother. She did not understand at all what was going on about her, nor what Mrs. Warrender meant, who came closely up behind, and took hold of her arm, detaching her from Dick. "Chatty, let us get home, my darling. Come, come with me. Theo will take us home," the mother said.

Then Chatty, turning round wondering, saw her bridegroom's face. She looked at him earnestly for the moment, holding his arm tighter, and then said with a strange, troubled, yet clear voice, "Dick — what does it mean? Dick!"

"Come home, come home, my dearest!" cried Mrs. Warrender, trying to separate them.

"Come back to the vestry, Caven-dish!" cried Theo, with threatening tones; and then arose a loud murmur of other suggestions, a tumult most unusual, horrifying, yet exciting to the spectators who closed around. The bishop came out, still in his robes, followed by Mr.

Wilberforce, hurrying towards the spot. "Whatever the interruption is," he said, "don't stay there, for Heaven's sake. Come back, if you will, or go home, but don't let us have a disturbance in the church."

"Chatty, go with my mother. For God's sake, Frances, get them all away."

"I will not leave Dick," said Chatty in her soft voice, "until I know what it is." She who was so yielding and so simple, she turned round with her own impulse the unhappy young man whose arm she held, and who seemed for the moment incapable of any action of his own, and led him back towards the place from which they had come. The horror had not penetrated sufficiently into Chatty's mind to do more than pale a little the soft color in her face. She had grown very serious, looking straight before her, taking no notice of anything. They all followed like so many sheep in her train, the ladies crowding together, Dick's sister at his other hand, Mrs. Warrender close behind, Lizzie carried along with them, now crying bitterly and wringing her hands, utterly cowed by finding herself in the midst of this perfumed and rustling crowd, amid which her flushed and tear-stained face and humble dress showed to such strange disadvantage. Unnoticed by the rest, Geoff, who had wriggled out of the throng, pursued down the further aisle a hurrying, flying figure and stopped her, holding her fast.

In the vestry Chatty began to fail a little. She relinquished Dick's arm, and stood trembling, supporting herself by the table. "I want him," she said, faltering a little, "mamma, to tell me — what it means. There is something — to find out. Dick," with a tremulous smile, "you have concealed something. It is not that I don't trust you — but tell me" — Then, still smiling, she murmured, "Lizzie — and that — that poor — girl."

Dick had collected himself. "My

darling," he said, "I have done wrong. I have concealed what you ought to have known. Warrender, stop before you speak. I married when I was a boy. I declare upon my soul that I had every assurance the woman was dead. My clerk saw her buried; he brought me the certificate, and her portrait, and her ring. I had no reason, no reason at all, to doubt. I have no reason now," he said, with a sudden recovery of courage, "except what this girl says, — who has no way of knowing, while my information is sure. It is sure, — quite sure. Chatty! can you think I would have brought you here to — to — The woman is dead."

"Mr. Cavendish!" cried Lizzie, loudly. "You saw her, as well as I."

He looked at her for a moment: his face grew once more gray as ashes; he trembled where he stood. "It must have been — an illusion," he said.

Here Warrender caught Lizzie somewhat roughly by the arm. "If the woman is here, find her!" he cried peremptorily, pushing her to the door before him. The church was still full of excited spectators, whom the vergers were endeavoring to get rid of. In the aisle stood Geoff with some one veiled and muffled to the eyes. The boy was standing in front of her, like a little dog who had been set to watch. She could not move a step without a movement on his part. He gave to Warrender a sort of invitation with a nod of his little head. "I've got her here," he said; then whispered, "It is the lady, — the lady that run you over, that picked me up, — the lady at the Elms."

"At the Elms!" There rushed over Theo's mind a recollection of Dick's visit to the village, of his hurried departure, of agitation unnoticed at the time. "I must ask you to step into the vestry," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Warrender," cried the stranger, "I know you, though you don't know me; don't ask me to do that. What,

among all those nicely dressed people, and me so — Oh, no, please do not ask me, — please don't ask me! What good could I do? It seems to me I've done harm, but I meant none. I thought I'd just come and have a peep, after hearing so much about you all, and knowing him so long."

"Will you tell me who you are, and what is your connection with Cavendish? Come, and let us hear before his face."

"Oh, my connection with — Dear, dear! is it necessary to go into that, — a thing of an age ago? Oh, Lord, Lizzie, let me alone, will you! It's all your doing. Why couldn't you let things alone?"

"Whatever you have to say, it had better be said before us all," said Warrender, sternly, for various members of the bridal party had straggled out, and were listening from the vestry door. He took her by the arm and led her into the room. "What is your relation to that man?" he said, keeping his hand upon her arm.

The wedding guests made a circle round, the clergymen in their white surplices among the ladies' gay dresses, the white figure of Chatty leaning with her hand on the table, her mother's anxious face close behind her: poor Dick, in his spruce wedding clothes, with his ghastly face, stood drawing back a little, staring with eyes that seemed to sink deeper in their sockets as he gazed. He had never looked upon that face since he parted with her in utter disgust and misery, six years before. She came in, almost forced into the inclosure of those fine people gazing at her, with all her meretricious graces, not an imposing sinner, a creature ready to cry and falter, yet trying to set up against the stare of the ladies the piteous impudence of her kind.

"What are you to that man?" Theo asked.

"Oh, what should I be to him? A

gentleman does n't ask such questions. I—I—have been the same to him as I've been—you know well enough," she added, with a horrible little laugh that echoed all about, and made a stir among the people round.

"Are you his wife?"

She shuddered, and began to cry. "I—I'm nobody's wife. I've been—a number of things. I like my freedom—I"—She stopped, hysterical, overcome by the extraordinary circumstances, and the audience which listened and looked at her with hungry ears and eyes.

Dick put out his arms as if to wave the crowd away. What were all these spectators doing here, looking on at his agony? He spoke in a hoarse and husky voice: "Why did you deceive me? Why did you pretend you were dead, and lead me to this?"

"Because I've nothing to do with you, and I don't want nothing to do with you," she cried; "because I've been dead to you these long years; because I'm not a bad, cruel woman. I wanted to leave you free. He's free for me," she said, turning to Mr. Warrender. "It's not I that wants to bind him. If I made believe it was me that died, where was the wrong? I wanted to set him free. That's not deceiving: it was for his good, that he might feel he was free."

"Answer, woman. Are you his wife?"

"What right have you to call me a woman? His wife? Who can tell whether I was n't married before ever I set eyes upon him!" she cried, with a hysterical laugh. "They don't think so much of that where I came from. There! I hope you've had enough of me now. Lizzie, you fool, you spoil-sport, you hateful creature, give me hold of your arm, and let's go away! We've done you harm, Mr. Cavendish, instead of doing you good, but that is no fault of mine."

There was a pause as she went out of

the vestry, holding Lizzie's arm, whose sobs were audible all the way down the aisle. It did not last long, but it was as the silence of death. Then Dick spoke:—

"You see how it is. I married her when I was a boy. She deserted me in a very short time, and I have never seen her from that day to this, nearly seven years ago. Six weeks since I received information that she was dead. She tells you it was a trick, a device; but I—had every reason to believe it. God knows I wanted to believe it! but I thought I spared no pains. Then I went to Chatty, whom I had long loved." Here he paused to regain his voice, which had become almost inaudible. "I thought all was right. Don't you believe me?" he cried, hoarsely, holding out his hands in appeal. At first his little sister was the only one who responded. She threw herself, weeping, upon one of his outstretched arms, and clasped it. Chatty had been put into a chair, where she sat now, very pale under the white mist of the veil, beginning to realize what it was that had happened. When she heard the anguish in Dick's voice, she suddenly rose to her feet, taking them all by surprise. Instinctively the party had separated into two factions, his side and her side. The group about Chatty started when she moved, and Theo seized hold almost roughly of her elbow. But Chatty did not seem sensible of this clutch. She went forward to the bridegroom so disastrously taken from her, and took his other hand in hers. "I believe you—with all my heart," Chatty said. "I blame you for nothing,—oh, for nothing! I am sorry—for us both."

"Take her away, mother. The carriage has come round to the vestry door. Chatty! This is no longer any place for you."

Chatty looked round upon her faction, who were encircling her with dark or miserable looks. "We are very unfor-

fortunate," she said, "but we have done nothing that is wrong."

"Chatty, oh, Chatty, my darling, come away. You cannot stay any longer here."

"What, without a word to Dick, mother! Speak to him. He is the most to be pitied. We never thought we should have to say good-by again." Here she paused, and the tears came. She repeated in a voice that went to the hearts of all the staring, excited spectators, "I am sorry — for us both."

"God bless you, Chatty. God bless you, my own love. And must we part so?" cried poor Dick, falling down upon his knees, and sobbing over the hands which held his. He was altogether broken down. He knew there was nothing to be said to him, or for him. It was without help or hope. For a moment even Warrender, who was the most severe, could say nothing in sight of this lamentable scene: the bride and her bridegroom, who had been pronounced man and wife ten minutes before, and now were parting, — perhaps forever, — two people between whom there was now no bond, whose duty would be to keep apart.

Chatty stooped over him whom she must see no more; her white veil fell over him covering them both, she laid her pale cheek against his. "It is not our fault. We are very unfortunate. We must have patience," she said.

He kept on kneeling there, following her with his eyes, while her brother and her mother led her away; then with a groan, he covered his face with his hands. Was this the end?

XLV.

After this extraordinary and terrible event there were a great many conferences and explanations, which did little good, as may be supposed. Dick's life — the part of it which had passed dur-

ing his absence, the wander-year which had brought such painful consequences — was laid entirely open both to his own family and all the Warrenders. There was nothing in it to be ashamed of; still he had wanted to keep that episode to himself: and the consequence, of course, was that every detail became known. He had thrown himself into a wild, disorderly population on the edge of civilization: people who lived out of reach of law, and so long as they were not liable to the tribunal of Judge Lynch, did no harm in the eyes of the community. There he had fallen in love, being clean and of pure mind, and disposed to think everybody like himself; and had married in haste a girl whom his tiresome proprieties had wearied at once, and who did not in the most rudimentary way comprehend what to him was the foundation of life. He shuddered, but could give no coherent account of that time. She left him, inclosing him her "marriage lines" and a paper declaring him to be free. And from that time until she had been brought face to face with him in the vestry he had never seen her again. His old father, whom Dick had been anxious to spare from any annoyance, and who was too old to be present at the wedding, had to be called forth from his retirement to hear the whole story; his eldest brother, who was abroad, hurried home, to know what was meant by the paragraphs in the papers, and what it was all about. No particular of bitterness was spared to the unfortunate young man; the details of the business were discussed at every dinner-party. Had there been collusion? Had he known all the time that the woman was not dead? Society did not quite understand the want of accordance with conventional rules that had been shown by everybody concerned. The wicked wife ought to have planned this villainous trick as a way of vengeance against him, whereas it was evident that she

had meant only kindness, abandoned creature as she was. And the poor bride, the unfortunate Miss Warrender, should, with all her family, have sworn everlasting feud with him, whereas it was known that Chatty took his part, and would say nothing but that they were very unfortunate both. Women should not act like this: they should fly at each other's throats, they should tear each other to pieces. But if Chatty (backed up by her mother, it was said) showed undue indulgence, this was not the case with her brother and sister. Theo's keen temper had taken up and resented the whole matter almost with violence. He had not only treated Cavendish, and the Cavendishes generally, who were more important than the individual Dick, with harsh contumely and enmity, refusing to hear any excuse, and taking the occurrence as an insult to himself, but he had quarreled with his mother, who was disposed to forgive, and also more vehemently with Chatty, who made no pretense of any wrath, but believed Dick's story fully, and would not hear anything against him. Chatty had a soft obstinacy about her which nobody had known till now. She had not broken down, nor hidden herself from her family, nor taken any shame to herself. She had even received him, against the advice of everybody, in a long interview, hearing everything over again, and fully, from his own lips, and had kissed him (it was whispered) at parting, while her mother and his sister, looking on, could do nothing but cry. There began after a while to be many people who sympathized with these two unhappy lovers, — who were not so unhappy, either, because they understood and had faith in each other. But Theo made an open quarrel with his mother and sister after this meeting. He was furious against both of them, and even against his wife when it became known that she had gone to see and sympathize with them. Warrender declared that

he would consider any man his enemy who spoke to him of Cavendish. He was furious with everything and everybody concerned. He said that he had been covered with shame, though how no one could tell. Lady Markland, who also was on the side of Dick, was helpless to restrain him. She too, poor lady, began to feel that her lot was not one of unmixed good, nor her bed of roses. Though the force of events had carried Theo over all the first drawbacks to their marriage, he had never forgotten the bitterness and exasperation which these had called forth. He had not forgiven her, though he adored her, for being still Lady Markland; and though he lived at Markland with her, yet it was under a perpetual protest, to which in moments of excitement he sometimes gave utterance, but which even in silence she was always conscious of. His smouldering discontent burst forth on the occasion given him by this *mariage manqué*. The rage that filled him was not called forth by Dick Cavendish alone. It was the outflow of all the discontents and annoyances of his life.

And Minnie's outraged virtue was almost more rampant still. That Eustace should have any connection with a scandal which had found its way into the newspapers, that a girl who was his sister-in-law should have got herself talked about, was to Minnie a wrong which blazed up to heaven. "For myself, I should not have minded," she said; "at least, however much I minded I should have said as little as possible; but when I think that Eustace has been made a gazing-stock to the world through me — Oh, you may think it extravagant, but I don't. Of course he has been made a gazing-stock. 'Brother-in-law to *that* Miss Warrender, you know,' — that is how people talk: as if it could possibly be his fault! I am sure he bears it like an angel. All he has ever said, even to me, is, 'Minnie, I wish we had looked into things a little more beforehand;'

and what could I say? I could only say you were all so headstrong, you would have your own way."

"Next time he says so, you will perhaps refer him to me, Minnie. I think I shall be able to answer Mr. Thynne."

"Oh," cried Minnie, "by making a quarrel! I know your way of answering, mamma. I tell Eustace, if I had been at home it never, never would have happened. I never cared about him from the first. There was always something in the look of his eyes,—I told Eustace before anything happened,—something about the corners of his eyes. I did not like it when I heard you had seen so much of him in town. And Eustace said then, 'I hope your mother has made all the necessary inquiries.' I did not like to say, 'Oh, mamma never makes any inquiries!' but I am sure I might have said so. And this is what it has come to! Chatty's ruin,—yes, it is Chatty's ruin, whatever you may say. Who will ever look at her?—a girl who has been married, and yet is n't married. She will never find any one. She will just have to live with you, like two old cats in a little country town, as Eustace says."

"If Mr. Thynne calls your mother an old cat, you should have better taste than to repeat it," said Mrs. Warrender. "I hope he is not so vulgar, Minnie, nor you so heartless."

"Vulgar! Eustace! The Thynnes are just the best bred people in the world: I don't know what you mean. A couple of old ladies living in a little place, and gossiping about everything,—everybody has the same opinion. And this is just what it comes to, when no attention is paid. And they say you have actually let him come here, let Chatty meet him, to take away every scrap of respect that people might have had. Eustace says he never heard of such a mistake: it shows such a want of knowledge of the world."

"This is going too far, Minnie; understand, once for all, that what Eustace Thynne says is not of the least importance to me, and that I think his comments most inappropriate. Poor Dick is going off to California to-morrow. He is going to get his divorce."

Minnie gave a scream which made the thinly built London house ring, and clasped her hands. "A DIVORCE!" she cried; "it only wanted this. Eustace said that was what it would come to. And you would let your daughter marry a man who has been divorced!"

Minnie spoke in such a tone of injured majesty that Mrs. Warrender was almost cowed; for it could not be denied that this speech struck an echo in her own heart. The word was a word of shame. She did not know how to answer. That her Chatty, her child who had come so much more close to her of late, should be placed in any position which was not of good report, that the shadow of any stain should be upon her simple head, was grievous beyond all description to her mother. And she was far from being an emancipated woman. She had all the prejudices, all the diffidences, of her age and position. Her own heart cried out against this expedient with a horror which she had done her best to overcome. For the first time she faltered and hesitated as she replied:—

"There can be no hard and fast rule; our Lord did not do it, and how can we? It is odious to me as much as to any one. But what would you have him do? He cannot take back that wretched creature, that poor unhappy girl!"—

"You mean that shameless, horrible thing, that abandoned!"—

"There must be some good in her," said Mrs. Warrender, with a shudder. "She had tried to do what she could to set him free. It was not her fault if it proved worse than useless. I can't prolong this discussion, Minnie. Eustace and you can please yourselves by

making out your fellow-creatures to be as bad as possible. To me it is almost more terrible to see the good in them that might, if things had gone differently — But that is enough. I am going to take Chatty away.”

“Away! Where are you going to take her? For goodness’ sake, don’t: they will think you are going after — they will say” —

“I am glad you have the grace to stop. I am going to take her abroad. If she can be amused a little, and delivered from herself — At all events,” said Mrs. Warrender, “we shall be free from the stare of the world, which we never did anything to attract.”

“Abroad!” Minnie repeated. “Oh, I don’t think — and I am sure Eustace would say that you ought not to go away. You should live it down. Of course people will blame *you*, they must, I did myself: but after all, that is far better than what it would be at a place abroad, where everybody would say, ‘Oh, do you know who that is? That is Mrs. Warrender, whose eldest daughter married one of the Thynnes, whose youngest was the heroine of that story, you know, about the marriage.’ Oh, mamma, this is exactly what Eustace said he was afraid you would do. For goodness’ sake, don’t! Stay at home and live it down. We shall all stand by you,” said Minnie. “I am sure Frances will do her very best; and though Eustace is a clergyman, and ought always to show an example, yet in the case of such near relations — we” —

Mrs. Warrender only turned her back upon these generous promises, walking away without any answer or remark. She was too angry to say anything. And to think that there was a germ of reality in it all, a need of some one to stand by them, a possibility that Chatty might be a subject for evil tongues, made Chatty’s mother half beside herself. It seemed more than she could bear. But Chatty took it all very quietly. She

was absorbed in the story, more exciting than any romance, which was her own story. No thought of what divorce was, or of anything connected with it, disturbed her mind. What Dick had to do seemed to her natural: perhaps anything he had done in the present extraordinary crisis would have seemed to her natural. He was going to put things right. She did not think, for the moment, what the means of doing so were, nor what in the mean time her own position was. She had no desire to make any mystery of it, to conceal herself, or what had happened. There was no shame in it, so far as Chatty knew. There was a dreadful, miserable mistake. She was “very sorry for us both,” but for herself less than for Dick, who had suffered, she said to herself, far more than she: for though he had done no wrong, he had to bear all the penalties of having done wrong, whereas in her own case there was no question of blame. Chatty was so much absorbed in Dick that she did not seem to have time to realize her own position. She did not think of herself as the chief sufferer. She fell back into the calm of the ordinary life without a murmur, saying little about it. With her own hands she packed up all the new dresses, the wealth of the pretty trousseau. She was a little pale, and yet she smiled. “I wonder if I shall ever have any need for these,” she said, smoothing down the silken folds of the dresses with a tender touch.

“I hope so, my dear; when poor Dick comes back.”

Then Chatty’s smile gave way to a sigh. “They say human life is so uncertain, mamma: but I never realized it till now. You cannot tell what a day may bring forth: but it very, very seldom happens, surely, that there are such changes as this. I never heard of one before.”

“No, my darling, it is very rare: but oh, what a blessing, Chatty, that it was

found out at once, before you had gone away!"

"Yes, I suppose it was a blessing. Perhaps it would have been wrong — but I should never have left him, mamma, had we gone away."

"Oh, do not let us think of that! You were mercifully saved, Chatty."

"On my wedding day! I never heard that such a thing ever happened to a girl before. The real blessing is that Dick had done nothing wrong. That comforts me most of all."

"I do n't know, Chatty. He ought, perhaps, to have taken better care; at all events, he ought to have let people know that he was a — that he was not an unmarried man."

Chatty trembled a little at these words. She did not like him to be blamed, but so far as this was concerned she could not deny that he was in the wrong. It was the foundation of all. Had it been known that he was or had been married, she would not have given him her love. At this Chatty flushed deep, and felt that it was a cruel suggestion. To find that she was not married was a wondering pain to her, which still she could scarcely understand. But not to have loved him! Poor Dick! To have done him that wrong over and above all the rest, he who had been so much wronged and injured! No, no; neither for him nor for herself could it be anything but profane to wish that. Not to have loved him! Chatty's life seemed all to sink into gray at the thought.

"At all events," she said, returning to those easier outsides of things in which the greatest events have a humble covering, "the dresses can wait, poor things, to see what will happen. If it should so be, as that it never comes right" —

"Oh, Chatty, my poor dear!"

"Life seems so uncertain," said Chatty, in her new-born wisdom. "It is so impossible to tell what may happen, or

what a day may bring forth. I think I never can be very sure of anything now. And if it never should come right, they shall just stay in the boxes, mother. I could not have the heart to wear them." She put her hand over them caressingly, and patted and pressed them down into the corners. "It seems a little sad to see them there, does n't it, mamma, and I in my old gray frock?" The tears were in her eyes, but she looked up at Mrs. Warrender with a little soft laugh at herself, and at the little tragedy, or at least the suspended drama, laid up with something that was half pathetic, half ludicrous, in the wedding clothes.

Chatty suffered herself to be taken abroad without any very strong opinion of her own. She would have been content to adopt Minnie's way, to go back to Highcombe and "live it down," though indeed she was unconscious of scandal, or of the necessity of living down anything. There were some aspects of the case in which she would have preferred that, — to live on quietly day by day, looking for news of him, expecting what was to come. But there was much to be said, on the other hand, for her mother's plan, and Chatty now, as at all times, was glad to do what pleased her mother. They went off, accordingly, when the early November gales were blowing, not on any very original plan, but to places where a great many people go, — to the Riviera, where the roses were still blooming with a sort of soft patience which was like Chatty. And thus strangely out of nature, without any habitual cold, or frost, or rain, or anything like what they were used to, that winter, which had begun with such very different intentions, glided quietly away. Of course they met people now and then who knew their story, but there were also many who did not know it: ladies from the country, such as abound on the Riviera, who fortunately did not think a knowledge of London gossip essential to salvation, and who

thought Miss Warrender must be delicate, her color changed so from white to red. But as it is a sort of duty to be delicate on the Riviera, and robust persons are apt to be looked down upon, they did very well; and the days, so monotonous, so bright, with so little in them, glided harmlessly away. Dick wrote not very often, but yet now and then, which was a thing Minnie had protested vainly against: but then, mamma, Mrs. Eustace Thynne said, had always "her own ways of thinking;" and if she permitted it, what could any one say?

XLVI.

Mrs. Warrender and her daughter came home in the early summer, having lingered longer than they intended in the South. They had lingered, for one thing, because a long and strange interruption had occurred in the letters from America. Dick had made them aware of his arrival there, and of the beginning of his necessary business, into the details of which, naturally, he did not enter. He had told them of his long journey, which was not then so rapid as now, but meant long traveling in primitive ways by wagons and on horseback; and also that he had found greater delays and more trouble than he expected. In the spring he was still lingering, investigating matters which he did not explain, but which might very likely facilitate what he had to do and make the conclusion more fortunate than he had anticipated. And then there came a pause. They waited, expecting the usual communication, but it did not come; they waited longer, thinking it might have been delayed by accident; and finally returned home, with hearts heavier than those with which they went away. Theo came to meet them at the station, when they arrived in London. He was there with his wife in the beginning of the season. Mrs. Warrender's anxious looks,

withdrawn for the moment from Chatty, fell with little more satisfaction upon her son. He was pale and thin, with that fretted look as of constant irritation, which is almost more painful to see than the indications of sorrow. He put aside with a little impatience her inquiries about himself. "I am well enough; what should be the matter with me? I never was an invalid that I know of."

"You are not looking well, Theo. You are very thin. London does not agree with you, I fear, and the late nights."

"I am a delicate plant, to be incapable of late nights," he said, with a harsh laugh.

"And how is Frances? I hope she does not do too much — and that your — her" —

"Come, mother, spare me the catechism. Lady Markland is quite well, and my Lord Markland, — for I suppose it was he who was meant by 'your — her'" —

"Geoff, poor little fellow! He is at school, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," said Warrender, with an ugly smile. "He is delicate, you know. He has had measles or something, and has come home to his mother to be nursed. There's a little too much of Geoff, mother; let us be free of him here, at least. You are going to your old rooms?"

"Yes. I thought it might be a little painful: but Chatty made no objection. She said, indeed, she would like it."

"Is she dwelling on that matter still?"

"Still, Theo! I don't suppose she will ever cease to dwell on it till it comes all right."

"Which is very unlikely, mother. I don't give my opinion on the subject of divorce. It's an ugly thing, however you take it; but a man who goes to seek a divorce, avowedly with the intention of marrying again — That is generally the motive, I believe, at the bot-

tom, but few are so bold as to put it frankly *en evidence*."

"Theo! you forget Dick's position, which is so very peculiar. Could any one blame him? What could he do otherwise? I hope I am not lax, and I hate the very name of divorce as much as any one can: but what could he do?"

"He could put up with it, I suppose, as other men have to do, and be thankful it is no worse."

"You are hard, Theo. I am sure it is not Frances who has taught you to be so hard. Do you think that Chatty's life destroyed, as well as his own, is so little? And no laws, human or divine, could bind him to — I don't think I am lax!" Mrs. Warrender cried, with the poignant consciousness of a woman who has always known herself to be even superstitiously bound to every prejudice of modesty, and who finds herself suddenly assailed as a champion of the immoral. Her middle-aged countenance flushed with annoyance and shame.

"No, I don't suppose you are lax," said Theo; but the lines in his careworn forehead did not soften, and Chatty, who had been directing the maid about the luggage, now came forward and stopped the conversation. Warrender put his mother and sister into a cab, and promised to "come round" and see them in the evening. After he had shut the door, he came back and asked suddenly, "By the way, I suppose you have the last news of Cavendish. How is he?"

"We have no news. Why do you ask? Is he ill?"

"Oh, you don't know, then?" said Warrender. "I was wondering. He is down with fever: but getting better, I believe, — getting better," he added hurriedly, as Chatty uttered a tremulous cry. "They wrote to his people. We were wondering whether you might have heard."

"And no one thought it worth while to let us know!"

"Lady Horton thought that if you did not know, it was better to say nothing; and if you did, it was unnecessary. Besides, they are like me; they think it is monstrous that a man should go off with an avowed intention; they think in any case it is better to drop it altogether."

"Theo," said Chatty, in her soft voice, "can we hear exactly how he is?"

"He is better, he is going on well, he will get all right. But if you should see Lady Horton" —

Lady Horton was Dick's elder and married sister, she who had stood by him on the day that was to have been his wedding day.

"I think we had better drive on now," Chatty said. And when Theo's somewhat astonished face had disappeared from the window, and they were rattling along over the stones, she suddenly said, "Do *you* think it should have been — dropped altogether? Why should it be dropped altogether? I seem to be a little bewildered — I don't — understand. Oh, mamma, I had a presentiment that he was ill — ill and alone, and so far away."

"He is getting better, dear. He would think it best not to write to make us anxious; probably he has been waiting on day by day. I will go to Lady Horton to-morrow."

"And Lady Horton thinks it should be dropped altogether," said Chatty, in a musing, reflective tone. "She thinks it is monstrous — what is monstrous? I don't — seem to understand."

"Let us not think of it till we get home; till we have a little calm and — time."

"As if one could stop thinking till there is time!" said Chatty, with a faint smile. "But I feel that this is a new light. I must think. What must be dropped? Am not I married to him, mother?"

"Oh, my darling, if it had not been for that woman" —

"But that woman? My thoughts are all very confused. I don't understand it. Perhaps he is not married to me — but I have always considered that I — The first thing, however, is his health, mother. We must see at once about that."

"Yes, dear; but there is nothing alarming in that, from what Theo says."

The rest of the drive was in silence. They rattled along the London streets in all the brightness of the May evening; meeting people in carriages going out to dinner, and the steady stream of passengers on foot, coming from the parks, coming from the hundred amusements of the new season. Chatty saw them all without seeing them; her mind was taken up by a new train of thought. She had taken it for granted that all she had done was natural, the thing that it was right to do: and now she suddenly found herself in an atmosphere of uncertainty to which she was little accustomed, and in which, for the moment, all her faculties seemed paralyzed. Was it monstrous? Ought it to have been dropped? She was so much bewildered that she could not tell what to say.

Theo and his wife both "came round" in the evening; she with a fragile look as of impaired health, and an air of watching anxiety which it was painful to see. She seemed to have one eye upon Theo always, whatever she was doing, to see that he was pleased, or at least not displeased. It had been her idea to go to Lady Horton's, on the way, and bring the last news of Dick. "Much better, going on quite well, will soon be allowed to communicate with his friends," was the bulletin which Lady Markland took Chatty aside to give.

"He has not been able to write, himself, all the time. The people who have taken care of him — rough people, but very kind, from all that can be presumed — found his father's address, and sent him word. Otherwise, for six or seven weeks there has been nothing from himself."

This gave Chatty a little consolation. "Theo says — it is all wrong, that it ought to be dropped," she said.

"Theo has become severe in his judgments, Chatty."

"Has he? He was always a little severe. He got angry" — Chatty did not observe the look of recognition in Lady Markland's face, as of a fact *connu*. She went on slowly: "I wish that you would give me your opinion. I thought for a long time that I was the first person to be thought of, and that Dick must do everything that could be done to set us right. But now it seems that is not the right view. Mamma hesitates; she will not speak. Oh, will you tell me what you think?"

"About," said Lady Markland, faltering, "the divorce?"

"I don't seem to know what it means. That poor creature — do people think she is — anything to him?"

"She is his wife, my dear."

"His — wife! But then I — am married to Dick."

"Dear Chatty, not except in form, — a form which her appearance broke at once."

Chatty began to tremble, as if with cold. "I shall always feel that I am married to him. He may not be bound, but I am bound — till death do ye part."

"My dear, all that was made as if it never had been said by the appearance of the — wife."

Chatty shivered again, though the evening was warm. "That cannot be!" she cried. "He may not be bound, but I am bound. I promised. It is an oath before God."

"Oh, Chatty, it was all, all made an end of when that woman appeared! You are not bound, you are free: and I hope, dear, that when a little time has passed —"

Chatty put up her hand with a little cry. "Don't!" she said. "And do you mean that he is bound to her, — oh, I

am sorry for her, I am sorry for her! — to one who has forsaken him, and gone so far, so very far astray, to one who has done everything that cannot be borne; and not to me, — by the same words, the same words, which have no meaning to her, for she has left him, she has never held by him, never; and not to me, who said them with all my heart, and meant them with all my heart, and am bound by them forever and ever?" She paused a little, and the flush of vehemence on her cheek and of light in her eye calmed down. "It is not just," she said.

"Dear Chatty, it is very hard, — harder than can be said."

"It is not just," said Chatty once more, her soft face falling into lines in which Lady Markland saw a reflection of those which made Theo's countenance so severe.

"So far as that goes, the law will release him. It would do so even here. I do not think there is any doubt of that — though Theo says — but I feel sure there is not any doubt."

"And though the law does release him," said Chatty, "and he comes back, you will all say to me it must be dropped, that it is not right, that he is divorced, that I must not marry him, though I have married him. I know now what will happen. There will be Minnie and Theo, and even mamma will hesitate, and her voice will tremble. And I don't know if I shall have strength to hold out!" she cried, with a sudden burst of tears. "I have never struggled or fought for myself. Perhaps I may be a coward. I may not have the strength. If they are all against me, and no one to stand by me, perhaps I may be unjust, too, and sacrifice him — and myself."

This burst of almost incredible passion from a creature so tranquil and passive took Lady Markland altogether by surprise, — Chatty, so soft, so simple, so yielding, driven by cruel fate into a

position so terrible; feeling everything at stake, — not only her happiness, but the life already spoiled and wasted of the man she loved; feeling, too, that on herself would depend the decision of all that was to follow; and yet seized by a prophetic terror, a fear which was tragic, lest her own habit of submission might still overwhelm all personal impulses, and sweep away her very life. The girl's face, moved out of all its gentle softness into the gravity, almost stern, which this consciousness brought, was a strange sight.

"I do not count for much," said Lady Markland. "I cannot expect you to think much of me, if your own sister, and your brother, and even your mother, as you fear, are against you: but I will not be against you, Chatty. So far as I can, I will stand by you, if that will do you any good."

"Oh, yes, it will do me good," cried Chatty, clasping her hands; "it does me good already to talk to you. You know I am not clever, I don't go deep down into things," she added after a moment. "Minnie always said I was on the surface: but I never thought until to-day, I never thought — I have just been going on, supposing it was all right, that Dick could set it all right. And now it has burst upon me. Perhaps, after all, mamma will be on my side, and perhaps you will make Theo" — Here she paused instinctively, and looked at her sister-in-law, feeling in the haste and rush of her own awakened spirit a sudden insight of which she had not been capable before.

Lady Markland shook her head. She was a little sad, a little overcast, not so assured in her gentle dignity, slightly nervous and restless, which was unlike her. "You must not calculate on that," she said. "Theo — has his own way of looking at things. It is right he should. We would not wish him to be influenced by — by any one."

"But you are not — any one."

"No, indeed. I am no one, in that point of view. I am his wife, and ought to take my views from him, not he his from me. And besides," she said, with a little laugh, "I am, after all, not like an old acquaint— not like one he has known all his life, but comparatively new, and a stranger to his ways of thinking,— to many of his ways of thinking,— and only learning by degrees how he will look at this and that. You don't realize how that operates even when people are married. Theo has very distinct views,— which is what he ought to have. The pity is that, I have lived so much alone, I have my views, too. It is a great deal better to be blank," she said, laughing again. Her laugh was slightly nervous, too, and it seemed to be intended for Theo, whose conversation with his mother had now paused, and who was occasionally glancing, not without suspicion, at his wife and sister in the corner. Did she laugh to make him think that there was nothing serious in their talk? She called to him to join them, making room upon the sofa. "Chatty is tired," she said, "and out of spirits. I want to try and amuse her a little, Theo, before Mrs. Warrender takes her away."

"Amusement is the last thing we were thinking of," he said, coming forward with a sort of surly opposition, as if it came natural to him to go against what she said. "My opinion is that she should go down to the country at once, and not show at all in town this season. I don't think it would be pleasant for any of us. There has been talk enough."

"There has been no talk that Chatty need care for," said Lady Markland, quietly: "don't think so,— pray don't think so. Who could say anything of her? People are bad enough in London, but not so bad as that."

"Nevertheless, mother," said Theo, "I think you and I understand each other. Chatty and you have been en-

joying yourselves abroad. You never cared for town. It would be much better in every sense that you should go home quietly now."

"We intended nothing else," said Mrs. Warrender, with a slight irritation, "though I confess I see no reason. But we need not discuss that over again. In the end of the week" —

"But this is only Monday. You cannot have anything to keep you here for three or four days. I think you should go to-morrow. A day's rest is surely enough."

"We have some people to see, Theo."

"If I were you, I would see nobody. You will be sure to meet with something unpleasant. Take Chatty home: that is far the best thing you can do. Frances would say the same, if she had not that unfortunate desire to please everybody, to say what is agreeable, which makes women so untrustworthy. But my advice is to take Chatty home. In the circumstances it is the only thing to do."

Chatty rose from where she had been seated by Lady Markland's side. "Am I to be hidden away?" she said, her pale face flushing nervously. "Have I done anything wrong?"

"How silly to ask such questions! You know well enough what I mean. You have been talked about. My mother has more experience; she can tell you. A girl who has been talked about is always at a disadvantage. She had much better keep quite quiet until the story has all died away."

"Mother," cried Chatty, holding out her hands, "take me away, then, to-night, this moment, from this horrible place, where the people have so little heart and so little sense!"

XLVII.

"What was Chatty saying to you? I rely upon your good sense, Frances,

not to encourage her in this sentimental folly."

"Is it sentimental folly? I think it is very true feeling, Theo."

"Perhaps these are interchangeable terms," he said, with the angry smile she knew so well; "but without discussing that matter, I am determined that this business shall go no further. A sister of mine waiting for a married man till he shall be divorced! The very thought makes my blood boil."

"Surely that is an unnecessarily strong statement. The circumstances must be taken into consideration."

"I will take no circumstances into consideration. It is a thing which must not be. The Cavendishes see it in precisely the same light, and my mother, — even my mother begins to hear reason."

Lady Markland made no reply. They were walking home, as their house was close at hand, — a house taken for the season, in which here was not the room and space of the country, nor its active interests, and which she, having come there with much hope in the change, would already have been glad to exchange for Markland, or the Warren, or almost any other place in the world. He walked more quickly than suited her, and she required all her breath to keep up with him; besides that, she was silenced by what he said to her, and did not know how to reply.

"You say nothing," he continued after a moment, "from which I conclude that you are antagonistic, and mean to throw your influence the other way."

"Not antagonistic: but I cannot help feeling for Chatty, whose heart is so much in it, — more, perhaps, than you think."

"Chatty's heart does n't trouble me much," he said, carelessly. "Chatty will always obey whatever impulse is nearest and most continuous, if she is not backed up on the other side."

"I don't believe you realize the

strength of her feelings, Theo. That is what she is afraid of, not to be strong enough to hold out."

"Oh! So you have been over that ground with her already!"

"She spoke to me. She was glad of the opportunity to relieve her mind."

"And you promised to stand by her?" he said.

Lady Markland had been a woman full of dignity and composure. She was so still to all outward appearance, and the darkness concealed the flush that rose to her face; but it could not conceal the slight tremor with which she replied, after a pause, "I promised not to be against her, at least."

A flood of angry words rose to Theo's lips, the blood mounted to his head. He had taken the bias, so fatal between married people, of supposing, when his wife disagreed with him, that she did it on purpose; not because she herself thought so, but because it was opposition. Perhaps it was because of that inherent contempt for women which is a settled principle in the minds of so many men; perhaps because he had been used to a narrow mind and opinionous cut and dry in the case of his sister Minnie; perhaps even because of his hot adoration and faith in Lady Markland as perfect. To continue perfect in his eyes, after their marriage, she would have needed to agree always with him, to think his thoughts. He exacted this accord with all the susceptibility of a fastidious nature, which would be content with no forced agreement, and divined in a moment when an effort was required to conform her opinions to his. He would not tolerate such an effort. He would have had her agree with him by instinct, by nature, not even by desire to please him, much less by policy. He could not endure to think of either of these means of procuring what he wanted. What he wanted was the perfect agreement of a nature which arrived at the same conclusions as his by the same means; which re-

sponded before he spoke; which was always ready to anticipate, to give him the exquisite satisfaction of feeling he was right by a perpetual seconding of all his decisions and anticipation of his thoughts. Had he married a young creature like Chatty, ready to take the impress of his more active mind, he might have found other drawbacks in her to irritate his *amour propre*, and probably would have despised her judgment in consequence of her perpetual agreement with him. But the fact was that he was jealous of his wife; not in the ordinary vulgar way, for which there was no possibility, but for every year of additional age, and every experience, and all the life she had led apart from him. He could not endure to think that she had formed the most of her ideas before she knew him: the thought of her past was horrible to him. A suspicion that she was thinking of that, that her mind was going back to something which he did not know, awoke a sort of madness in his brain. All this she knew by painful intuition now, at first by discoveries which startled her very soul, and seemed to disturb the pillars of the world. She was aware of the forced control he kept over himself not to burst forth upon her, and she would have fled morally, and brought herself round to his ideas and sworn eternal faith to him, if it would have done any good. But she knew very well that his uneasy nature would not be satisfied with that.

"I might have divined," he said, after a long pause, during which they went quickly along, he increasing his pace unawares, she losing her breath in keeping up with him, "that you would see this matter differently. But I must ask, at least, that you won't circumvent us, and neutralize all our plans. The only thing for Chatty to do is to drop it altogether, to receive no more letters, to cut the whole concern. It is a disreputable business, altogether. It is better she

should never marry at all than marry in this way."

"I feel sure, Theo, that except in this way she will never marry at all, — if you think that matters."

"If I think that matters! It is not very flattering to me that you should think it does n't matter," he said.

And then they reached their house, and he followed her into the drawing-room, where one dim lamp was burning, and the room had a deserted look. Perhaps that last speech had been a little unkind. Compunction visited him not unfrequently. He seated himself at the little table on which the lamp was standing, as she took off her hat and recovered her breath. "Since we are at home, and alone for once in a way," he said, more graciously, "which happens seldom enough, I'll read to you for an hour, if you like, Frances; that is, if you have no letters to write."

There was a little irony in the last words, for Lady Markland had, if the truth must be told, a foible that way, and liked, as so many women do, the idea of having a large correspondence, and took pleasure in keeping it up. She answered eagerly that she had no letters to write (though not without a glance at her table, where one lay unfinished), and would like his reading above everything: which was so far true that it was a sign of peace, and an occupation which he enjoyed. She got her work while he got the book, not without a horrible sense that Geoff, always wakeful, might have heard her come in, and would call for her; nor without a longing desire to go to him, if only for a moment, which was what she had intended to do. Perhaps it was to prevent this that Theo had been so ready with his offer; and so sensitive was he to every impression that the poor lady felt a shiver of terror lest her half formed intention, or Geoff's waking, might thrill through the atmosphere to her husband's mind, and make him fling down the book with im-

patience. She got her work with a nervous haste, which it seemed to her he must divine, and seated herself opposite to him. "Now I am ready," she said.

Poor Lady Markland! He had not read a page—a page to which she gave the most painful attention, trying not to think that the door might open at any moment, and the nurse appear begging her to speak a word to Lord Markland—when a faint cry reached her ears. It was faint and far away, but she knew what it was. It was the cry of "Mamma!" from Geoff's bed, only given forth, she knew, after much tossing and turning, and which a year ago she would have heard from any corner of the house, and flown to answer. She started when she heard it: but she had been so much on the alert, and prepared for some interruption of the kind, that she hoped Theo did not see the little instinctive movement. "Mamma!" She sat with a nervous thrill upon her, taking no notice, trying to listen, seeing in the dark the little sleepless boy tossing upon his uneasy pillow, and calling in vain for his mother, but resisting all the impulses both of heart and habit. If only Theo might not hear! After a while, however, Theo's ear caught the sound. "What's that?" he said sharply, stopping and looking at her across the table. Alas, the repressed agitation in her smile told its own story to Theo. He knew that she pretended to listen, that she knew very well what it was. "*That*," she said, faltering. "What? Oh! it sounds like Geoff calling—some one."

"He is calling *you*; and you are dying to be with him, to rush up-stairs and coax and kiss him to sleep. You are ruining the boy."

"No, Theo. It is probably nurse he is calling. He sleeps so badly," she said, with a broken voice: for the appeals to mamma came quicker, and she felt as if the child were dragging at her very heart-strings.

"He would have slept better, had he

been paid less attention to; but don't let me keep you from your boy," he said, throwing down the book on the table. She made an attempt at an appeal.

"Theo! please don't go away. I will run for a moment, and see what is the matter."

"You can do what you please about that: but you are ruining the boy," said Warrender. And then he began to hum a tune, which showed that he had reached a white heat of exasperation, and left the room. She sat motionless till she heard the street door closed loudly. Her heart seemed to stand still: was there, was it possible, a certain relief in the sound? She stole up-stairs noiselessly and into Geoff's room, and threw herself down by the bedside.

"Oh, Geoff, what is the matter?" Though her heart had dragged her so, there was in her tone a tender exasperation, too.

"I can't sleep," the boy said, clinging to her, with his arms round her neck.

"But you must try to sleep, for my sake. Don't toss about, but lie quite still: that is far the best way."

"I did," said Geoff, "and said all the poetry I knew, and did the multiplication table twice. I wanted you. I kept quiet as long as I could; but I wanted you so."

"But you must not want me. You are too big to want your mother."

"I shall never be too big: I want you always," said Geoff, murmuring in the dark, with his little arms clinging close round her neck.

"Oh, Geoff, my dearest boy! but for my sake you must content yourself,—for my sake."

"Was he angry?" the child asked: and in the cover of the darkness he clenched his little hands and contracted his brows, all of which she guessed, though she saw it not.

"That is not a question to ask," she said. "You must never speak to me so;

and remember, Geoff, — they say I am spoiling you, — I will never come when you call me, after to-night."

But Lady Markland's heart was very heavy as she went down-stairs. She had put her child away from her; and she sat alone in the large still drawing-room all the evening, hearing the carriages come and go outside, and han-

soms dashing up, which she hoped might be coming to her own door. But Theo did not come back. This was one of many evenings which she spent alone, in disgrace, not knowing how to get her pardon, feeling guilty, yet having done nothing. Her second venture had not brought her very much additional happiness so far.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WHEN in 1882 a forgotten early settler of the town of Cambridge, Mass., was recalled from oblivion by a descendant, and his statue was placed in the public park, President Elliot, of Harvard College, thus moralized the occasion in a brief speech: "It is good to leave behind sturdy and thrifty descendants to transmit one's name and recall one's memory through long generations." It is also good for a reformer, spending most of his life in opposition to all that gives popularity and ease, when he turns out to have left a phalanx of sturdy and thrifty sons, able to transmit his fame through a biography; especially when the work is, as in the present case, well done. The two volumes now before us¹ cover about half of Garrison's career, and are elaborated to the utmost detail — many will think to an excessive amount of detail — in all directions; while their admirable paper, type, and binding, and their singular freedom from even typographical errors, seem only a symbol of the intellectual thoroughness that has directed their preparation. There is in the book no Jesuitism, no equivocation; it might well bear the motto of the old Antislavery Standard, "Without concealment, without compromise." The

sons believe too completely and absolutely in their father to keep anything back. To say that it is a judicial work would be to misplace it in literature. The biography of a father by sons can rarely possess that quality, and had better not affect it; it is in this case the statement of counsel, but of counsel so entirely truthful and so sure of their own case that, however much they may err, they will never be found withholding anything through unfair motives. The book often swerves very widely, in our judgment, from the results to which a really judicial summary would lead us; but it is better that it should so swerve than that the authors should vary from the method to which their inherited temperament and their traditional convictions alike lead them. As the Spanish proverb says that no man can at the same time ring the bells and walk in the procession, so it is fortunate that no man can at the same time be a son and a Rhadamanthus.

This admirable tone of treatment, with the importance of the theme, secures for the book, or at least for many parts of it, that attractiveness which is the first essential of a biography, — for if nobody will read your work, why write it? It is pleasant to see, moreover, how much that is agreeable is flung, without difficulty, around the picture of Garri-

¹ *William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879. The Story of his Life, told by his Children. Vols. I., II. New York: The Century Co. 1885.*

son : his cheerfulness, his buoyancy, his *bonhomie*, his love of poetry, his facetiousness. He seems to have habitually cheered himself by sonnets, as Abraham Lincoln did by anecdotes ; while we find here only a few examples of those little puns which were essential to his conversation, and which at first appeared to the stranger as inappropriate as if one should track a lion to his lair, and find him refreshing himself with peppermints. It is delicious, too, to find the great iconoclast in early youth attending a certain church expressly to see the beautiful Miss Emily Marshall ; and to discover him, when imprisoned at Baltimore, to have beguiled the time by writing a mock-heroic poem of many stanzas to a certain young lady ; and above all to find that Mrs. Hemans was, for a long period of years, his favorite poet. To begin with Mrs. Hemans and end with the Liberator was to reverse the Scriptural proverb, and to extract strength from sweetness.

The great personal qualities of Mr. Garrison and his essential leadership in the antislavery enterprise are now generally conceded. There was such an almost unique felicity in his living to see the final completion of his work, there is such rare poetic justice in the approach to a coincidence between the fiftieth anniversary of the great mob and the erection of a statue to its victim, that one hardly feels disposed to dwell on these matters now. The highest tribute to the reformer's merit lies in recognizing the completeness of his work. "*Sim monumentum quaris, circumspice.*" The point to which the world will look with most interest in this work is the exhibition of the man Garrison, including especially the portrayal of those limitations which in a certain degree created friction in his work and left his memory a little blurred. In this respect his biographers have given the actual facts with a merciless precision which can hardly be called meritorious,

because it seems never to have crossed their minds that any jury could draw from the admitted facts any conclusion different from their own. Be this as it may, we have for the first time a complete picture, not merely of the qualities from which Garrison derived his power, but of those which in his reformatory life constituted his obstacles. His biographers give from his own words a long series of self-revelations, which not only account for the triumphs of his life, but for its antagonisms and its troubles. It is a curious study, all the more because we have constantly to turn away from the representations of the advocates, and to revert to the evidence they themselves have placed before us. The occasional contrast between these two things — the fact and its interpretation — makes the book an actual psychological study. There hardly exists in biographical literature so complete and unvaried a transfer of thoughts, convictions, and point of view from one generation to its successor.

Garrison had the painful experience, almost unique among great reformers, of gradually detaching from his side a large part of the ablest and most devoted of his early adherents ; their place being often supplied, no doubt, by younger men, who devoted themselves to him with almost absolute idolatry. The list of those whom he thus detached includes some who are still living in honor among us, and who need no special encomium to reinstate them in our memories, such as Whittier, Sewall, and Elizur Wright. It includes Benjamin Lundy, whom Garrison properly called "the pioneer," and William Goodell, whom Garrison described as "a much older and a better soldier" than himself. It includes Arthur Tappan, who paid Garrison's fine at Baltimore ; Lewis Tappan, whose house in New York was sacked by a mob ; James G. Birney, who emancipated his own slaves ; and Amos A. Phelps, who defended Garrison against

that Clerical Appeal which made a great noise in its day, and is in this book painfully resuscitated from oblivion. All these men were led by degrees into antagonism to Garrison; it was a permanent division, and embittered the whole antislavery movement. For this alienation on their part Garrison had no mercy: it was always attributed simply to "a mighty sectarian conspiracy," or a "jealous and envious spirit;" nor do his sons regard it for an instant in any other light than as a "jealousy of his early, consistent and effective advocacy of the antislavery cause," or "merely a sectarian reaction against the moral leadership of Mr. Garrison." Posterity, less easily satisfied, quite disposed to honor Garrison, but by no means inclined to give him exclusive laurels, will wish to investigate farther, and this book gives ample opportunity.

The main charges against Garrison were three: (1) of egotism and a domineering spirit, (2) of excessive and indiscriminating harshness, and (3) of a willingness to embarrass the antislavery movement by visionary and chimerical projects. These were the charges: we confess that we looked to the present biography to refute and banish them forever, but find, with some surprise, that it reinforces and establishes them all. Whatever Garrison may have been, under the mellowing influences of later years, we have in this book the unmistakable proof that in his early life all these faults and drawbacks belonged to him, at least in some measure. Let us consider them in detail.

The first charge against him was of manifesting that quality which the pioneer Benjamin Lundy called "arrogance," and the other pioneer, William Goodell, depicted in his article, *How to Make a Pope*. "You exalt yourself too much," wrote the plain-spoken Elizur Wright. "I pray to God that you may be brought to repent of it." Lewis Tappan at about the same time

wrote, "You speak of 'sedition' and 'chastising' Messrs. Fitch, Towne, and Woodbury: I do not like such language." The most fearless and formidable of all these indictments, because the gentlest and most unwilling, was that of Sarah Grimké. Speaking of the course pursued by Garrison and his immediate circle toward her and her sister, she says, "They wanted us to live out Wm. Lloyd Garrison, not the convictions of our own souls; entirely unaware that they were exhibiting, in the high places of moral reform, the genuine spirit of slave-holding by wishing to curtail the sacred privilege of conscience. . . . His [Garrison's] spirit of intolerance towards those who did not draw in his traces, and his adulation of those who surrendered themselves to his guidance, have always been exceedingly repulsive to me, — weaknesses which marred the beauty and symmetry of his character, and prevented its symmetrical development; but nevertheless I know the stern principle which is the basis of his action. He is Garrison, and nobody else, and all I ask is that he would let others be themselves." (*The Sisters Grimké*, page 220.)

This last extract is not given in the book now under consideration; but there are plenty of illustrations to be found in it. One of the most striking, and one which will suffice for all, is to be seen in the very first words drawn from Garrison by the publication of Channing's *Essay on Slavery*. At the time of writing, he had not read the book, though he had seen some extracts from it; but he knew that the most influential clergyman in Boston had committed himself at last on the side of liberty, whatever the precise form of that committal might be. What was his first impulse? A devout outpouring of gratitude to God that the slave had found one new ally, however inadequate, in a high post of influence? Not at all. It seems almost past belief that his first thought, as ex-

hibited by his sons, was for himself, or, at most, for his immediate associates. (The italics are our own.)

"Well, it is announced that the great Dr. Channing has published his thoughts upon the subject of slavery! *Of course we must now all fall back and 'hide our diminished heads.'* The book I will not condemn until I peruse it; but I do not believe it is superior, either in argument or eloquence, to many of our own publications." (II. 57.)

Volumes of specifications by Lundy, or Goodell, or Tappan, or Wright, or Sarah Grimké, could not so effectually have sustained their charges as these words of the great abolitionist himself. Can any one imagine Clarkson as writing in this way about a new convert to West India emancipation, or Cobden in connection with the English corn-laws, or Helen Jackson with the American Indians? On the very day when Garrison was thus writing, Ellis Gray Loring, of whom the present biographers justly say that no Boston abolitionist was "more trusted for judgment and integrity," called Channing's essay, after reading it, "a splendid testimony to the truth," and "the most elaborate work on the philosophy of antislavery" that he had seen. But its author had censured the severer language of the abolitionists, and that, apparently, would have been enough, had there been no other possible ground of criticism. When Garrison came at last to review the work, he said of it, "Its sole excellencies are its *moral plagiarisms* from the writings of abolitionists," — the italics being his own, — as if he and his immediate friends had taken out a patent in the line of human sympathy, and any infringement was a crime. He pronounced the book "utterly destitute of any redeeming, reforming power," "calumnious, contradictory, and unsound." This is the review that was written, the sons say, in "no spirit of jealousy;" and so completely do they accept, after an interval

of fifty years, their father's attitude that from this time forward Dr. Channing is hardly mentioned in the book without some distinct slur; and they even recur to that utter misapprehension which could find no solution for his cautious temperament but that of vulgar "timidity," an explanation long ago seen and set aside by a woman as heroic as Garrison, one whose sacrifices were greater and whose services to the antislavery movement only less than his, — Lydia Maria Child.

"At first I thought him," she writes, "timid and even slightly time-serving; but I soon discovered that I formed this estimate from ignorance of his character. I learned that it was justice to all, not popularity for himself, which made him so cautious. He constantly grew upon my regard, until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the gentlest apostle of humanity." (Channing's Memoirs, III. 154.)

The second complaint against Garrison was that of excessive harshness of language. Here again it is plain that the charge in its most permanent form does not rest on the testimony of enemies, but of friends. We find Harriet Martineau herself saying, "I do not pretend to like or to approve the tone of Garrison's pointed censures. I could not use such language myself toward any class of offenders, nor can I sympathize in its use by others." This was not said in her first book on America, but in her second more deliberate one; and when we consider the kind of language that Miss Martineau found herself able to use, this disclaimer becomes very forcible.

We find a society formed by Henry Ware in the futile hope of influencing Garrison's alleged harshness; and this society included Dr. Follen, whose antislavery action cost him his Harvard professorship, and William Henry Channing, whose whole life was a record of fearless fidelity to abolitionism. But

after all, the conclusive evidence is given by Garrison's own sons. It is impossible to read their book and not see with what facility harsh language came to Garrison's lips from his very boyhood, without reference to the antislavery movement. It was a part of that stern school of old-fashioned Calvinism in which he was trained. "The least of sins is infinite," says the Roman Catholic poet, Faber; and this was the early attitude of Garrison's mind. At twenty-three he wrote, "It is impossible to estimate the depravity and wickedness of those who at the present day reject the gospel of Jesus Christ," meaning, apparently, those who held the very views that he himself lived to hold. A little later, editing in Vermont what had hitherto been a party paper, he wrote of those who supposed that it was still to be such, "The blockheads who have had the desperate temerity to propagate this falsehood." These are but specimens. Now, when a young man begins with such questionable extravagance of epithet in matters of religion and politics, is it to be supposed that, when he is called upon to cope with an institution which even the milder Wesley called "the sum of all villainies," he will suddenly develop the habit of absolute justice? "I will be harsh as truth," he said. Was he never any harsher?

That there was such a thing possible as undue harshness in speaking of individual slave-holders the abolitionists themselves were compelled sometimes to admit. When Charles Remond, the eloquent colored orator, called George Washington a villain, Wendell Phillips replied, "Charles, the epithet is infelicitous." Yet if, as was constantly assumed by Garrison, the whole moral sin of slave-holding rested on the head of every individual participant, it is difficult to see why the epithet was not admirably appropriate. The point of doubt is whether it did so rest; but if it did Remond was right. Such ex-

treme statements were not always thus rebuked. When a slave-holder was once speaking in an antislavery convention, he was flatly contradicted by Stephen Foster, who was perhaps, next to Garrison, the hardest hitter among the abolitionists. "Do you think I would lie?" retorted the slave-holder. "Why not?" said Foster. "I know you steal." This Draconian inflexibility, finding the least of sins worthy of death, and having no higher penalty for the greatest, was a very common code upon the antislavery platform. It was a part of its power, but it brought also a certain weakness, as being really based upon an untruth. It was not true that each individual slave-holder had the whole weight of the national sin upon him, for the simple reason that a collective sin is the accumulated work of successive generations, and it is unjust to hold any single person responsible for all. Indeed, as a general rule, men are better than their laws.

Nothing in Dr. Channing's book, except his criticisms of the abolitionists, so roused Garrison's wrath as the admission that there might be slave-holders who "deserved great praise," because they opposed slavery, while retaining their own slaves. But surely the time has come when the most ardent abolitionist may recognize that there might have been many such men. Compare this statement of Channing's with one of Garrison's, as given by his biographers. He wrote, for instance, thus:—

"For myself, I hold no fellowship with slave-owners. I will not make a truce with them even for a single hour. I blush for them as countrymen,—I *know* that they are not *Christians*; and the higher they raise their professions of patriotism or piety, the stronger is my detestation of their hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel,—and God and the angels and devils and the universe know that *they are without excuse*." (I. 205.)

"Without excuse!" Set aside all the facts of heredity, of environment, of early association, of ignorance, of all that makes excuse in thoughtful minds for sin. Let us take the precise facts of the relation between master and slave, as it presented itself in multitudes of cases, even to a slave-holder whose eyes had been opened. In all the great States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, a slave-holder was absolutely prohibited from emancipating his slaves, except by authority of the legislature specially granted in each case,—a permission often utterly impossible to obtain. In one of these States, Mississippi, it was farther required that this legislative act should be for some meritorious action or public service on the part of the individual slave; and the same condition was made in North Carolina, with the substitution of the county court for the legislature. In every one of these States, the slave-owner, had he been Garrison himself, was as powerless to free his slaves without the concurrence of the community as he would have been to swim the Atlantic with those slaves on his back; and yet these men were "without excuse." Even in the Northern slave States, where manumission was easier, it was sometimes accompanied, as in Virginia, with the provision that the freed slaves should be removed from the State within a certain time, or, in default of that, sold at auction,—a provision almost as hopelessly prohibitory as the more direct obstacles. In the mortgaged and deeply indebted plantations of Virginia, the most enlightened slave-holder rarely had the means of removing his slaves to any distance from the plantation, and how then was he to get them beyond the borders of the State?—to say nothing of the question what he was to do with them when thus removed. The more we dwell on this complicated situation, the more impressed we become with the vast wrong of the institution and of its

avowed propagandists; while the more charitable we become towards those exceptional slave-holders who had opened their eyes to its evils, yet found themselves bound hand and foot. All these facts were as well known to Garrison as to us, because the book which is our authority for these statements (Stroud's *Slave Laws*, pages 146–51) was familiar to the abolitionists, and was often cited in evidence. We might almost suppose that Garrison, through severe theological nurture and long habit, had impaired the power to measure the weight of his own language. How hard he found it to be wholly consistent in his personal applications is plain from the fact that the very newspaper in which the above tremendous invective appeared was also devoted to "a dignified support of Henry Clay and the American system."

The third fault habitually found with Garrison by his critics was that of mingling the antislavery movement with alien elements which threatened to destroy its unity and concentration. Out of this grew what the present biographers call "the great schism" between "old organization" and "new organization." This occupies the greater part of the second volume, and will be found, we cannot help suspecting, about as interesting to the younger race of readers as a history of the division between Unitarians and Trinitarians in Massachusetts, or that between Taylorism and Tylerism in Connecticut. Such readers will even find it hard not to apply to the whole affair that phrase "liliputian proceedings," which the biographers employ for something else. (II. 177.) But here, as elsewhere, even the details are worth reading, were it only to see by the plain frankness of the sons how much foundation there was for all this complaint. The common impression that the great division in the antislavery ranks began with Garrison's defense of women's participation is here thoroughly set aside. That question aggravated, but did not

create, the contest. It began, as this book shows, with an editorial by Garrison in the *Liberator*, distinctly indicating his change of views on the Sabbath question, — a matter in regard to which he had before been conservative. It was a position naturally offensive to that large number of abolitionists who were strongly evangelical men, and yet who were relied on for the pecuniary support of the *Liberator*. But the division did not come to a crisis until the great reformer had reached a phase of opinion — of vagary, as the uncharitable would call it — which came near utterly swamping and subordinating his antislavery action itself. It would scarcely be believed, were it not here announced in his own words, that there was a time when Garrison had serious thoughts of making the cause of the slave utterly subordinate to a vast and cloudy scheme of millennial reform, with which he was originally inoculated, as his sons expressly admit, by a man (John Humphrey Noyes) whose subsequent unsavory career as founder of the Oneida Community is well known. This is Garrison's statement of his own position (August 28, 1837): —

"I feel somewhat at a loss to know what to do, — whether to go into all the principles of holy reform, and make the abolition cause subordinate, or whether still to persevere in the *one* beaten track, as hitherto. Circumstances hereafter must determine this matter." (II. 160.)

In accordance with this he printed in the *Liberator*, with his own full indorsement, a long manifesto by Noyes, passages of which read like some of the wildest speculations of the English zealots under the Commonwealth; and this at a time when the *Liberator* was sustained at the cost of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society.

Now if Garrison himself recognized this divided allegiance in his own mind, who could expect his allies to be blind to it? Elizur Wright wrote, "I look

upon your notions of government and religious perfectionism as downright fanaticism, — as harmless as they are absurd. I would not care a pin's head if they were preached to all Christendom; for it is not in the human mind (except in a peculiar and, as I think, diseased state) to believe them." Then he points out that the real danger involved is "a bottomless pit of distrust between you and the abolitionists. . . . Let the government alone till, such as it is, all are equally protected by it, and after that you may work your will upon it, for all me. But if this cannot be done, why, come out plainly, and say you have left the old track and are started on a new one, such as it is, and save us from the miserable business of making disclaimers." Such straightforward remonstrances were not, perhaps, wholly in vain, for Garrison dropped, or thought he dropped, the scheme of giving himself primarily to these vaster projects, whose expressed basis was "the overthrow of the nations." (II. 147.) But he did not really abandon them, — he did not put them out of sight in the *Liberator*; and yet he denounced unsparingly, thenceforward, those who had thus helped to save him from the malignant influence that had threatened to find him an easy prey. Noyes, soon after this, disappears from the record, but "the hand of Noyes," as the biographers in another place call it, was visible in the ultimate organization of the Non-Resistance Society, although, in the manifesto of the latter, the original cloudiness of phraseology was a good deal condensed. Enough, however, remained to make it plain that the *Liberator* was thenceforward to be conducted on an essentially no-government platform, and that all its course, in respect to voting and voters, was to be determined by this position.

All this was clearly within Garrison's right, after the *Liberator* had, at the original suggestion of Whittier, ceased to be sustained by any society. The

wrong began when Garrison and his friends claimed not merely that he should control his own organ, but that there should be no other. To an outside observer, nothing could seem plainer than that, if the voting abolitionists found themselves constantly attacked and vilified in the *Liberator*, they had at least the right to establish a paper of their own; but when they presumed to do this, in the *Massachusetts Abolitionist*, they were met with epithets of which "plot" and "intrigue" were among the mildest. We do not see how any reader can read that part of these volumes relating to the establishment of this rival antislavery journal without seeing that Garrison and his immediate friends virtually assumed the right of dictatorship over the whole agitation, and ruled that it should be carried on through a non-resistant organ, or not at all. It shows the extraordinary personal power of Mr. Garrison that he was able to exercise this benevolent despotism so long; but, unfortunately, the longer it remained, the greater the acrimony on both sides after the spell was broken. This bitterness was exceedingly apparent, for instance, in Mrs. Chapman's memoir of Harriet Martineau; and it colors every expression of opinion on the part of Mr. Garrison's biographers.

The authors of this memoir express the opinion, in their final paragraph, that those who have read their narrative of the great division in the antislavery ranks "must conclude" that Garrison had no choice but to oppose the political abolitionists. It is an assumption worthy, in its unflinching frankness, of the sons of a father who never was haunted by a doubt as to receiving the final approval of all right-thinking persons in everything he did. Our own opinion is that many readers of this book, perhaps the majority, will draw just the opposite inferences, on many points, from both the father and the sons. They will conclude that William Lloyd Garrison was one of

the strongest men of his time, — perhaps the very strongest, — and that he may, very possibly, have influenced American history more profoundly than Lincoln or Grant; but they will also thank his biographers for revealing, even unconsciously, the faults that made him human, *les défauts de ses qualités*. To conceal them would have been an injustice to the other men among the early abolitionists, who, while admiring his splendid heroism, sometimes found him a hard man to work with. There is every reason to believe that he mellowed with time, and that his younger admirers saw less of these drawbacks than the earlier ones. Yet it is certain that these faults not only embarrassed his immediate work, but prevented him from exercising that foresight as to means which he showed eminently as to ends. He never faltered in his belief that slavery would fall; thus far his prediction was unerring. But there is no evidence that he ever foresaw that the two immediate instrumentalities by which it was destined to fall were the very two against which he had been so long contending, — the ballot-box and war. The most bigoted conservative did not exceed Garrison in his utter refusal to recognize the humble beginnings of that triumphant political organization which ultimately grew and expanded, under varying names, until it carried Abraham Lincoln into the presidency. It was not merely that Garrison detested and distrusted this movement, as organized by men who had revolted from his immediate leadership, but he convinced himself that it was contemptible and even ludicrous. When an antislavery candidate was first nominated for the presidency, he called it "folly, presumption, almost unequaled infatuation," and if he ever varied from this attitude of contempt it was to "denounce it," in his own words, "as the worst form of proslavery." All this visibly makes no impression upon his sons, but it must impress the impartial

reader. In estimating the infallibility of an oracle, we must consider also the unfulfilled prophecies.

But it is impossible to close this first installment of these memoirs without feeling that Garrison kept higher laws than he broke, that he did the work of a man of iron in an iron age; so that even those who recognized his faults may well have joined, as they did join, in the chorus of affectionate congratulation that attended his closing days. As for his fame, it is secure; and all the securer for our knowing, more definitely than before, the limitations of his foresight and the drawbacks of his tempera-

ment. It is a striking fact that, in the rapidly expanding Valhalla of contemporary statues in Boston, only two — those of Webster and Everett — commemorate those who stood for the party of defense in the great antislavery conflict; while all the rest — Lincoln, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Harriet Martineau, and, prospectively, Garrison, Parker, and Shaw — represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson: "What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!"

STEDMAN'S POETS OF AMERICA.

It is so seldom that a comprehensive subject finds the best equipped author to treat it that when the happy conjunction occurs in the case of a topic so leading and delicate as American poetry, as it does in this volume,¹ the guild should be free with its plaudits. The guild certainly, which has its share, men think, of human weakness, should be highly pleased; there are few of its members, living or dead, who will not find their shadowy names in this New World Pantheon. Not to be mentioned here argues one's self unknown indeed. This metropolitan acquaintance, this urban welcome, is a distinguishing trait of excellence in the work; there is a pleasurable ease, too, in the ease and grace of it, in the delightful tolerance with which the author stands in the vestibule of that Temple of Fame, whose structure, alas, is most familiar to childish eyes, and greets the Manes of the departed as readily as a professional

nomenclator, and passes them on with deft dispatch to find their niches within, until at the end of the half-hour audience he withdraws to the inner hall where the feast is spread for the *Di Majores*; and when all is over, and he goes out at the gate, his familiarity is not less wide nor his kindly recognition less frequent among the crowding aspirants who are waiting for news from within that Venerable Edifice. This long-drawn simile hardly does justice to the long-drawn procession of the defunct who are, or are to be; but it serves to indicate a prime quality of the author, and one most beneficial to his study, — his catholicity. Nor is it the catholicity of a literary dictionary; it is penetrative and enlightening as well as inclusive. The days of magisterial criticism have gone by. Our author is by no manner of means a Rhadamanthus of judgment, but a host who is anxious to discover and bring out the good qualities of his visitors, and cares more for their particular faculty of entertainment, however narrow, than for their possibly multi-

¹ *Poets of America*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

tudinous powers of boredom; he means that no guest shall hide his one talent in his napkin. Mr. Stedman not only tolerates all comers, but he sets to work to understand them; and readers who may take pains to hunt up some of the single poems on whose obscurity he flashes the ray of his praise will materially increase their stock of old-fashioned poetic gems. This discrimination saves his catholicity from the tedium in which it would have involved most writers, and allows him to give the body of literature, if we may say so, without its bulk. Thus both among the minor and greater authors he keeps to his aim, which was to present American poetry, in a sense, universally. A more rigid exclusion of weaklings, a less conscientious appreciation of undistinguished excellence, would have injured the completeness of the view. After all, though the poetasters fill the side-scenes of the background, and a few like Halleck or Dana serve as the walking gentlemen, the real *dramatis personæ* occupy the stage, and their characters make up the story, — Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, and Taylor. Thus Mr. Stedman solves the difficulty of the critical presentation of a literary period in the only way in which criticism is really a practicable mode of history, by dealing with persons directly and separately, and by employing in his inquiry a purely inductive method.

As was to be expected, he does not get far before he encounters the old bugbear that guards the entrance to our Parnassian preserves. Is there an American poetry? Have we done only what Longfellow in his youth averred he was content to do? Have we merely continued English literature, or are there a genuine nationality, an indigenous growth, an aboriginal quality, in our production hitherto? It is well enough to let the mind wander, after a Spencerian fashion, over the distant future, when

from the attrition of our immigrant races a new people shall result, with a literature of its own; but, in that, posterity has the principal interest. Such speculation may fill a paragraph; it is not the theme of the chapter. There is an abundance of literary fossils in our past, and from the study of them it appears that there was great effort at one time to breed a *genus Americanum* to browse on the pasturage of Pegasus. Here are relics of epic, pastoral, and lyric which belong to the period of the Red-Skin. The mass of our inspired writing about the Indians and their myths was extraordinarily voluminous, and it seems to have sprung from the notion that for our poetry to be original it must be aboriginal. A national literature, however, needed some other voucher than the trick of local color could give. It was as if Swinburne should claim admittance to Greek anthologies on the score of Atalanta or Erechtheus, or Shakespeare seek some Latin apotheosis for his Roman plays. This attempt of our earlier poets to develop a native literature by experimental variation was abortive. The effort merely to be different leads usually only to affectation, and so it was with those who were over-anxious for the coming of a poetry as original as the very Burd o' Fredum. The error of method is illustrated by a contrast with The Biglow Papers. Mr. Lowell found a living dialect which was a natural channel of sense and quick, brief tenderness, of grit and humor and shrewdness very near to sarcasm; and he, as the poet does, in making it the mould of his own kindred spirit, illuminated it. The Biglow Papers are American in a narrower than the national sense; they are Yankee, but the "new birth of our new soil" beyond all cavil. Those who, on the other hand, strove to make the Indian character a means of imaginative expression lacked power to subdue it, finding it altogether too alien; with all their efforts, the work they left

of this kind is decaying fungus. Doubtless it is true that Longfellow, in his *Hiawatha*, was obeying the same motive so far as his choice of a subject was concerned. That poem remains the single success in its class; but it is as little national in itself as is Thackeray's *Virginians*.

Mr. Stedman thinks it is best that poets should take their topics from their own land, but he sets forth very emphatically his opinion that nationality is something that goes far below such surface matter as the theme. The youthful artifice of young America in war paint and feathers has passed into contempt. But without any special or conscious intention, did not our poets prove, after all, compatriots? There is a far-reaching truth in the doctrine that the test of a poem's worth is the extent to which the nation absorbs it. There are poets' poets, of course, — verses for the "fit audience, though few;" but, to leave the question of intrinsic excellence and the finer qualities of elect spirits, it is certainly an indication of some national characteristic in a poem if the people absorb it by preference. Now, with the exception of a few, the American poets whom Mr. Stedman has selected for detailed examination have been thus absorbed by the reading class at large, and, intellectually speaking, that means the nation. Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier are popularly felt to be our own, not by birth only, but by a consanguinity of thought and character; and in a less degree the same is true of the others. With Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and possibly Scott, left out of the account, no English poets come home to our people as do our own. Wordsworth has a literary, Shelley a poetic, constituency; even Tennyson has only a half-hearted vogue; but with the exception of the three great names which have been mentioned, we believe that to our country to-day the word poetry means, in real knowledge, care, and af-

fection, American poetry. Nor is this choice of the American branch of poetic literature one determined by a pseudo-patriotism, or merely by nearness to a home market. There is a real community between the commonalty and the poets in what is coming to be recognized as specifically American character, in certain preferred modes of looking at things and in certain established moral values. But here we touch upon a further general aim of Mr. Stedman's treatise.

The ultimate purpose of the author in this study was the same as in his earlier work on the *Victorian Poets*: not a history, a biography, nor a critical disquisition, though it becomes all these in changing phases, but an illustration of the poetic art. The motive of the whole is æsthetic. He takes up each author, and submits his productions to the inductive inquiry, without demanding anything beforehand as prerequisite, but merely seeking wherein was the success, and then asking by virtue of what it was a success; and as he goes through the names upon our roll of honor in this fashion, he continually finds the old canons sound, — as, for instance, that simplicity, directness, sobriety, are the cardinal virtues of our Muse. But the influence of the subject as an element in our achievement, to which he gives much attention, must first be glanced at. A rational difference, not self-conscious, as in the singers of Indian legend and heroism, but inevitable, did show itself, by which our poetry is distinguished from any contemporary English verse. The earliest variation was in the region of landscape, and was manifest in Bryant, the Nestor of the band. The aspect of nature in this country, if not new, has novel features, and these made themselves felt at once in a poet who was true to his own impressions. It was a skillful touch in the critic to suggest the parallel history of American painting, characterized in

its pioneer days by the qualities of the landscape which poetically is Bryant's. It is worthy of passing remark that our scenery has affected our imaginative literature to a less degree than might have been anticipated. Of the success of Alfred Street as its delineator, to whom high praise is here ascribed, it is impossible for the present writer to speak, as he gave up the study of geography before the blast of this poet's fame reached him; but so far as landscape can be employed by the imagination, it is fair to say that in no other poet besides Bryant, with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, does it count as a constant and powerful factor. In addition to this source of originality, in the region of subject matter, there have been our civic life, which in its antislavery passion was expressed by Whittier, and in its more distinctly political and patriotic phase by Lowell; our religious instinct, working for the most part in the softening of the older Puritanism, and finding literary form through the mild faith of the Quaker poet or the more ethereal spirituality of Emerson; and our home affections, which as a factor of popular life have been so absorbed by Longfellow's genius as to make him their distinctive representative. The other masters, Whitman, Poe, Holmes, and Taylor, touch the national themes too seldom to obtain the audience of the people to the same extent as the rest. American democracy is not yet red-shirted, and Whitman remains to the public mainly a curiosity; Poe, we cannot help thinking, is for the most part a reminiscence of school-days,—the American boy's delight, it may be, but a matter of indifference to the man; Holmes, who is loved and venerated and felt to be an American of the Americans, is at our breakfast tables still the Autocrat; and Taylor was unfortunately too often touched by that literariness of theme which is fatal to one who would be a people's poet.

In this rapid survey reference is had only to the public view of our poetic literature; and in this view the popular judgment has truly been determined by a nearness in the subject, the real proximity of the landscape, politics, morals, spiritual insights, and ideal affections, to the thousands of silent readers who have accepted the work because it had intimate relations with the contemporary life actually going on, and expressed it. It may be doubted, however, whether the substance of what is fairly to be called national thought and feeling in our more popular poetry has had more weight in getting it received than has the style itself.

To this matter of style, here better called poetic form, Mr. Stedman incessantly recurs. To show what it is and what its value is seems the part of his purpose which is dearest to him. It is more observed by him, perhaps, because his generation is contemporaneous with that effort after art in literature of which Poe was the pioneer, and to which we partly owe the technical perfection of our current types, whether in verse or prose. The necessity for attention to art, the general principle that the form is as essential as the matter in work of the highest order, he insists upon with emphasis, and not only by precept. The limitation which restricts the reception of Emerson's verses or of Whitman's is the same; the crudity which prevents their absorption by the people is one of art, of the form in which they are cast, the way in which they are put,—and this crudity may be the result equally of culture or its lack. Generally speaking, if the same test of the popular appreciation be applied here, it will be found that the most simple, direct, spontaneous style has gone the farthest. Mr. Stedman, it is to be noted, does not altogether assent to the validity of the decisions of universal suffrage in matters of poetry. He frequently depreciates the every-day rhymes, if one may call them

so, of Longfellow or of Whittier, and seems to suspect in them the fallacies that are usually found in applause from the galleries. It is not enough for him that the people assert the poem's worth; he desiderates the countersign of the finished critic, also. But this does not really make any difference. He finds that the canons of the most cultivated taste coincide with those of popular instinct in requiring a simple, direct, and spontaneous style; there is only this to be inserted on the part of culture, that it requires a certain elevation which the people can often do without. Any form of affectation, any merely intricate play of thought or rhyme, any obscurity or circumlocution or too exquisite choiceness of word or phrase, is reprehended; and in particular the danger which besets our literature to-day — the danger of style degenerating, as it tends to do, from structure into decoration, from mass into detail — is repeatedly dwelt upon, and in no hesitating way. It is a rare thing to find a critic who cares so much for art in composition, and has so sane and unfaltering a sense of its limitations. He understands, it is plain, that the mastery of a simple style — of such a one, to take a common example, as is shown in Longfellow's birthday verses to Agassiz — is the ultimate of poetic effort; that the perfection of art is the perfection of nature in the *modus loquendi*, the "recapture" of the "first fine careless rapture:" and it is on this coincidence of the demands of the people with the canons of perfected taste that genius builds its poetic work for any race or nation. In an eminent degree our people possess and cultivate in all departments of life this simplicity of manner and directness and genuineness of thought, feeling, and word. One who writes for them cannot be deeply touched by the fashion of a coterie or the affectations of a literary school; they will leave him unread, if his native vigor does not keep him as simple

as themselves. Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow, and portions of Lowell and Emerson, are read, however: they have not only topics near to the people, but the style of the people. In our view, this implies a tone in their art which denotes the republic quite as plainly as if all their work were in an Ionic dialect of English.

In thus developing our belief that this volume displays a body of literature which has proceeded from our living interests in its matter, and been moulded by our character in its style, and is consequently national in all essentials, the more important features of this study of our first American period have been incidentally touched upon. By the nature of our inquiry attention has been restricted to what is distinctly the people's part of our literature, and that portion of it which makes its appeal to the more refined susceptibilities of a cultivated class has been thrown into the background. Of this there is a considerable quantity, and under metropolitan influences it is increasing. It is in itself evidence that our education in art is carried far enough; that style cannot fail to be considered by our accomplished poets, and enter into all competent critical estimates of their work. What is now needed is substance, and if there were more signs of its presence in our younger writers the passages in which our author prophesies a new and noble flight of American song would be more cheerful to those who know the difference between dawn and rose-color. Nevertheless, Mr. Stedman's acquaintance with the field and the penetration he displays in criticism justify him in maintaining an individual opinion, which is that of an expert in his subject; nor will we despair of the republic because the Muse seems to be, as Shelley would say, "in her interlunar swoon." However it may turn out, it is as certain as anything that rests on human conviction that the way out of our twilight is in

the direction of those poetic canons which have been here so admirably laid down, commented upon, and illustrated.

In closing our review we feel that we have done scanty justice to the variety, vigor, and incisiveness of a volume which is as noticeable for its fineness and multiplicity of detail as for its broad, clear, and easily managed general principles. This is the history of American poetry; it is conceived and executed in the grand style of literary criticism, and it does not fall below its promise. It contains the facts of the case, and is especially valuable for the tact and completeness of its survey of minor literature, in itself a very difficult task; and we suspect that it contains also the substance of the final verdict upon the

greater authors whom it discusses individually. Mr. Stedman has put his hand upon the really noteworthy quality in each, and he has observed proportion in his dealing with them taken altogether. If there be an error, it is that of the scale of the arc which they at last will fill; but, granting the scale as he places it, the measures within it are not likely to be much disturbed. To say that the volume stands entirely by itself in the criticism of our poetic literature would be superfluous. It will long be the standard work on this subject. In such circumstances it is a pleasure to observe the temper of kindness, of cordiality, of anxiety to do justice to excellence rather than pounce upon obvious defects, which pervades it.

L'ART.

It is interesting to observe that *L'Art*,¹ that excellent magazine, which has recently completed the eleventh year of its useful and ornamental career, does not by any means conform to what may be termed the prevailing standard of taste in the matter of painting, for example, but is very severe and a little sorrowful in speaking of the turn things are taking just now in France. It is interesting, because, from its serious character and influential position, *L'Art* might be supposed to have settled down into a complacent conservatism; for though not very aged, it is so solid and well established, with such an orthodox aspect, even to the handsome blue-gray cover with Michel Angelo's Moses upon its front, that a radical divergence of views between it and the Parisian powers that be in art is rather startling. Mr. Eugène Véron, the ed-

itor, is a very intelligent and keen critic, and when he sounds the note of alarm embodied in the phrase "manifest decadence of the French school," it is not from a mere desire to create a sensation. It requires courage even in such a strong publication as *L'Art* to attack M. Bouguereau the perfect, and all the official world of art behind him,—the Salon management and the faculty of the School of Fine Arts; to expose the defects in a system of education established and believed in by professors of a world-wide reputation; and to espouse the cause of the "outs" as against the "ins." Mr. Véron is not wholly wrong in this matter. At all events, painting, in France, is neither what it was formerly nor what it should be. To attribute all the blame to the academic system of Messrs. Bouguereau, Cabanel, Boulangier, and Lefèvre is to go too far, and to

¹ *L'Art*. Revue Bi-mensuelle Illustrée. Vol. XXXIX. (July, 1885, to January, 1886.) Paris:

J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

hint that such men as Messrs. Ribot, Vollon, and Henner would do better as professors — whatever estimate may be made of their great talent as painters — is at least hazardous. It is not only to the Academy, where the boys are made to realize that

“ La peinture à l'huile
Est très difficile,”

that Mr. Véron must look for the causes of the demoralization which he deplures. The “*monde*” which buys pictures is doubtless doing much towards the perversion of taste; for though it is true that the French are a people of good taste, it is an annoying fact that those who possess the most of that commodity are not invariably wealthy. Finally, France is undergoing a vast change, which, as it affects all else, cannot but affect art. It is a period of political, social, and commercial transition and uncertainty, and in accordance with it it is only natural to find the painters groping and experimenting. Whatever tendencies may be developed next, the attitude of L'Art, revolutionary as it seems at present, may be depended upon to represent the good sense of which, indeed, there is no lack in the French character, and which forms the foundation of all good criticism.

L'Art does not devote its attention solely to painting, though that is “the art” in France now, as it evidently was in England when Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hazlitt wrote of it. Many excellent papers appear from time to time upon the related arts of design, — papers of a scholarly sort, some of which might be cited as models of studied clearness, of logic, and of style. It is incontestable that in the matter of art criticism the French are far in advance of other nations. The contributors to L'Art are numerous, and most of their names would be unfamiliar to Americans; but we may mention Paul Leroi, André and Emile Michel, Paul Mantz, Charles Clément, E. Durand-Gréville, Eugène

Muntz, René Ménard, E. Chesneau, Charles Diehl, G. Dargenty, Charles Yriarte, as writers well known in their own country and thoroughly informed in their respective specialties. The arts of sculpture, music, architecture, acting, are none of them neglected. Perhaps the occasional “study” in archæology, by a learned professor, might seem dry to most readers; but it is a delicious dryness. Altogether, the literary character of L'Art's contents is of a high order; and the quality of its illustrations is not less so.

One or two etchings accompany each number, the size of the plates varying from $5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ to 15×10 inches, which is almost as large as the page. Naturally, the majority of these are reproductions, and as they are the work of many different etchers they suggest many interesting comparisons in regard to workmanship. There is no risk in assigning to the foremost place Mr. Théophile Chauvel, whose style is marked by a delicacy and brilliancy seldom conjoined, and whose interpretations of the Baroness N. de Rothschild's luminous water-colors are full of rare, silvery tones. Mr. Léon Gaucherel also is a master in this beautiful art, whose touch can be both firm and fine, and whose intelligence and sensibility are made evident in every plate that he produces: his city streets and river scenes are worthy to be named with those of the lamented Méryon. Among the best of the remaining etchings are those of Messrs. Masson, Bocourt, Klaus, Jasinski, Rohr, Woernle, and Leenhoff, though it must be said that the latter's work, clever as it is, might as well be cut with the burin, for there is in it very little or none of that quality which makes a true etching superior to any other black-and-white picture. Considering how many of the reproductive etchers, in France as elsewhere, began as steel engravers, it is much to their credit that they have been able to unlearn so much, and it is only just to

say that there is very little merely mechanical work to be met with. After the etchings, there come various inferior classes of reproductions: wood engravings, heliogravures, and "process" engravings. Wood engraving, however, a branch of the art which has been so remarkably developed in this country, is not a prominent feature; for of course the various mechanical processes based on photography cannot be properly called engraving. In L'Art, of late, reproductions of bronzes, marbles, reliefs, and works of sculpture generally are made by Dujardin's "heliogravure" process. While photography is in a measure false to form, it is much more false to color, so that its employment in the delineation of sculpture leads to the least unsatisfactory results. Nothing is more gratifying than to be enabled to see such noble works as Mr. Mercié's *Le Souvenir*, for instance, reproduced in a late issue, or Mr. Croisy's immensely spirited group of figures for the monument to the Army of the Loire at Le Mans, both conspicuous and welcome proofs that the demoralization which has been noted does not extend to the sculptors of France. As an instance of what can be done in the way of photo-printing, the picture of one of Ghiberti's gates, opposite page 120, in the just-completed volume, is worthy of notice for its perfection of detail. No name is given to the ordinary process by which crayon drawings are reproduced: in these there is no attempt at prettiness or an appearance of finish, nor do they have any particular value as illustrations, except in the sense that they illustrate the touch, the feeling, the personal qualities, of their authors, like an

autograph inscribed in an album. And this is in perfect accord with the serious character of the text, which is written for the European world of artists and amateurs, — a world where we like to think every one lives and moves and has his being in a pure atmosphere of art, undisturbed by thoughts of money, without care, absorbed in the ever-delightful study of the beautiful in man and nature; but however real or unreal this fancy may be, it is at least pleasant to know that it is a world sufficiently important and rich to support a periodical like L'Art.

It remains to speak of the *gravures dans le texte*, which are alternately engraved by hand and "processed," in accordance with the character of the subject. The profusion of elaborate borders, head and tail pieces, initial letters, etc., drawn for the most part by Mr. Habert-Dys, is almost too much of a good thing; and the exuberance of this clever draughtsman's fancy might be somewhat curbed with advantage. More sobriety, severity, simplicity, and less space for Mr. Habert-Dys, would be one of the few improvements possible in L'Art's appearance. Its paper, of a warm and soft cream color; the careful typography, which makes it a pleasure for the eyes to read it; and the irreproachable taste governing each detail, combine to give the magazine an aspect befitting its literary character as an exponent of the fine arts. The lively little weekly printed by the same publisher, *Le Courier de l'Art*, which is sent gratis to all subscribers to L'Art, gives the current news concerning art from all parts of Europe, and is the most practical and useful publication of the kind in existence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

READING the newspapers, lately, I have come upon a number of letters criticising our dialect writers. I cannot now recall any prominent writer of dialect who is not arraigned by some one of these critics. Generally, the latter are people living in the locality described, or otherwise acquainted with the dialect, and presumably they ought to know what they are talking about. Nevertheless, I venture to fancy that, often, the writers have the facts on their side.

There are three difficulties about writing dialect which I do not think that the critics sufficiently consider. In the first place, the dialects of this country are mostly untraveled ground. They are not like the Scotch talk, for instance. That has been conventionalized. The words are all spelled in a recognized way. So much Scotch has been written, and so much written about Scotch, that no one needs to fall back upon his own phonetic imagination. Now *we* do. Our dialects have no spelling-books. I may except the Yankee, thanks to Mr. Lowell, but otherwise each writer has to do his own guessing at letters as representatives of sound. Here comes in the difficulty. The letters which represent one sound to the writer may represent quite another sound to the reader. As everybody knows, one of the young women called it "Sykie," and the other called it "Peesish," but they both spelled it *Psyche*. We are such inveterate readers that usually we see as well as hear a word. Very likely our mental spelling may differ from the dialect writer's; but really it does not follow that we are right and that he is wrong. At least, the chances are equal for and against him.

The second difficulty is of another character. It is hard to find dialect

pure. Provincialisms are as catching as small-pox. Let a writer be as religiously accurate as he may, with his own ears to back every phrase that he uses; all the same, he will probably be accused of smuggling contraband dialect.

The third difficulty is the worst. As a matter of fact, the most trustworthy observers are not apt to be those who have always lived among the objects to be described. That which we hear every day, and have heard for an indefinite period, ceases to impress us, however striking. We miss fine points and details. Little turns of accent and tricks of expression slip off our observation, while a stranger instantly notices them. Frequent absences seem necessary to sharpen the native's vision to the stranger's keenness. Perhaps this is why natives and old residents almost invariably have a higher opinion of their section's grammar than it deserves. If a writer report the ordinary speech of "nice people" with minute fidelity, ten to one he is informed that "such phrases are not current among ladies and gentlemen, though possibly used in the locality."

No writer, I suppose, really *dare* report the speech of the so-called better classes just as it is uttered. The truth is, we are so accustomed to the errors in grammar and pronunciation of those about us that we have lost the power to perceive them. And this same habit of non-observation extends to the speech of the rest of the native's world.

I don't know any way of overcoming these three difficulties; but I respectfully beg that they be considered.

— I trust that I have never intentionally exaggerated the importance of the modest place I hold in the congress of writers, and yet I blush to recall the startling pretension that is even now

circulating in connection with my name, and through my own inadvertence. The case is unusual, to say the least. Two other instances, perhaps, exceed it in historical perplexity, — the ancient poet of whom it was affirmed,

“Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,”

and the aboriginal who, when questioned as to his birthplace, was wout to reply that he “was born at Cape Cod, Nantucket, and all along the shore.” Now it is not difficult to believe that Bonus Homerus was nodding when he replied, as he must have been obliged often to reply, to letters and printed circulars inquiring the date and place of his birth, maiden name, titles of anonymous works, if any, etc. Thus at one time he might have designated Smyrna as his birthplace, at another Chios or Salamis; whence arose the urban contest commemorated in the familiar couplets. As to the aboriginal and his persistent assertions, there are pretty strong indications of willful mendacity. Like good Homer, I have nodded, but I have not, like the other, obstinately prevaricated; yet when I read in one Index or Directory of Authors that I was born in Fairview, and in another that my advent occurred in Plainfield, I have a tingling sense of chagrin at the apparent imposition offered a too astute public, — for the public, although it good-naturedly and even zestfully accepts many biographical wouders and inconsistencies, and although it entertains the very highest opinion of your versatility, can scarcely be brought to believe that you have been able to confer upon even *two* places the honor of your nativity.

If I may so far indulge in local geography, I will premise that Fairview and Plainfield are contiguous townships. Each has its “centre,” totally unlike the other in physical and moral characteristics. As I remember, and as I have been assured by competent judges, Fairview had thrift and amenity, Plainfield an uninviting environment and a cer-

tain decadent tendency from the first. Touching the causes underlying this difference, it was frequently remarked, “Fairview, you know, was settled by — Yankees, while Plainfield was settled by — Yankees.” (Unwillingness to cast reflections upon any State composing the glorious nucleus of commonwealths which we revere as New England moves me thus to resort to the dash.)

The beloved old farmhouse through whose windows I first saw the light, and where much of my childhood was happily spent, was situated (it must be confessed!) in Plainfield; but then, the township line was distant not ten rods from its very walls. The commercial transactions, social intercourse, postal communications, of the family were all had with or through Fairview: the spirit and traditions of the kind of Yankees who had founded Fairview were one with the spirit and traditions of our household. Occasional exercise of the sovereign privilege of a voter was the only fact that served to remind us of the Plainfield tie; and as this privilege pertained but to a limited portion of the household, the fact carried only half weight of conviction. After years of absence from my early home, and still entertaining a reminiscent partiality for Fairview, it was but natural that I should come to regard that village as my birthplace, and to so announce it whenever the question of birthplace arose. This slight inaccuracy of statement, had I but adhered to it, would have produced no ill results; but in an unfortunate hour, by the chance word of an elderly relative, my Plainfield origin was brought to light. And was I, after all, a native of abjured, unblest Plainfield? A swift recollection of its doleful little church, — paintless, roof wanting many a shingle, the three-pronged steeple (the fourth corner ornament having been carried away in an immemorial storm); and then the desolate pump in the arid cen-

tre of the village, — the stumps of Ozymandias in the desert were scarcely more forlornly suggestive; the remembered dejected tones of the poultry that hunted grasshoppers in the wilted roadside herbage, — all wrought powerfully upon sensibilities not the most callous. If it were, if it could be at any future time, any slight distinction to have afforded me nativity, was it not fitting that Plainfield should profit by such inconsiderable fortuitous advantage? At all events, it would be well to state the simple truth. Thereafter I uniformly wrote "Plainfield," in reply to the question of the index-maker. And what has resulted? I have, so to speak, pitted Plainfield against Fairview in a highly emulative strife, and now observe with curious interest the nearly balanced fortunes of the antagonists. Not, however, that these remote idyllic and blameless villages consciously contend; not that either is likely to be apprised of its victory when the hour of victory arrives, for they know not their Homer. I had, indeed, hoped that the public in general might not become cognizant of the competition, — that each worthy reader of indexes might, with selective tranquillity, affix his faith either to Fairview or to Plainfield. But no. Already the discrepancy has been marked for jocose and sarcastic newspaper comment, and — a yet more alarming phase of the mischief — I have received private communications from agitated and harassed strangers, who to the goading cares of the autograph-seeker add the special crux presented by the ambiguous record of my nativity. I ought to rejoice that I still live to relieve their flattering solicitude for exact knowledge on a point of such vital importance. My sentiment is singularly devoid of benevolence: I simply regret, very deeply, the day when my elderly relative pointed out my harmless error, and I revised my reckonings.

— We are, at our house, I confess,

a rather sombre family. There are no young children among us. The elderly people are silent by temperament, and grow more silent as age comes on. There is never any ill-temper in the house, — never any bickering, or nagging; no spiteful epigrams, or sidelong sarcasms. We seem really to like each other, although we are all "blood-relations." We get on, therefore, from year to year. No doubt we seem to others a happy family, and perhaps we are; but we are never a merry family. The house is so built that the rooms where the sun shines liberally are not the rooms most used; not the rooms, for example, that we are accustomed to use together. The heating apparatus is that most successful and most lugubrious one, — steam. The radiators are large black surfaces, with just enough of gilt at edge and corner to make the black hopelessly conspicuous, flattening themselves against the wall as if they were aware of their ugliness. No blazing, and sparkling, and cheerily snapping open fire illuminates any of the "living" rooms. (The kitchen is the most cheerful place in the house, — as I have occasionally seen it, empty and deserted, after the cook and the maid had retired at night, — with the rich hot coals still sending out their rays merrily through chink and crevice of the range, for the sole benefit of the house-cat, stretched out with full abandon on the toasting-hot hearth.) Our deplorable habit, at meals, is to attend to the business in hand with grave decorum, — very decently and in order, no doubt, but for the most part silently. I have known some one of us, apparently for the moment sensible of something oppressive in this gravity, to venture on a frivolous remark, and to have it received in silence, as a thing not congruous with the roast meat, especially during the solemn action of its being carved and distributed. We come down to breakfast not at all out of humor (we are not invalids), but

disposed to a very calm and peaceful demeanor. We wish each other good morning with a genuine affection, but the remark, having been responded to, is not followed up. An observation concerning the weather does not usually lead anywhere. When we have a more lively visitor, we easily fall in with his mood, and are capable of a good deal of sprightliness on such an occasion, — not in the least labored or affected, either; but by ourselves we are habitually silent, and occupied with our own sedate reflections.

All this makes — I cannot but see it and feel it, much as I myself share in the responsibility — a sombre house.

But there is one bright spot, and that furnishes the text of my utterances now upon the subject. It is the tame canary, "Johnny-quil." Not only is he himself always cheerful (and who ever saw a well canary depressed?), but he is the cause of cheerfulness in others. In the midst of one of our long silences we hear his little pipe ringing out from his sunny eyrie in the porch or the sitting-room, and some one remarks, "Just hear Johnny-quil!" Our barometers all go up ten degrees. Besides, everybody chirrup to him. It is not only, therefore, what he says to us, but what we say to him, that makes him the enlivener of the family. You can't exactly chirrup to a grown-up human being, — especially if he is carving a fowl, or reading a religious newspaper. But it is always possible, and apparently always inevitable, to say something chipper and chirpy to the bird, as we pass his cage. I have noticed this odd thing: that when Rhodora, or Penelope, or Cassandra, stops at the cage, and says some little nonsensical thing to the small yellow songster, or half whistles to him in passing, not only does he pipe up, but pretty soon you hear her own voice, from a distant room, humming a bit of some gay waltz or madrigal. The unconscious lifting of one's own more sober mood to

the higher level of the bird's irrepressible good spirits lasts on a little beyond the instant. I recommend him and his merry kind to other silent houses. He is worth his weight in sunshine.

— The little town of Port Hudson, as I remember it, stands on a high bluff which guards the outer sweep of a bend in the Mississippi River, about a hundred miles above New Orleans. A long ascending road, cut deeply through the tenacious clay, up from the water's edge, gave access to the plateau above. From the top of this bluff, and especially from the windows of the houses facing on it, the long reach of the river, whether up or down, was in full sight, and the eager eye could catch the first glimpse of the steamer from above, rounding the far-off Point Coupée.

One of my most vivid early recollections is that of landing at this place, from such a steamer, in the small hours of a cold December night. The red glare of the pitch-pine fires in iron baskets thrust out from the steamer's deck weirdly lighted up the scene, in spite of a pouring rain, as my father and mother plodded up the hill, followed by the negro hands carrying my little brother and me in their arms, to the town above.

In that place, in the following spring and summer, we children spent many bright and happy days, greatly interested especially in the comings and goings of the steamboats, whose piercing whistle and solemn muffled puffs could be heard even before they hove in sight. A little above the town was a wooded spot, portions of which were used as a place of burial; but all unawed by this, we little boys chose one spreading beech-tree, which we made our summer retreat, and where we spent many an hour playing, reading, or confiding to each other our ideas of what we were going to be and to do, and watching for the up-river boats.

In these delightful rambles to the

beech, we were often looked after, or called home from them, by a worthy negro man, named Obediah, — or Obed, as we called him, — whom my father owned. Our little heads were not troubled about the slavery question; nor Obed's either, at that time, for he was as devoted to us, though Geordie was only four and I six years old, as we to him.

In that sultry August, when the smaller streams were dry and the ground was parched with thirst, my little brother was taken sick. No nurse could watch more tenderly and faithfully by his bedside, or take my poor anxious mother's place more nearly, than Obed, and to none could she more confidently leave him. When our well gave out and our neighbors padlocked theirs, and refused "a cup of cold water" to the sick child, Obed went into the country to get fresh spring water for him, — going by night, lest it should be taken away from him.

When Geordie died, the faithful negro was inconsolable. He requested that Geordie might be buried under the beech-tree; and begged that no one but him might dig the little grave.

I do not remember how Obed ceased to be ours. That fall was one of great and wide-spread business disaster and financial reverses, and about that time we all left Port Hudson.

Four or five years later, Obed stopped me suddenly in Tchoupitoulas Street, New Orleans. The good creature was overjoyed to meet his "young massa" once more. Nothing would do but I must come and see and breakfast with him the very next Sunday morning — when he would have some time to himself — in the upper story of a cotton warehouse, where he was a sort of porter and watchman.

Early the next Sunday morning, about six or seven o'clock, I made my appearance, accordingly, at the warehouse; and there was Obed waiting for me at the great street door. He took me up

to his quarters in the fourth story, where I found a table ready, spread for *one*. But it was a feast for half a dozen at least, and enough to make us all sick. Oranges, bananas, figs, nuts and raisins, lemonade, cakes and jellies, for which, very possibly, he had spent all the money he personally possessed in the world. And Obed asked nothing better than to stand behind my chair and wait on me feasting on these dainties; and then to have me tell him all about my parents and myself during the intervening years since the summer of my little brother's death. When the past had been exhausted, we turned to the future, and he exhorted me that when I grew up and became a man I must be sure and buy him back again.

I next heard of Obed as being "a hand," and afterwards a steward, on a Mississippi River steamer, in which service he continued for several years; indeed, almost, if not quite, down to the period of the war, which, if he were still living then, set him free.

I heard of him for the last time from a gentleman formerly in business with my father, and whom, not long before the war, I met in Washington. He had had occasion to go up and down the Mississippi very frequently, and often on the steamer on which Obed was employed.

This gentleman told me that once, when the steamboat was stopping for an hour or two at Port Hudson, to take in cotton, Obed asked him to go ashore with him for a little walk along the bluffs. He willingly did so. Obed carried a hammer and some nails in a bucket. Straight to the little grave he went, — to the beech-tree where he had laid my brother. He straightened up the head and foot stones; he repaired the broken fence; he restored the turf, reverently clearing away the dry leaves and sticks upon the grave, and trimmed and watered the flowers still growing there.

This was nearly twenty years after my brother's death; and, on inquiring, the gentleman learned that, during the entire period of Obed's employment on the river, some ten or twelve years, whenever the boat stopped at Port Hudson long enough, and he could get permission, he had gone up to the spot to care for and to keep in order that little grave.

The war came but a few years after. I can almost imagine him, fighting there in the Federal army, in defense of the place where we children had once played, and perhaps he was among those who fell near the spot where he had

buried the child who, had he lived, would then have been a man. But if nothing else is left, the memory of that negro's undying love for that little child cannot fade away from his brother's heart.

A great deal is said and written in these days, *pro* and *con*, of the intellectual capacity of the freedmen and of the probability that they can be made good citizens. Enough has not yet been said or written of their moral qualities. I offer this simple story of one negro's faithful love in illustration of much that might be said.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Elijah the Reformer, a ballad-epic, and other sacred and religious poems, by George Lansing Taylor, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls.) If all the words were taken out of this book which were put in to fill out measures and swell the sound, it would be a thinner and a wiser book. — *Thisbe's Lament*, and other Poems, by Masson Pell Helmbold. (Lippincott.) Mr. Helmbold explains in his preface that he is still quite young, but that he is original; in some of his careful foot-notes he also indicates passages where he is not original. This conscientiousness will be highly valued by the reader. We like a poet who is truthful. — *Great Tom*, the Curfew Bell of Oxford, an historical ballad, by Otto Idlthorne (Baudry, Paris): a curious little story, not ill told, apparently by a young collegian. — *Freya*, a Saga of the Doom, by James Pearce (McCorquodale & Co., London): a section of a proposed poem, in which poetry struggles with prose, and occasionally comes off first best. — *Immortality Inherent in Nature*, by Warren Sumner Barlow. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Mr. Barlow disposes of his subject in thirty-eight pages of four-line stanzas. We have not fathomed the philosophy, but have fished a little in the poetry, and caught this stanza, descriptive of rocks: —

" Their massive brows, long turned to dust,
Display their type on nature's page;
Whose precious gems, unscathed by time,
Outlive all forms from age to age."

— *Lyrics and other Poems*, by Richard Watson Gilder. (Scribners.) Mr. Gilder reprints the poems which at two previous times he has published in book form, and adds others, now first

collected. We have not compared the successive issues to see if he has in any way revised the text, but the volume as it stands is a fresh gift to lovers of poetry. The beauty of paper and print, the brilliancy of the slight decorations, and the general attractiveness of the volume, in spite of its ungainly proportions, fitly belong to verse which is not commonplace, which often strikes a clear, pure note, and always possesses what we must call a personal charm of manner. — *Hidden Sweetness*: the poems by Mary Bradley; the illustrations from drawings by Dorothy Holroyd. (Roberts.) The poetry is marked by religious feeling, and by that disclosure of personal experience which it is difficult to suppose assumed, and therefore is somewhat repellent to the ordinary reader. It is curious how much sentiment one can stand if it is imaginary, how little if it is real. The illustrations are chiefly flower drawings, delicately printed, but not otherwise noticeable. — *Peculiar Poems*, by Col. John A. Joyce. (Thomas A. Knox & Co., New York.) The only peculiarity appears to be in the absence of poetry, and that is shared by other books of verse. — *Under the Pine*, by M. F. Bridgman (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a small collection of interesting poems, into which some individuality of thought and sentiment has passed. — *Oberon and Puck*, Verses Grave and Gay, by Helen Gray Cone. (Cassell.) Here is a volume of poetry well worth reading, and the reader who goes through it slowly will laugh the more heartily as he comes with a sense of surprise upon the merry verses at the close. In looking back he will discover, however, that it is precisely this healthy sport in Miss Cone's nature which has enabled her to write her serious poems without

lapsing into dangerous moods of sentiment. The honesty of the book is one of its best notes.

Travel, Nature, and Sport. A Canterbury Pilgrimage, ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Scribners): a bright little sketch, which authors and publishers have had the good sense to put out without too much refinement of mechanical execution. The quaint little affectations in pictures will be lost, however, we fear, upon many readers. — The America's Cup, how it was won by the yacht America in 1851, and has been since defended, by Captain Roland F. Coffin. (Scribners.) This volume was written and published before the recent races, but is none the less readable now in the light of that event. The facts are all there, and the writer tells the tale with spirit and genuine interest. — Lawn Tennis, as a Game of Skill, with latest revised laws as played by the best clubs, by Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile, edited by R. D. Sears. (Scribners.) If anything could alarm the timid or nerve the courageous more than looking at a game of lawn tennis, it would be reading this little book, which firmly upholds the rigor of the game. — Where to Find Ferns, with a special chapter on the ferns round London, by Frances George Heath (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a book of most use to collectors already familiar with the subject botanically. — How to Play Whist, with the laws and etiquette of whist, and forty fully annotated games, by Five of Clubs, Richard A. Proctor (Harpers): incidentally a criticism of Pole. — Two other numbers of Harper's Handy Series relate to travel and observation, Disraeli's Home Letters and Count Paul Vasili's The World of London. — By Ways of Nature and Life, by Clarence Deming (Putnam's), is a cheap edition of a readable book of travel and observation in various quarters, published in handsomer form a year or two ago. — Two Years in the Jungle, the experiences of a hunter and naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo, by William T. Hornaday. (Scribners.) The maps are more satisfactory than the illustrations. The author is a voluble and often entertaining rambler. — White, Stokes, and Allen's Guide and Select Directory, what to see and where to buy in New York city, may be ever so impartial and useful, but the intercalary advertisements shake one's confidence in the stern justice of the compiler and publishers. — Paris in Old and Present Times, with especial reference to changes in its architecture and topography, by P. G. Hamerton. (Roberts.) Mr. Hamerton's method is to take certain salient points in Paris, and give full and intelligent talk concerning the physiognomy of the city. He writes with his frank, familiar manner, so agreeable to his readers, and when he has a prejudice, as for perpendicular against horizontal living, states it candidly. The illustrations are singularly ineffective and unpleasing. — Due South, or Cuba Past and Present, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou writes with particularity, but with a monotonous style which is very fatiguing. He has not the power of seeing a picture and reproducing it, though he has a book-keeper's diligence of recording every

item, which makes one think it likely that everything is in the book. — Mountain Adventures in various parts of the world, selected from the narratives of celebrated travelers, with an introduction and additions by J. T. Headley (Scribners): one of the revived Library of Wonders. — Bird-Ways, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic do not need to be told how genuine a biographer of birds Mrs. Miller is. In this volume she has collected her Atlantic papers and added others, and the result is a delightful addition to our small collection of humane as distinct from scientific books of natural history. Her apt quotation from Emerson characterizes her treatment of the subject she has studied: "The Bird is not in its ounces and inches, but in its relation to nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron than a heap of ashes or a bottle of gases into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington." — Marvels of Animal Life, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Scribners.) Mr. Holder has gone through the lower world with his eye on every queer thing, and while he has a scientific training, apparently, his idea of a museum would be not one for comparison of types, but for a Saturday afternoon entertainment. His book is a lively one, and we wish it all success among young people, who will chiefly read it, though it is not openly prepared for them. The book in parts reproduces the author's personal adventures in story form. — Perils of the Deep, being an account of some of the remarkable shipwrecks and disasters at sea during the last hundred years, by Edward N. Hoare. (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York.) The account is drawn from various sources, and thus is of unequal value. The editorial work is sometimes diffuse and unnecessary, but the reports of eye-witnesses and sufferers are often graphic and to the point. The book is rather a heavy meal of horrors, however. — We Two Alone in Europe, by Mary L. Ninde (Jansen, McClurg & Co.): a story of the grand round, told by one of the two travelers. These young ladies seem to have had a faculty for stumbling into the presence of distinguished people, and from the slight report of the conversation they appear to have given no more than they received. — The third volume of the series, by W. M. Thompson, published under the general title of The Land and the Book, is Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. (Harpers.) Like its predecessors it is well illustrated, and provided with maps, plans, and indexes. The special value of this series lies in the fact that it records the observations of a traveler who has really lived in the land and has absorbed the contents of the book. — Nature's Teachings, human invention anticipated by Nature, by Rev. J. G. Wood. (Roberts.) We are not informed whether this is a new book, or one of the many works of this prolific and always interesting writer reissued in new form. Mr. Wood has an exceedingly happy faculty for taking the commonplaces of nature and showing their correspondence in human life, and in this volume he points out a great number of instances in which the reason of man seems to have done scarcely

more than produce an adaptation to human needs, where the instinct or automatic faculty of lower orders has gone straight to the mark within the province of those orders.

Books for Young People. Two Friends, by S. M. Sitwell (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York): a little English story, of a readable kind, in which children may read of adventures and a kind of life impossible in America, and so all the more interesting to them. The little boy of the story is an English gentleman's son, who commits the dreadful crime of making friends with a boy not in his class. — Winter Fun, by William O. Stoddard (Scribners), is the story of two city children who spent the winter in the country and shared country sports. It is a capital book when one has agreed to accept the dialect and lack of grammar, and all the better for having no pictures. — The Satin-Wood Box, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard): a story in which the accused boy comes out all right. — Driven Back to Eden, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is an interesting story of a family that was going to destruction in the city, and escaped into the country for life, and found it. Despite much unnecessary delay in getting the family into the country, the story is an alluring one, and ought to set some parents to thinking. — The very desirable practice of bringing the great literature within the reach of boys and girls is illustrated by several new books. The Boys' and Girls' Pliny, being parts of Pliny's Natural History, edited for boys and girls, with an introduction by John S. White (Putnams), who did Herodotus and Plutarch in the same fashion, is a case in point. Mr. White does not say whose translation he uses, but it appears to be clear, though not always without a foreign clumsiness. He has also added notes from the works of naturalists. Pliny was an observer and story-teller, and naturally uses the form most suitable for young people. It is thus of comparatively little importance whether as natural history the work is up to date. — Another volume of the same class is The Travels of Marco Polo for Boys and Girls, with explanatory notes and comments, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnams.) Mr. Knox, however, has proceeded on a somewhat different plan, for he has elaborated a system of comment by which a club of boys and their elder supply the necessary notes and illustration. It is really too much of a good thing. The editor stuffs the book full, and Marco Polo himself is often wholly lost to view. — The Boy Travellers in South America, by Mr. Knox, describes the adventures of two youths in a journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili, with descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata rivers (Harpers): a cyclopædia of information, which makes one's head reel, but which appears to be calmly assimilated by Mr. Knox's youths. Boys are cormorants, however, and, after swallowing Marco Polo and Pliny, we have no doubt they would make a moderate luncheon of this book. — Davy and the Goblin, or what followed reading Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Charles E. Carryl (Ticknor), is

so flagrantly an imitation of its famous model that one has a sort of nightmare in reading it. The pictures are cleverer than the text, but the whole work implies a singular willingness on the part of the bright author to play echo to a joke. — The Two Elsie's, by Martha Finley (Dodd, Mead & Co.): a stiff, rather unnatural tale of school life. Even if the main incident of the story were true, it would not save the book from being an unnecessary and unprofitable story. — Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young People, prepared by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) Mr. Pyle furnishes both text and illustration, but he is more at home in drawing than in writing. That is to say, the drawing is often positively good, the writing is negatively good. The fun in the book is a little violent at times, and the affectation of quaintness is a little wearisome, but there is much cleverness and dexterity in the use of old material in new forms. It is curious to see how the refinement of the day leads Mr. Pyle to veil the devil under the name of the red man. — Rose-Buds, by Virginia Gerson. (White, Stokes & Allen.) The printing in colors of this little book of jingles and pictures is delicate and good, the conceits are happy, the general effect is pleasing. The drawing is rather amateurish, and the verses and subjects are sometimes a little loud. — The Joyous Story of Toto, by Laura E. Richards. (Roberts.) Mrs. Richards has evidently dared to be as funny as she could, and her courage and zeal have run beyond her judgment. Very likely some children may be entertained, but we doubt if they remember the book, or care much for the fun five minutes after they have laughed. — Children's Stories in American History, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) We wish we could praise a book of such good intentions as this, but it will not do to give children erroneous notions in history, and the matter is not helped by the book being written in the childese dialect. The facts are loosely stated, and the whole effect is not to give children precise information, or even interesting information, but merely general ideas, which as we said are sometimes erroneous. — The bound volume of Our Little Ones and The Nursery (Estes & Lauriat) is, as usual, one of the handsomest of holiday books for very young readers. — Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet, or Furry and Feathery Pets, and How They Live, edited by Laura E. Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is a collection of pictures and stories which most children will find very attractive. The excellent illustrations have already appeared in Our Little Ones.

Philosophy and Theology. Outlines of Practical Philosophy, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by George T. Ladd (Ginn): one of an interesting series, and independently valuable. Such topics as Marriage, Society, and the State are discussed after the groundwork is laid by an investigation of ethical principles, the simple moral ideals, and the freedom of the will. — Two numbers of the Biogen series, edited by Dr. Elliott Coues (Estes & Lauriat), are The Dæmon of Darwin, by the editor, and A Buddhist Catechism, by Henry S. Olcott. Dr. Coues has a philosophy of his own, and his

Dæmon is a fantasy, or mystical anagogic, — we think that is the word, — also of his own, based upon his philosophy. He supplies Colonel Olcott's catechism with notes. The catechism aims to present the main facts in the life of Gautama Buddha and the essential features of his doctrine, and is intended for infant believers. — *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, by S. Laing. (Chapman & Hall, London.) "The object of this book," says the Preface, "is to give a clear and concise view of the principal results of Modern Science, and of the revolution which they have effected in Modern Thought." The most individual part of the work is the second part, in which the author gives his views as to the amount of religion which can be saved from the shipwreck of theology. The writer, however, takes no very profound view of theology, but contents himself with knocking down Mumbo Jumbo and dancing on him. He is satisfied himself with stoicism, as a practical philosophy, but most modern practical stoics are like Dr. Holmes's contented man. — *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*, by John Tulloch. (Scribners.) Principal Tulloch's book is in the main a collection of papers which he has been publishing in the Contemporary and elsewhere. We are glad he has given this permanent form to them, for he is a wise, catholic, and stimulating writer, who from his vantage ground gives a more just statement of English theological movements than an English churchman usually is capable of giving. — *History of Christian Doctrine*, by Henry C. Sheldon, in two volumes. (Harpers.) Professor Sheldon follows the method of making almost a mosaic of passages of successive writers, by which he aims to keep his work free from an apologetic tone. At the same time, he seems to make the current systematic theology the basis of the division of his work, so that we appear to be continually reading the comments of early writers upon modern theology. The result is that the whole subject of theology has the air of being a mechanical contrivance. — *Observations on the Growth of the Mind*, by Sampson Reed. (Houghton.) This new edition of a little book which has had a noteworthy history is provided with a brief biographical sketch of the author by his son. We wish more had been told of Sampson Reed, yet the essay remains, suggestive, fruitful, and stimulating. — *Philistinism*, plain words concerning certain forms of modern skepticism, by R. Heber Newton. (Putnams.) Mr. Newton is gradually working out of the somewhat self-conscious position of his earlier books, and writes in a less belligerent but no less forcible manner. We expect that one of these days he will mellow into a writer of no less fidelity to truth, but with a fuller recognition of the limitations of any one man's knowledge of truth.

Religious and Devotional. *Time Flies*, a reading diary, by Christina G. Rossetti (S. P. C. K., London), is a book as much beyond the customary "daily foods" as Miss Rossetti is of a higher order of intellect than the writers or compilers of such works. She is no less religious, but she is more thoughtful, and if inclined to mysticism, that

is better than weak sentimentalism, which cannot be charged upon her. — Harper & Brothers issue an edition of the Revised Version of the Bible, in a thin volume, apparently uniform in size of page and paper with their Franklin Square Library, but in cloth covers. — *The Book of Psalms* has been edited by John G. Lansing, upon the principle of reversing the relations of the American and the English committee of revision. The readings and renderings of the American committee are incorporated into the text, while those of the English are thrown into the appendix. There is a delightful spirit of justice in this. — *Why we Believe the Bible*, by J. P. T. Ingraham. (Appleton.) We fear Dr. Ingraham's short method will convince only those who are already convinced. — *Heaven Revealed*, being a popular presentation of Swedenborg's disclosures about heaven, with the concurrent testimony of a few competent and reliable witnesses, by B. F. Barrett. (Porter & Coates.) The witnesses are chiefly a few theological writers, whose writings appear to be in accord with Swedenborg's views. Mr. Barrett also takes special pains to show the harmony of the Swedish seer's views with the revelations of the Bible. — *The Discipline of Sorrow*, by William G. Eliot (American Unitarian Association): a little work which was first published thirty years ago, and is now revived in a new edition; a sensible, moderate, and practical treatment of the subject. — *Sermons on the Christian Life*, by John De Witt. (Scribners.) Mr. De Witt when he preached these sermons was a city pastor; he is now a professor of church history. But the professor was in him when he was a preacher, and these sermons show it. They imply doctrinal truth; they are thoughtful, compact, and stimulating to the intellectual as well as to the spiritual man. They ought to help many a minister by their suggestion of a sound preaching style.

Society and Minor Morals. *English Home Life*, by Robert Laird Collier (Ticknor), is a little volume of essays by an observer who has the advantage of having been at home both in England and America. His discussion of house and home, courtship and marriage, food and cooking, parents and children, and other themes is sensible and discriminating, and is useful to the American, both for encouragement and reproof. There is nothing singularly good in the book, but there is also no twaddle. Why did the publishers print it on such thick skim-milk paper?

Science. *The Intelligence of Animals and the Phenomena and Laws of Heat* are two volumes in the reissue of the Library of Wonders by Charles Scribner's Sons. Both of the books belong to a class which it is hard to characterize fairly. They are based on scientific facts, and are not intentionally misleading, but the intention of the writers to collect the curious and unique facts leads to throwing all the facts out of true perspective. — Other volumes in the same series are *The Wonders of the Heavens*, by Flammarion, which has a good deal of ready-made sentiment, and *The Wonders of Optics*, which sticks more closely to its subject.